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THE
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W. E. HENLEY.

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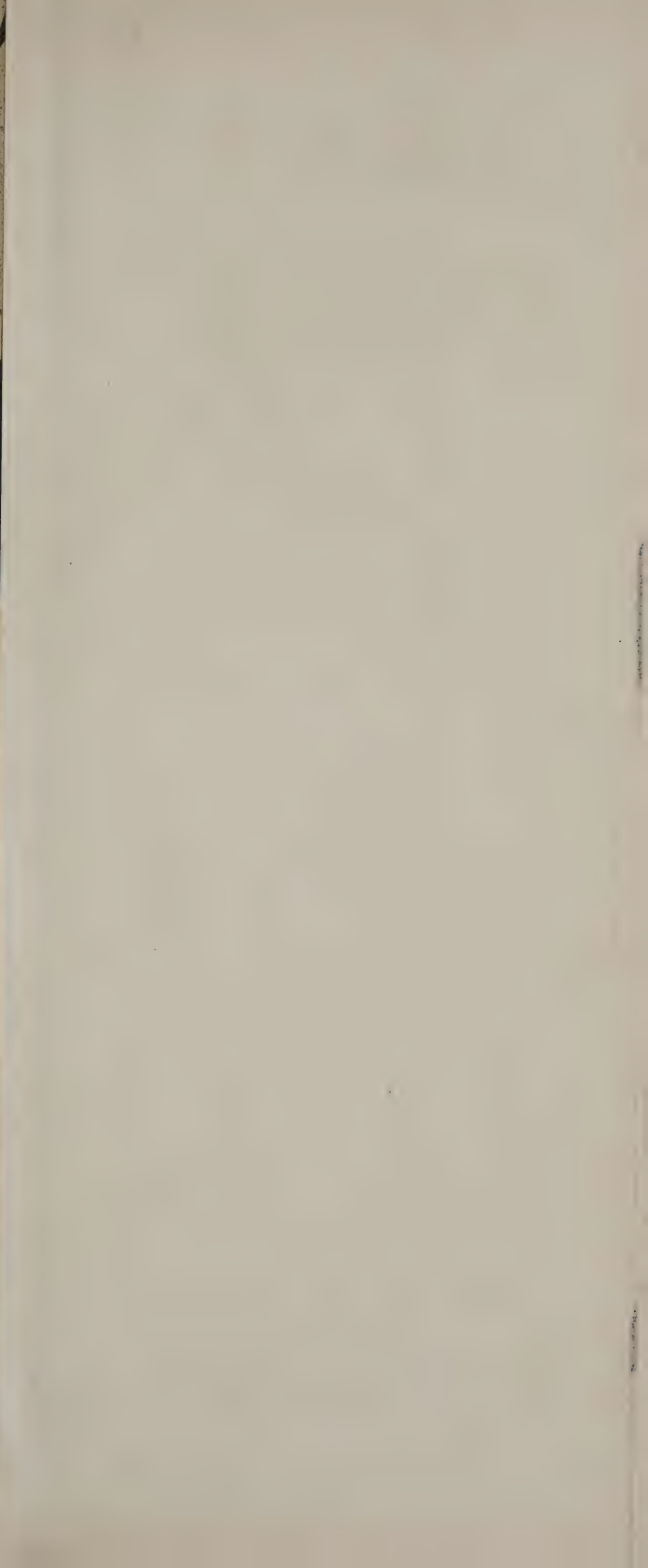
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The New Review.

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WHAT MAISIE KNEW

XVIII.

THE child, however, was not destined to enjoy much of Sir Claude at the "thingumbob," which took for them a very different turn indeed. On the spot Mrs. Beale, with hilarity, had urged her to the course proposed; but later, at the Exhibition, she withdrew this allowance, mentioning, as a result of second thoughts, that when a man was so sensitive such a communication might only make him worse. It would have been hard indeed for Sir Claude to be "worse," Maisie felt, as, in the gardens and the crowd, when the first dazzle had dropped, she looked for him in vain up and down. They had all their time, the couple, for frugal, wistful wandering: they had partaken together, at home, of the light, vague meal—Maisie's name for it was a "jam-supper"—to which they were reduced when Mr. Farange sought his pleasure abroad. It was abroad now, entirely, that Mr. Farange cultivated this philosophy, and it was the actual impression of his daughter, derived from his wife, that he had three days before joined a friend's yacht at Cowes.

The place was full of sideshows, to which Mrs. Beale could introduce the little girl only, alas! by revealing to her so attractive, so enthralling a name: the sideshows, each time, were sixpence apiece, and the fond allegiance enjoyed by the elder of our pair had been established from the earliest time in spite of a paucity of sixpences. Small coin dropped from her as half-heartedly as answers from bad children to lessons that had not been looked at. Maisie passed more slowly the great painted posters, pressing, with a linked arm, closer to her friend's pocket, where she hoped for the sensible stir of a shilling.

But the upshot of this was but to deepen her yearning : if Sir Claude would only at last come the shillings would begin to flow. The companions paused, for want of one, before the Flowers of the Forest, a large presentment of bright brown ladies—they were brown all over—in a medium suggestive of tropical luxuriance, and there Maisie dolorously expressed her belief that he would never come at all. Mrs. Beale hereupon, though discernibly disappointed, reminded her that he had not been promised as a certainty—a remark that caused the child to gaze at the Flowers of the Forest through a blur in which they became more magnificent, yet oddly more confused, and by which moreover confusion was imparted to the aspect of a gentleman who at that moment, in the company of a lady, came out of the brilliant booth. The lady was so brown that Maisie at first took her for one of the Flowers ; but during the few seconds that this required—a few seconds in which she had also desolately given up Sir Claude—she heard Mrs. Beale's voice, behind her, gather both wonder and pain into a single sharp little cry.

“ Of all the wickedness—*Beale !* ”

He had already, without distinguishing them in the mass of strollers, turned another way—it seemed at the brown lady's suggestion. Her course was marked, over heads and shoulders, by an upright scarlet plume, as to the ownership of which Maisie was instantly eager. “ Who is she ?—who is she ? ”

But Mrs. Beale, for a moment, only looked after them. “ The liar—the liar ! ”

Maisie considered. “ Because he's not—where one thought ? ” That was also, a month ago in Kensington Gardens, where her mother had not been. “ Perhaps he has come back,” she insinuated.

“ He never went—the hound ! ”

That, according to Sir Claude, had been also what her mother had not done, and Maisie could only have a sense of something that in a maturer mind would be called the way history repeats itself. “ Who is she ? ” she asked again.

Mrs. Beale, fixed to the spot, seemed lost in the vision of an opportunity missed. “ If he had only seen me ! ”—it came from between her teeth. “ She's a brand-new one. But he must have been with her since Tuesday.”

Maisie took it in. “ She's almost black,” she then observed.

“ They're always hideous,” said Mrs. Beale.

This was a remark on which the child had again to reflect. "Oh, not his *wives*!" she remonstrantly exclaimed. The words at another moment would probably have set her friend off, but Mrs. Beale was now too intent in seeing what became of the others. "Did you ever in your life see such a feather?" Maisie presently continued.

This decoration appeared to have paused at some distance, and in spite of intervening groups they could both look at it. "Oh, that's the way they dress—the vulgarest of the vulgar!"

"They're coming back—they'll see us!" Maisie the next moment asserted; and while her companion answered that this was exactly what she wanted and the child returned "Here they are—here they are!" the unconscious objects of so much attention, with a change of mind about their direction, quickly retraced their steps and precipitated themselves upon their critics. Their unconsciousness gave Mrs. Beale time to leap, under her breath, to a recognition which Maisie caught.

"It must be Mrs. Cuddon!"

Maisie looked at Mrs. Cuddon hard—her lips even echoed the name. What followed was extraordinarily rapid—a minute of livelier battle than had ever yet, in so short a span at least, been waged round our heroine. The muffled shock—lest people should notice—was so violent that it was only for her later thought the steps fell into their order, the steps through which, in a bewilderment not so much of sound as of silence, she had come to find herself, too soon for comprehension and too strangely for fear, at the door of the Exhibition with her father. He thrust her into a hansom and got in after her, and then it was—as she drove along with him—that she recovered a little what had happened. Face to face with them in the gardens he had seen them and there had been a moment of checked concussion during which, in a glare of black eyes and a toss of red plumage, Mrs. Cuddon had recognised them, ejaculated and vanished. There had been another moment when Maisie became aware of Sir Claude, also poised there in surprise, but out of her father's view, as if he had been warned off at the very moment of reaching them. It fell into its place with all the rest that she had heard Mrs. Beale say to her father, but whether low or loud was now lost to her, something about his having this time a new one; to which he had retorted something indistinct but apparently in the tone and of the sort that the child, from her earliest years, had associated with hearing somebody say to somebody else that somebody was "another." "Oh, I stick to the old!"

Mrs. Beale had exclaimed at this; and her accent, even as the cab got away, was still in the air, for Maisie's companion had spoken no other word from the moment of whisking her off—none, at least, save the indistinguishable address which, over the top of the hansom and poised on the step, he had given the driver. Reconstructing these things later, Maisie believed that she at this point would have put a question to him had not the silence into which he charmed her or scared her—she could scarcely tell which—come from his suddenly making her feel his arm about her, feel, as he drew her close, that he was agitated in a way he had never yet shown her. It seemed to her that he trembled, trembled too much to speak, and this had the effect of making her, with an emotion which, though it had begun to throb in an instant, was by no means all dread, conform to his portentous hush. The act of possession that his pressure represented seemed to come back to her after the longest of the long intermissions that had ever let anything come back. They drove and drove, and he kept her close; she stared straight before her, holding her breath, watching one dark street succeed another and strangely conscious that what it all meant was somehow that papa was less to be left out of everything than she had supposed. It took her but a minute to surrender to this discovery, which, in the form of his present embrace, suggested a fresh kind of importance in him, and with that a confused confidence. She neither knew exactly what he had done nor what he was doing; she could only be rather impressed and a little proud, vibrate with the sense that he had jumped up to do something and that she had as quickly become a part of it. It was a part of it too that here they were at a house that seemed not large, but in the fresh white front of which the street-lamp showed a smartness of flower-boxes. The child had been in thousands of stories—all Mrs. Wix's and her own, to say nothing of the richest romances of French Elise—but she had never been in such a story as this. By the time he had helped her out of the cab, which drove away, and she heard in the door of the house the prompt little click of his key, the Arabian Nights had quite closed round her.

From this minute they were in everything, particularly in such an instant "Open Sesame" and in the departure of the cab, a rattling void filled with relinquished step-parents; they were, with the vividness, the almost blinding whiteness of the light that sprang responsive to papa's quick touch of a little brass knob on the wall, in a place that,

at the top of a short soft staircase, struck her as the most beautiful she had ever seen in her life. The next thing she perceived it to be was the drawing-room of a lady—oh, of a lady, she could see in a moment, and not of a gentleman, not even of one like papa himself, or even like Sir Claude—whose things were as much prettier than mamma's as it had always had to be confessed mamma's were prettier than Mrs. Beale's. In the middle of the small, bright room and the presence of more curtains and cushions, more pictures and mirrors, more palm-trees drooping over brocaded and gilded hooks, more little silver boxes scattered over little crooked tables and little oval miniatures hooked upon velvet screens, than Mrs. Beale and her ladyship together could, in an unnatural alliance, have dreamed of mustering, the child became aware, with a swift possibility of compassion, of something that was strangely like a relegation to obscurity of each of those women of taste. It was a stranger operation still that her father should on the spot be presented to her as quite advantageously and even grandly at home in the dazzling scene and himself by so much the more separated from scenes inferior to it. She spent with him in it, while explanations continued to hang fire, a series of minutes that, in their sudden drop of danger, affected her, though there were neither buns nor ginger-beer, like an extemporised, expensive treat.

"Is she very rich?" He had begun to strike her as almost embarrassed, so shy that he might have found himself with a young lady with whom he had little in common. She was literally moved by this apprehension to offer him some tactful relief.

Beale Farange stood and smiled at his young lady, his back to the fanciful fireplace, his light overcoat—the very lightest in London—wide open, and his wonderful lustrous beard completely concealing the expanse of his shirt-front. It pleased more than ever to think that papa was handsome, and, though as high aloft as mamma and almost, in his specially florid evening dress, as splendid, of a beauty somehow less belligerent, less terrible. "The Countess? Why do you ask me that?"

Maisie's eyes opened wider. "Is she a Countess?"

There was an unaccustomed geniality in his enjoyment of her wonder. "Oh, yes, my dear—but it isn't an English title."

Maisie's manner appreciated this. "Is it a French one?"

"No, nor French either. It's American."

Maisie conversed agreeably. "Ah, then, of course she is rich." She

took in such a combination of nationality and rank. "I never saw anything so lovely."

"Did you have a sight of her?" Beale asked.

"At the Exhibition?" Maisie smiled. "She was gone too quick."

Her father laughed. "She did slope!" She was for a moment afraid he would say something about Mrs. Beale and Sir Claude; his unexpected gentleness was too mystifying. All he said was, the next minute: "She has a horror of vulgar scenes."

This was something Maisie needn't take up; she could still continue bland. "But where do you suppose she went?"

"Oh, I thought she'd have taken a cab and have been here by this time. But she'll turn up all right." When he had lighted a cigarette and begun to smoke in her face it was as if he had struck with the match the note of some queer, clumsy ferment of old professions, old scandals, old duties, a dim perception of what he possessed in her, and what, if everything had only, damn it, been totally different, she might still be able to give him. "Do you know, my dear, I shall soon be off to America?"

"Do you mean with Mrs. Beale?"

He looked at her hard. "Don't be a little ass!"

Her silence appeared to represent a concentrated effort not to be. "Then with Countess?"

"With her or without her, my dear—that concerns only your poor daddy. She has big interests over there, and she wants me to take a look at them."

Maisie threw herself into them. "Will that take very long?"

"Yes; they're in such a muddle—it may take months. Now, what I want to hear, you know, is whether you would like to come along."

She felt as if he were now looking at her very hard indeed, and also as if she had grown ever so much older. "I'll do anything in the world you ask me, papa."

He gave, with a laugh and with his legs apart, one of his proprietary glances at his waistcoat and trousers. "That's a way, my dear, of saying 'No, thank you!' You know you don't want to go the least little mite. You can't humbug *me*!" Beale Farange declared. "I don't want to bully you—I never bullied you in my life; but I make you the offer, and it's to take or to leave. Your mother will never again have any more to do with you than if you were a kitchenmaid

she had turned out for going wrong. Therefore, of course, I'm your natural protector, and you've a right to get everything out of me you can. Now's your chance, you know—you'll be a great fool if you don't. You can't say I don't put it before you—you can't say I ain't kind to you or that I don't play fair. Mind you never say that, you know—it *would* bring me down on you. I know what's proper—I'll take you again, just as I *have* taken you again and again. And I'm much obliged to you for making up such a face."

She was conscious enough that her face indeed couldn't please him if it showed any sign—just as she hoped it didn't—of her sharp impression of what he now really wanted to do. Wasn't he trying to turn the tables on her, embarrass her somehow into admitting that what would really suit her little book would be, after doing so much for good manners, to leave her wholly at liberty to arrange for herself? She began to be nervous again; it rolled over her that this was their parting, their parting for ever, and that he had brought her there for so many caresses only because it was important such an occasion should look better for him than any other. For her to spoil it by the note of discord would certainly give him ground for complaint; and the child was momentarily bewildered between her alternatives of agreeing with him about her wanting to get rid of him and displeasing him by pretending to stick to him. So she found for the moment no solution but to murmur very helplessly: "Oh, papa—oh, papa!"

"I know what you're up to—don't tell *me*!" After which he came straight over and, in the most inconsequent way in the world, clasped her in his arms a moment and rubbed his beard against her cheek. Then she understood as well as if he had spoken it that what he wanted, hang it, was that she should let him off with all the honours—with all the appearance of virtue and sacrifice on his side. It was exactly as if he had broken out to her: "I say, you little donkey, help me to be irreproachable, to be noble, and yet to have none of the beastly bore of it. There's only impropriety enough for one of us; so *you* must take it all. Repudiate your dear old daddy—in the face, mind you, of his tender supplications. He can't be rough with you—it isn't in his nature; therefore you will have successfully chucked him because he was too generous to be as firm with you, poor man, as was, after all, his duty." This was what he communicated in a series of tremendous pats on the back, that portion of her person had never been so thumped since Moddle thumped her when she choked.

"And shall I never, never see you again?" she presently asked.

"If I do go to America?" Beale brought it out like a man. "Never, never, never!"

Hereupon, with the utmost absurdity, she broke down; everything gave way, everything but the horror of hearing herself definitely utter such an ugliness as the acceptance of that. So she only stiffened herself and said: "Then I can't give you up."

She held him some seconds looking at her, showing her a strained grimace, a perfect parade of all his teeth, in which it seemed to her she could read the disgust he didn't quite like to express at this departure from the pliability she had practically promised. But before she could attenuate in any way the crudity of her collapse he gave an impatient jerk which took him to the window. She heard a vehicle stop; Beale looked out; then he freshly faced her. He still said nothing, but she knew the Countess had come back. There was a silence again between them, but with a different shade of embarrassment from that of their united arrival; and it was still without speaking that he whisked her to the yellow sofa just before the door of the room was thrown open. It was thus in renewed and intimate union with him that she was presented to a person whom she instantly recognised as the brown lady.

The brown lady looked almost as astonished, though not quite as alarmed, as when, at the Exhibition, she had gasped in the face of Mrs. Beale. Maisie in truth almost gasped in her own: this was with the fuller perception that she was brown indeed. She literally struck the child more as an animal than as a "real" lady; she might have been a clever, frizzled poodle in a frill or a dreadful human monkey in a spangled petticoat. She had a nose that was far too big, and eyes that were far too small, and a moustache that was—well, not so happy a feature as Sir Claude's. Beale jumped up to her; while, to the child's astonishment, though as if in a quick intensity of thought, the Countess advanced as gaily as if, for many a day, nothing awkward had happened for any one. Maisie, in spite of a large acquaintance with the phenomenon, had never seen it so promptly established that nothing awkward was to be mentioned. The next minute the Countess had kissed her and exclaimed to Beale with bright, tender reproach: "Why, you never told me *half*! My dear child," she cried, "it was awfully nice of you to come!"

"But she hasn't come—she won't come!" Beale exclaimed. "I've

put it to her how much you'd like it, but she declines to have anything to do with us."

The Countess stood smiling, and after an instant that was mainly taken up with the shock of her weird aspect Maisie felt herself reminded of another smile, which was not ugly, though also interested—the kind light thrown, that day in the Park, from the clean, fair face of the Captain. Papa's Captain—yes—was the Countess; but she wasn't nearly so nice as the other: it all came back, doubtless to Maisie's minor appreciation of ladies. "Shouldn't you like me," said this one endearingly, "to take you to Spa?"

"To Spa?" The child repeated the name to gain time, not to show how the Countess brought back to her a dim remembrance of a strange woman with a horrid face who once, years before, in an omnibus, bending to her from an opposite seat, had suddenly produced an orange and murmured "Little dearie, won't you have it?" She had felt then, for some reason, a small, silly terror, though afterwards conscious that her interlocutress, unfortunately hideous, had particularly meant to be kind. This was also what the Countess meant; yet the few words she had uttered and the smile with which she had uttered them immediately cleared everything up. Oh no, she wanted to go nowhere with *her*, for her presence had already, in a few seconds, dissipated the happy impression of the room and put an end to the pride momentarily suggested by Beale's association with so much taste. There was no taste in his association with the short, fat, wheedling, whiskered person who had approached her and in whom she had to recognise the only figure wholly without attraction that had become a party to an intimate connexion formed in her immediate circle. She was abashed meanwhile, however, at having appeared to weigh the place to which she had been invited; and she added as quickly as possible: "It isn't to America then——?" The Countess, at this, looked sharply at Beale, and Beale, airily enough, asked what the deuce it mattered when she had already given him to understand that she wanted to have nothing to do with them. There followed between her companions a passage of which the sense was drowned for her in the deepening inward hum of her mere desire to get off; though she was able to guess later on that her father must have put it to his friend that it was no use talking, that she was an obstinate little pig and that, besides, she was really old enough to choose for herself. It glimmered back to her indeed that she must have failed quite dreadfully to seem responsive and polite, inasmuch as,

before she knew it, she had visibly given the impression that if they didn't allow her to go home she should cry. Oh, if there had ever been a thing to cry about it was being found in that punishable little attitude toward the handsomest offers one had ever received. The great pain of the thing was that she could see the Countess like her enough to wish to be liked in return; and it was from the idea of a return she sought to flee—it was the idea of a return that, after a confusion of loud words had arisen between the others, brought to her lips, with the tremor preceding disaster: "Can't I, please, be sent home in a cab?" Yes, the Countess wanted her, and the Countess was wounded and chilled, and she couldn't help it, and it was all the more dreadful because it only made the Countess more seductive and more disagreeable. The only thing that sustained either of them perhaps till the cab came—Maisie presently saw it would come—was its being in the air somehow that Beale had done what he wanted. He went out to look for a conveyance; the servants, he said, had gone to bed, but she shouldn't be kept beyond her time. The Countess left the room with him, and, alone in the possession of it, Maisie hoped she wouldn't come back. It was all the effect of her face—the child simply couldn't look at it and meet its expression halfway. All in a moment too that queer expression had leaped into the lovely things—all in a moment she had had to accept her father as liking some one whom, she was sure, neither her mother, nor Mrs. Beale, nor Mrs. Wix, nor Sir Claude, nor the Captain, nor even Mr. Perriam, nor Lord Eric, could possibly have liked. Three minutes later, downstairs, with the cab at the door, it was perhaps as a final confession of not having much to boast of that, on taking leave of her, he managed to press her to his bosom without her seeing his face. For herself, she was so eager to go that their parting reminded her of nothing—not even of a single one of all the "nevers" that, above, as the penalty of not cleaving to him, he had attached to the question of their meeting again. There was something in the Countess that falsified everything, even the great interests in America, and yet more the first flush of that superiority to Mrs. Beale and to mamma which had been expressed in silver boxes. These were still there, but perhaps there were no great interests in America. Mamma had known an American who was not a bit like this one. She was not, however, of noble rank; her name was only Mrs. Tucker. Maisie's detachment would, all the same, have been more complete if she had not suddenly had to exclaim: "Oh dear—I haven't any money!"

Her father's teeth, at this, were such a picture of appetite without action as to be a match for any plea of poverty. "Make your stepmother pay."

"Stepmothers *don't* pay!" cried the Countess. "No stepmother ever paid in her life!" The next moment they were in the street together, and the next the child was in the cab, with the Countess on the pavement, but close to her, quickly taking money from a purse whisked out of a pocket. Her father had vanished, and there was even yet nothing in that to reawaken the pang of loss. "Here's money," said the brown lady: "go!" The sound was commanding; the cab rattled off; Maisie sat there with her hand full of coin. All that for a cab?—as they passed a street lamp she bent to see how much. What she saw was a cluster of sovereigns. There *must* then have been great interests in America. It was still at any rate the Arabian Nights.

XIX.

The money was far too much even for a fare in a fairy tale, and in the absence of Mrs. Beale, who, though the hour was now late, had not yet returned to the Regent's Park, Susan Ash, in the hall, as loud as Maisie was low and as bold as she was bland, produced, on the exhibition offered under the dim vigil of the lamp that made the place a contrast to the child's recent scene of light, the half-crown that an unsophisticated cabman could pronounce to be the least he would take. It was apparently long before Mrs. Beale would arrive, and in the interval Maisie had been induced by the prompt Susan not only to go to bed like a darling dear, but, in still richer expression of that character, to devote to the repayment of obligations general as well as particular one of the sovereigns in the fanciful figure that, on the dressing-table upstairs, was naturally not less dazzling to a lone orphan of a housemaid than to the object of the manœuvres of a quartette. This object went to sleep with her property under her pillow; but the explanations, that on the morrow were inevitably more complete with Mrs. Beale than they had been with her humble friend, found a climax in a surrender also more becomingly free. There were explanations indeed that Mrs. Beale had to give as well as to ask, and the most striking of these was to the effect that it was dreadful for a little girl to take money from a woman who was simply the vilest of their sex. The sovereigns were examined with some attention, the result of which,

however, was to make Mrs. Beale desire to know what, if one really went into the matter, they could be called but the wages of sin. Her companion went into it merely to the point of inquiring what then they were to do with them; on which Mrs. Beale, who had by this time put them into her pocket, replied with dignity and with her hand on the place: "We're to send them back on the spot!"

The redeeming point of this crisis was that five days later it actually appeared to have had to do with a breathless perception in our heroine's breast that, scarcely more as the centre of Sir Claude's than as that of Susan's energies, she had soon after breakfast been conveyed from London to Folkestone and established at a lovely hotel. These agents, before her wondering eyes, had combined to carry through the adventure and to give it the air of having owed its success to the fact that Mrs. Beale had, as Susan said, but just stepped out. When Sir Claude, watch in hand, had met this fact with the exclamation "Then pack Miss Farange, and come off with us!" there had ensued on the stairs a series of gymnastics of a nature to bring Miss Farange's heart into her mouth. She sat with Sir Claude in a four-wheeler while he still held his watch—held it longer than any doctor who had ever felt her pulse—long enough to give her a vision of something like the ecstasy of neglecting such an opportunity to show impatience. It was singular, but from this time she understood and followed, followed with the sense of an ample filling-out of any void created by symptoms of avoidance and of flight. Her ecstasy was a thing that had yet more of a face than of a back to turn, a pair of eyes still directed to Mrs. Wix even after the slight surprise of their not finding her, as the journey expanded, either at the London station or at the Folkestone hotel. It took few hours to make the child feel that if she was in neither of these places she was at least everywhere else. It was given to Maisie at this time to arrive at divinations so ample that I shall have no room for the goal if I attempt to trace the stages; as to which therefore I must be content to say that the fullest expression we may lend to Sir Claude's conduct is a poor and pale copy of the picture it presented to his young friend. Abruptly, that morning, he had yielded to the action of the idea pumped into him for weeks by Mrs. Wix on lines of approach that she had been capable of the extraordinary art of preserving from entanglement with the fine network of his relations with Mrs. Beale. The breath of her sincerity, blowing without a break, had puffed him up to the flight by which, in the degree I have indicated,

Maisie too was carried off her feet. This consisted in neither more nor less than the brave stroke of his getting off from Mrs. Beale as well as from his wife, of making with the child straight for some such foreign land as would give a support to Mrs. Wix's dream that she might still see his errors renounced and his delinquencies redeemed. Maisie's head held a suspicion of all that, during the last long interval, had confusedly, but quite candidly, come and gone in his own; a glimpse, almost awe-stricken in its gratitude, of the miracle her old governess had wrought. That functionary could not in this connexion have been more impressive, even at second-hand, if she had been a prophetess with an open scroll or some ardent abbess speaking with the lips of the Church. She had clung day by day to their plastic associate, plying him with her deep, narrow passion, doing her simple utmost to convert him, and so inspiring him that he had at last really embraced his fine chance. That the chance was not delusive was sufficiently guaranteed by the completeness with which he could finally figure it out that, in case of his taking action, neither Ida nor Beale, whose book, on each side, it would only too well suit, would make any sort of row.

It sounds, no doubt, too penetrating, but it was by no means all through Sir Claude's betrayals that Maisie was able to piece together the beauty of the special influence under which, for such stretches of time, he had refined upon propriety by keeping, so far as possible, his sentimental interests distinct. She had ever of course in her mind fewer names than conceptions, but it was only with this drawback that she now made out her companion's absences to have had for their ground that he was the lover of her stepmother and that the lover of her stepmother could scarce logically pretend to a superior right to look after her. Maisie had by this time embraced the implication of a kind of natural divergence between lovers and little girls. It was just this indeed that could throw light on the probable contents of the pencilled note deposited on the hall table in the Regent's Park and which would greet Mrs. Beale on her return. I shall never get you to believe the number of things she saw and the number of secrets she discovered. Why in the world, for instance, couldn't Sir Claude have kept it from her—except on the hypothesis of his not caring to—that, when you came to look at it, and so far as it was a question of vested interests, he had quite as much right in her as her stepmother, and a right that Mrs. Beale was in no position to dispute? He failed at all events of any such successful ambiguity as could keep her, when once they

began to look across at France, from regarding even what was least explained as most in the spirit of their old happy times, their rambles and expeditions in the easier, better days of their first acquaintance. Never before had she had so the sense of giving him a lead for the sort of treatment of what was between them that would best carry it off, or of his being grateful to her for meeting him so much in the right place. She met him literally at the very point where Mrs. Beale was most to be reckoned with, the point of the jealousy that was sharp in that lady, and of the need of their keeping it as long as possible obscure to her that poor Mrs. Wix had still a hand. Yes, she met him too in the truth of the matter that, as her stepmother had had no one else to be jealous of, she had made up for so gross a privation by directing the sentiment to a moral influence. Sir Claude appeared absolutely to convey in a wink that a moral influence that could pull a string was after all a moral influence that could have its eyes scratched out, and that, this being the case, there was somebody they couldn't afford to expose before they should see a little better what Mrs. Beale was likely to do. Maisie, true enough, had not to put it into words to rejoin, in the coffee-room, at luncheon: "What *can* she do but come to you if papa does take a step that will amount to legal desertion?" Neither had he then, in answer, to articulate anything but the jollity of their having found a table at a window from which, as they partook of cold beef and apollinaris—for he hinted they would have to save lots of money—they could let their eyes hover tenderly on the far-off white cliffs that so often had signalled to the embarrassed English a promise of safety. Maisie stared at them as if she might really make out after a little a queer, dear figure perched on them, a figure as to which she had already the subtle sense that, wherever perched, it would be the very oddest yet seen in France. But it was at least as exciting to feel where Mrs. Wix wasn't as it would have been to know where she was, and if she wasn't yet at Boulogne this only thickened the plot.

If she was not to be seen that day, however, the evening was marked by an apparition before which, none the less, the savour of suspense folded, on the spot, its wings. Adjusting her respirations and attaching, under dropped lashes, all her thoughts to a smartness of frock and frill for which she could reflect that she had not appealed in vain to a loyalty, in Susan Ash, triumphant over the nice things their feverish flight had left behind, Maisie spent on a bench in the garden of the hotel the half-hour before dinner, that mysterious ceremony of the

table d'hôte for which she had prepared with a punctuality of flutter. Sir Claude, beside her, was occupied with a cigarette and the afternoon papers; and though the hotel was full the garden showed the particular void that ensues upon the sound of the dressing-bell. She had almost had time to weary of the human scene; her own humanity at any rate, in the shape of a smutch on her scanty skirt, had held her so long that as soon as she raised her eyes they rested on a high, fair drapery by which smutches were put to shame and which had glided toward her, over the grass, without perceiving its rustle. She followed up its stiff sheen—up and up from the ground where it had stopped—till, at the end of a considerable journey, her impression felt the shock of the fixed face which, surmounting it, seemed to offer the climax of the dressed condition. “Why, mamma!” she cried the next instant, cried in a tone that, as she sprang to her feet, brought Sir Claude to his own beside her and gave her ladyship, a few yards off, the advantage of their momentary confusion. Poor Maisie’s was immense; her mother’s drop had the effect of one of the iron shutters that, in evening walks with Susan Ash, she had seen suddenly, at the touch of a spring, rattle down over shining shop-fronts. The light of foreign travel was darkened at a stroke; she had a horrible sense that they were caught; and for the first time in her life, in Ida’s presence, so far translated an impulse into an invidious act as to clutch straight at the hand of her responsible confederate. It didn’t help her that he appeared at first equally hushed with horror; a minute during which, in the empty garden, with its long shadows on the lawn, its blue sea over the hedge and its startled peace in the air, both her elders remained as stiff as tall tumblers filled to the brim and held straight for fear of a spill. At last, in a tone that in its unexpected softness enriched the whole surprise, her mother said to Sir Claude: “Do you mind at all my speaking to her?”

“Oh no; *do* you?”—his reply was so long in coming that Maisie was the first to find the right note.

He laughed as he seemed to take it from her, and she felt a sufficient concession in his manner of addressing their visitor. “How in the world did you know we were here?”

His wife, at this, came the rest of the way and sat down on the bench with a hand laid on her daughter, whom she gracefully drew to her and in whom, at her touch, the fear just kindled gave a second jump, but now in quite another direction. Sir Claude, on the further side, resumed his seat and his newspapers, and the three grouped

themselves like a family party; his connexion, in the oddest way in the world, almost cynically, and in a flash, acknowledged, and the mother patting the child into conformities unspeakable. Maisie could already feel that it was not Sir Claude and she who were caught. She had the positive sense of catching their relative, catching her in the act of getting rid of her burden with a finality that showed her as unprecedentedly relaxed. Yes, the fear had dropped, and she had never been so irrevocably parted with as in the pressure of possession now supremely exerted by Ida's long-gloved and much-bangled arm. "I went to the Regent's Park"—this was presently her ladyship's answer to Sir Claude.

"Do you mean to-day?"

"This morning—just after your own call there. That's how I found you out; that's what has brought me."

Sir Claude considered and Maisie waited. "Whom then did you see?"

Ida gave a sound of indulgent mockery. "I like your scare. I know your game. I didn't see the person I risked seeing—but I had been ready to take my chance of her." She addressed herself to Maisie; she had encircled her more closely. "I asked for *you*, my dear, but I saw no one but a dirty parlourmaid. She was red in the face with the great things that—as she told me—had just happened in the absence of her mistress; and she luckily had the sense to have made out the place to which Sir Claude had come to take you. If he hadn't given a false scent I should find you here: that was the supposition on which I've proceeded." Ida had never been so explicit about proceeding or supposing, and Maisie, drinking this in, was aware that Sir Claude shared her fine impression of it. "I wanted to see you," his wife continued, "and now you can judge of the trouble I've taken. I had everything to do in town to-day, but I managed to get off."

Maisie and her companion, for a moment, did justice to this achievement; but Maisie was the first to express it. "I'm glad you wanted to see me, mamma." Then after a concentration more deep and with a plunge more brave: "A little more and you'd have been too late." It stuck in her throat, but she brought it out: "We're going to France."

Ida was magnificent; Ida kissed her on the forehead. "That's just what I thought likely—it made me decide to run down. I fancied

that in spite of your scramble you'd wait to cross, and it added to the reason I have for seeing you."

Maisie wondered intensely what the reason could be, but she knew so much better than to ask. She was slightly surprised indeed to perceive that Sir Claude didn't and to hear him immediately inquire: "What in the name of goodness can you have to say to her?"

His tone was not exactly rude, but it was impatient enough to make his wife's response a fresh specimen of the new softness. "That, my dear man, is all my own business."

"Do you mean," Sir Claude asked, "that you wish me to leave you with her?"

"Yes—if you will be so good: that's the extraordinary request I take the liberty of making." Her ladyship had dropped to a mildness of irony by which, for a moment, poor Maisie was mystified and charmed, puzzled with a glimpse of something that, in all the years, had at intervals peeped out. Ida smiled at Sir Claude with the strange air she had, on such occasions, of defying an interlocutor to keep it up as long; her huge eyes, her red lips, the intense marks in her face formed an illumination as distinct and public as a lamp set in a window. The child seemed quite to see in it the very lamp that had lighted her path; she suddenly found herself reflecting that it was no wonder the gentlemen were dazzled. This must have been the way mamma had first looked at Sir Claude; it brought back the lustre of the time they had outlived. It must have been the way she looked also at Mr. Perriam and Lord Eric; above all it contributed in Maisie's mind to a completer view of the Captain. Our young lady grasped this idea with a quick lifting of her heart; there was a stillness during which her mother flooded her with a wealth of support to the Captain's striking tribute. This stillness remained long enough unbroken to represent that Sir Claude too might literally be struggling again with the element that had originally upset him; so that Maisie quite hoped that he would at least say something to show a recognition that he *could* be charming.

What he presently said was: "Are you putting up for the night?" His wife hesitated. "Not here—I've come from Dover."

Over Maisie's head, at this, they still faced each other. "You spend the night there?"

"Yes, I brought some things. I went to the hotel and hastily

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arranged ; then I caught the train that whisked me on here. You see what a day I have had of it."

The statement may surprise, but these were really as obliging if not as lucid words as, into her daughter's ears at least, Ida's lips had ever dropped ; and there was a quick desire in the daughter that for the hour at any rate they should duly be welcomed as a ground of intercourse. Certainly mamma had a charm which, when turned on, became a large explanation ; and the only danger now in an impulse to applaud it would be that of appearing to signalise its rarity. Maisie, however, risked the peril in the geniality of an admission that Ida had indeed had a rush ; and she invited Sir Claude to expose himself by agreeing with her that the rush had been even worse than theirs. He appeared to meet this appeal by saying with detachment enough : "You go back there to-night?"

"Oh yes—there are plenty of trains." Again Sir Claude hesitated ; it would have been hard to say if the child, between them, more connected or divided them. Then he brought out quietly : "It will be late for you to knock about. I'll see you over."

"You needn't trouble, thank you. I think you won't deny that I can help myself and that it isn't the first time in my dreadful life that I've somehow managed it." Save for this allusion to her dreadful life they talked there, Maisie noted, as if they were only rather superficial friends ; a special effect that she had often wondered at before in the midst of what she supposed to be intimacies. This effect was augmented by the almost casual manner in which her ladyship went on : "I daresay I shall go abroad."

"From Dover, do you mean, straight?"

"How straight I can't say. I'm excessively ill." This for a minute struck Maisie as but a part of the conversation ; at the end of which time she became aware that it ought to strike her—as it apparently didn't strike Sir Claude—as a part of something graver. It helped her to twist nearer. "Ill, mamma—really ill?"

She regretted her "really" as soon as she had spoken it ; but there couldn't be a better proof of her mother's present polish than that Ida showed no gleam of a temper to take it up. She had taken up at other times much tinier things. She only pressed Maisie's head against her bosom and said : "Shockingly, my dear. I must go to that new place."

"What new place?" Sir Claude inquired.

Ida thought; she couldn't recall it. "Oh, 'Chose,' don't you know?—where every one goes. I want some proper treatment. It's all I've ever asked for on earth. But that's not what I came to say."

Sir Claude, in silence, folded one by one his newspapers; then he rose and stood whacking the palm of his hand with the bundles. "You'll stop and dine with us?"

"Dear, no—I can't dine at this sort of hour. I ordered dinner at Dover."

Her ladyship's tone in this one instance showed a certain superiority to those conditions in which her daughter had artlessly found Folkestone a paradise. It was yet not so crushing as to nip in the bud the eagerness with which the latter broke out: "But won't you at least have a cup of tea?"

Ida kissed her again on the brow. "Thanks, love. I had tea before coming." She raised her eyes to Sir Claude. "*She is sweet!*" He made no more answer than if he didn't agree; but Maisie was at ease about that and was still taken up with the joy of this happier pitch of their talk, which put more and more of a meaning into the Captain's version of her ladyship and literally kindled a conjecture that that admirer might, over there at the other place, be waiting for her to dine. Was the same conjecture in Sir Claude's mind? He partly puzzled her, if it had risen there, by the slight perversity with which he returned to a question that his wife evidently thought she had disposed of.

He whacked again his hand with his papers. "I had really much better take you."

"And leave Maisie here alone?"

Mamma so clearly didn't want it that Maisie leaped at the vision of a Captain who had seen her on from Dover and who, while he waited to take her back, would be hovering just at the same distance at which, in Kensington Gardens, the companion of his walk had herself hovered. Of course, however, instead of breathing any such guess she let Sir Claude reply; all the more that his reply could contribute so much to her own present grandeur. "She won't be alone when she has a maid in attendance."

Maisie had never before so much of a retinue, and she waited also to enjoy the effect of it on her ladyship. "You mean the woman you brought from town?" Ida considered. "The person at the house spoke of her in a way that scarcely made her out company for my

child." She spoke as if her child had never wanted, in her hands, for prodigious company. But she as distinctly continued to decline Sir Claude's. "Don't be an old goose," she said charmingly. "Let us alone."

In front of them, on the grass, he looked graver than Maisie at all now thought the occasion warranted. "I don't see why you can't say it before me."

His wife smoothed one of her daughter's curls. "Say what, dear?"

"Why, what you came to say."

At this Maisie at last interposed; she appealed to Sir Claude. "Do let her say it to me."

He looked hard for a moment at his little friend. "How do you know what she may say?"

"She must risk it," Ida remarked.

"I only want to protect you," he continued to the child.

"You want to protect yourself—that's what you mean," his wife replied. "Don't be afraid. I won't touch you."

"She won't touch you—she *won't*!" Maisie declared. She felt by this time that she could really answer for it, and something of the emotion with which she had listened to the Captain came back to her. It made her so happy and so secure that she could positively patronise mamma. She did so in the Captain's very language. "She's good, she's good!" she proclaimed.

"Oh Lord!" ejaculated Sir Claude at this. He appeared to have emitted some sound of derision that was smothered to Maisie's ears by her being again embraced by his wife. Ida released her and held her off a little, looking at her with a very queer face. Then the child became aware that their companion had left them and that from the face in question a confirmatory remark had proceeded.

"I *am* good, love," said her ladyship.

HENRY JAMES.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR THOMAS URQUHART

FROM whichever point you approach Cromarty, you seem to have arrived at the world's end. You may drive across the Black Isle, or you may enter the land-locked harbour in a casual ferry-boat ; but you can go no further, for there are the Suters to bar your progress, and there is the narrow street leading nowhither to remind you that at least one county-town is remote from the populous highway. The aspect is ancient, cold, and grey ; and yet the enlarging sea has compelled the new town again and again to supersede the old, so that it is less time than a forgotten fashion which gives the impression of immemorial solidity. The houses are trim ; trim, too, are the gardens ; and withal marked by that austerity which would defend them for ever from the reproach of villadom. An alley, dignified with the name of the Vennel, carries the traveller far back into the past ; while the dark aspect of the fisherfolk, more gipsy than highlander, proves that Cromarty is still a fastness. It is no surprise to detect over the red lintel of a dilapidated stable the scutcheon of those brave men who once were hereditary sheriffs of the place ; you marvel only at the intermittent golf club, which declares that no corner is free from the national scourge ; you only regret that the sentiment of Hugh Miller should eclipse the glory of Sir Thomas Urquhart. But neither Hugh Miller nor golf can cheapen Cromarty, nor persuade her to increase her borders. For north and south the Suters stretch seawards, this one bleak and low-lying, that one lofty, with its coronal of trees, and rich in the mysteries of Witch's Hole and Gallows Hill, and either resolute to oppose encroachment. From the land they are a barrier against the mastery of the sea ; from the sea they appear sentinels of refuge—*Σώτῆρες* Sir Thomas called them—which should point the path of safety to the sailor in distress.

Such is Cromarty, which boasts to have given birth, in 1605, to Sir Thomas Urquhart, most fantastical of Scotsmen. His ancestors were hereditary sheriffs and proprietors of the soil for twenty-two hundred years and more, if we may trust his fearless imagination. And

these centuries are but a fringe upon his antiquity. So noble a conceit had he in the house of Cromarty, that he traced his genealogy through all ages and all countries to Adam himself. There are no great cities and few great families which did not aid in the making of Sir Thomas Urquhart, and all are set forth with pride and circumstance in the *Παντοχρονοχρονον*; or, *Peculiar Promptuary of Time*. The effrontery of this ingenious piece is no less enchanting than its simple faith. The author twists folk-lore into facts, and bombasts his quick invention with all the circumstance of historical research. Doubtless he compiled his descent in emulation of Pantagruel; but while Rabelais laughed at his own pompous imagination, Sir Thomas was quick to believe the wildest fiction, and to forget that he had not written authority for every vain extravagance. Thus Adam, the common father of us all, "surnamed the Protoplast," was created out of the red earth merely that he might be the forbear of all the Urquharts. Better still, the sixteenth in descent from the renowned Protoplast, one Esormon, son of Pasiteles, was surnamed *ὀυροχάρτος* for his fortune in the wars and his affable conversation, and so gave his name to the illustrious family, whose glory culminated in Sir Thomas Free of Speech. Now Esormon, albeit he was born in the year before Christ two thousand one hundred and thirty-nine, was Prince of Achaia, and had for his arms "three banners, three ships and three ladies in a field *dor*, with a picture of a young lady above the waste, holding in her right hand a brandished sword, and a branch of myrtle in the left, for crest; and for supporters, two Javanites, after the souldier habit of Achaia." Thus heraldry flourished in the childhood of the world, and it is no surprise that Molin, the fortieth from Adam, married Panthea, Deucalion's daughter, and allied the Urquharts with one of the best families of Greece. A century later Propetes married Hypermnestra, "the choicest of Danaus' fifty daughters," while a less remote ancestor espoused the Queen of Sheba, that no talent should be lacking to the perfected Sir Thomas. Some thousand years before Christ you touch Scottish soil, for when Alypos, the Queen of Sheba's own son, married Proteusa, the sister of Eborak, who founded York, Scotland was already called Olbion (or Albion in the Aeolick dialect), already the castle of Edinburgh frowned upon the valley, where Princes Street was presently to be built, the promontories of Cromarty had won the name of which they retain unto this day. But the Urquharts had not yet come into their own. True, Alypos had paid a casual visit to the harbour of Ochonchar, now called Cromarty, and

Beltistos, the seventy-sixth in descent from Adam, had founded the castle of Urquhart above Inverness. But it was reserved for the honoured Nomostor to build that house upon the South Suter, which remained for two thousand years the home of the Urquharts. Henceforth the heroes remained within their own borders, fighting the Picts, and making plain their eloquence to all the world. Neither Lutork, the valiant conqueror of Lochaber, nor the famous Stichopæo himself, neither Sosomenos nor Eunoemon, husband of the first Morray that ever came to Scotland, strayed beyond the limits of Cromarty and its fortress. So with Sir Jasper, who had the dexterity to cure the King's Evil, and who still flourished when William the Norman invaded England, we emerge from fable into the semblance of history, and hear with a mild amazement that Thomas, born 1476, was, agnamed Paterhemon "because he had of his wife Helen Abernethie, a daughter of my lord Salton, five-and-twenty sons, all men, and eleven daughters, all married women." Far more puzzling is the nickname of Walter, Sir Thomas's own great-grandfather, for he was called Exaftallocrinus, for no better reason than that he judged others by himself! But they were learned men in ancient Cromarty, and instantly the real Sir Thomas was called to the throne, the popular voice acclaimed him Parresiastes or Free of Speech, after the same Greek work which, says Rabelais, gave to the Parisians their name and title.

With such a pedigree it was plainly impossible to remain obscure, and Thomas Urquhart gave early signs of the scholarship and fancy, which ever distinguished him. After a boyhood spent in the castle, which then stood upon the southern Suter, and devoted doubtless to the zealous discovery of family secrets, he passed to the University of Aberdeen, for which he professed a ceaseless respect and admiration. His loyalty bade him spare no occasion of praising those who, like himself, owed their education to Aberdeen, which, said he, "for honesty, good fashions and learning, surpasseth as far all other towns and cities in Scotland, as London doth for greatness, wealth, and magnificence, the smallest hamlet or village in England." And so, his head packed with all the knowledge of his time, and his quick hand always at his sword hilt, he set forth upon the conquest of Europe. In this enterprise he followed the fashion of his age and country. When Urquhart went upon his travels the whole world was the heritage of Scotland. There was no University that did not seek its professors from the savage country beyond the Tweed, and wherever the rumour of war was heard,

there were a hundred Scots ready to sell their sword and their life in the service of the foreigner. While Sinclair taught mathematics at Paris, Seaton took his degrees at Padua, and disported his "lofty and bravashing humour" at Rome. Dempster travelled the whole length of France and Italy, teaching the humanities, and resenting with his right arm the smallest affront upon his dignity. And before all, Crichton, the glorious and invincible Crichton, had carried away the palm, whether for scholarship or for valour, in every capital in Europe. It was in emulation, then, of such heroes as these that Thomas Urquhart left his native Cromarty, convinced that no learning was too high for his attainment, no enemy too strong for his assault. Wherever he went he bore himself as a gallant gentleman, adding to the rare store of his learning and winning golden opinions for his courage and address. If he had only composed a history of his wanderings instead of attempting to square the circle, how rich had been the record! As it is, we must be content with his few digressions, and piece together a slender biography from a handful of casual hints.

He made a "peragation" (so he calls it) of France, Spain, and Italy, whence he crossed to Sicily, and was most astonished to discover at Messina a man who posed for the Great Alexander of Macedon. Ever anxious, despite the weight of his immense learning, to recall what was trivial or eccentric, he tells you no more of Madrid than that he there saw "a bald-pated fellow, who believed he was Julius Cæsar, and therefore went constantly on the street with a laurel crown on his head." His mastery of languages was perfect; he spoke all tongues "with the liveliness of the country accent," and there was no city whereof he might not have passed for a native, had not his patriotism rejected the imposture. Did a Spaniard or a Frenchman suggest a disguise, "he plainly told them, without any bones, that truly he had as much honour by his own country." For in those days, he boasted, "the name of a Scot was honourable over all the world, and the glory of his ancestors was a passport and safe-conduct sufficient for any traveller." Nor did Urquhart do aught to besmirch this fair fame. He was as prompt in a quarrel as in the exercise of his tongue, and in the early years before his brains "were ripened for eminent undertakings," he thrice entered the lists to vindicate his native land from calumnies. And thrice he disarmed his antagonist, compelling him, at the price of his life, to acknowledge his error, so that he confessed: "In lieu of three enemies that formerly they were, I

acquired three constant friends, both to myself and my compatriots." Thus he wandered over the world, obeying the valiance of his heart, and yet furnishing his head with all the jumbled and intricate sciences, unrivalled in swordsmanship, and always alert in the fashionable art of disputation. But so strenuous a patriot could not spend his life in foreign service, and Urquhart was still young when he returned, a finished courtier, to his father's house in Cromarty.

He brought with him a library which he valued beyond all else, and which he prized especially, because it did not contain three books "which were not of his own purchase, and all of them together, in the order wherein he had ranked them, compiled like to a compleat nosegay of flowers, which in his travels he had gathered out of the gardens of above sixteen several kingdoms." In Cromarty, indeed, he had no resource but study. A courtier and a scholar, he felt as little sympathy with field sports as with the barbarous life of his fellows. While others were pleased in the dead season of winter to search for wild fowl, wading through many waters, he would stay at home, employed in diversions of another nature, "such as optical secrets, mysteries of natural philosophy, reasons for the variety of colours, the finding out of the longitude, and the squaring of the circle." And when he was twitted for his inaction by those who esteemed bodily exercise above the recreation of the mind, he had the satisfaction of supping excellently, while the sportsmen were too weary to touch the birds which had fallen to their guns. So in the seclusion of his castle this descendant of Danaus became the master pedant of his time. Not only was he familiar with all the extravagant learning of Europe, but he was already busied in the composition of those unnumbered treatises whose loss after Worcester fight he lamented until his death.

Alas! an end soon came to the repose, which is necessary for the squaring of the circle or the discovery of a universal language. The house of Urquhart fell upon disaster. The old Sir Thomas, in spite of the oath given to Alexander, Lord Elphinstone, on his marriage, that he would hand on his estate unencumbered, became the sudden prey of creditors. The reason of this disaster is uncertain; but it was rather amiable carelessness than wanton extravagance which undid the generous and worthy knight. He had given to all who asked with thoughtless prodigality; he had never refused to be surety for any; yet herein his kindness was matched by good

fortune, and he did not "pay above two hundred pounds English for all his vadimonial favors." However, his creditors began to clamour. With a recklessness, which you can easily understand in the father of his son, he had neglected his household and forgotten his tradesmen. Unfaithful servants had filched much of his personal estate; swindling bailiffs had embezzled his rents, and by the frequency of disadvantageous bargains, in which the slyness of the subtle merchant did involve him, his loss came unawares upon him, and irresistibly, like an armed man. The mishap was the stranger, because in the arbitrament of another's affair none was held so wise as Sir Thomas Urquhart; yet, said his son, he thought it "derogating to the nobility of his house to look too closely into his own purse."

The result was ruin, and in 1637 the hereditary sheriff of Cromarty was so hard pressed that he was forced to seek relief from the King. This relief was granted in a letter of protection from Charles I, who defended him from all diligence at the instance of his creditors. But, in the meantime, his sons had taken what steps they might to secure the remains of their inheritance, and, despite their protestation of filial obedience, had seized upon their father, and imprisoned him in an upper chamber of his own castle, called "the inner dortour." Whether they resorted to this savagery that the old knight might be prevented from the conclusion of a bad bargain, or were impelled by disappointment and revenge, remains unknown; but true it is that they kept their father locked up the best part of a week, and that they only escaped the proper consequence of their cruelty by the interposition of the Privy Council. Yet notwithstanding this interlude of enmity, the son never tired of praising his father's justice, honour, and munificence. And you like to think that his solitary fault was inspired by a stern fidelity to the interests of his house.

Henceforth misfortune was his constant bedfellow. Not only was the estate encumbered beyond hope of redress, but Urquhart, a staunch Episcopalian, stood for the King and hated the Covenant with all the fury of a travelled gentleman and a pleasure-loving courtier. Moreover, he was neither sufficiently cunning to dissemble his opinion nor sufficiently dishonest to espouse an infamous cause for his own profit. He found upon his own country the three foul blots of tergiversation, covetousness, and hypocrisy, and he exposed these blots with all the eloquence and iteration at his command. Scotland, said he, was ruined by the selfishness of Kirks and Presbyteries. The minister was always

the greediest man in the parish, the most unwilling to bestow anything in deeds of charity. He denounced without ceasing the democratical tyranny of the Kirk, and with all the cavalier's eagerness to back his opinion with the sword, he forcibly opposed Lord Fraser and his allies. A retainer of his house was the first to lose his life in conflict with the bloody Covenanters, and Urquhart, having marched upon Aberdeen, was circumvented by the Earl Marischal after a brief success, and compelled to embark in the presence of six hundred enemies for Berwick-on-Tweed. Henceforth he was exiled to the English Court; two years later—in 1641—he was knighted by the King at Whitehall, and the following year, by the death of his father, he inherited a worthless estate, and with the sheriffdom of Cromarty a yet more worthless title.

Poor and unfriended, he despised conciliation. He whose tongue had known no mercy neither sought nor found mercy in the hearts of his enemies. His scanty resources equipped him ill for the contest: his father left him but a poor six hundred a year, and for encumbrances twelve or thirteen thousand pounds of debt, "five brethren all men, and two sisters almost marriageable," with as fine a set of importunate creditors as ever disturbed a scholar's peace. All attempts at a settlement were frustrated by the malice and envy of merchants and money-lenders, and at the last Urquhart had no resource but contempt and vituperation. How, indeed, should this arrogant gentleman, this marvel of the perfections, grant satisfaction to the greed of scoundrels? The fiercest of his creditors was one Leslie of Findrassie, whose name he protests he will never mention, but whose name is rarely off his tongue. This rascal, who "kept his daughters the longer unhusbanded that they might serve him for so many stalking-horses whereby to intangle some neighbouring woodcocks," pursued the Lord of Cromarty with an ingenuity of venom. Not only did he decline to treat with his enemy upon any terms, but he attacked one of his victim's farms with all the horse and foot he could command. He even attempted to quarter a troop upon Sir Thomas, that he might the more quickly bring him to surrender. More than all, he contrived the seizure of his library and the destruction of not a few manuscripts which their author held priceless. Fruitlessly did Urquhart bewail that the wickedest of the land should be permitted to possess his inheritance; fruitlessly did he deplore the sacrilege of those who dismantled the honour of a house and dilapidated an ancient estate. Time was, said

he, when no stranger might own an ell of Scottish land, when even Rizzio was not permitted to purchase a hundred pounds of rent whereby to acquire a title. But now the structure of ancient grandeur was "crumbled into the very rubbish of a neophytick parity." So his own land was sequestered, and if after his father's death he pursued his studies at Cromarty, he lived rather as a prisoner than as a sheriff, and the utmost of his freedom was to hold all things ready for a siege.

While his creditors were inexorable, the Kirk, which had many an ancient offence to avenge, did not lag behind in evil-doing. At the outset his inherited right of patronage was curtailed, and that he might be the more heavily embarrassed, the single parish, which contained the churches of Cullicudden and Kirkmichael, was divided into two, and the miserable Urquhart compelled to provide the double stipend. His protest was as vain as his indignation. To fight the Kirk was to kick against the pricks, and this intrepid warrior would never withdraw an unprotected foot. His arguments in his own behalf were convincing enough to ensure failure, and yet Sir Thomas was not of those who would veil the truth for a present advantage. No, he boldly proclaimed himself *Christianus Presbyteromastix*, and went unflinchingly to his doom. For the Kirk and State, not content with stripping him of his goods, carried their hostility still further, and in 1649 had him declared rebel and traitor.

But Urquhart, like Joseph II, was *royaliste de son métier*, and though he regretted his bitter spoliation he cared not that the world called him rebel. He threw himself with greater fury into the fray, he fought in the last fight for his rightful King, and suffered at Worcester the culmination of his disasters. For not only was Worcester the one battle wherein he gave ground to the enemy, but in the kennels of Worcester City he lost the precious manuscripts which were to have conferred upon him the title of immortality. To this ultimate mishap he recurs and recurs, though he nowhere explains why he should have gone into battle with the work of a lifetime at his back. However, no sooner was the fight finished, than the victorious soldiers broke into Master Spilbury's house ("a very honest man, and hath an exceeding good woman to his wife"), and there found three portmantles full of very precious commodity, or in other words of manuscripts in folio. These inestimable treasures were presently devoted to the packing up of "figs, dates, almonds, caraway, and other such-like dry confections," or worse still to the kindling of tobacco-pipes. A few fragments alone

were saved, from which Sir Thomas was able to rescue such treatises as remain. But with the defeat of Worcester his active life was finished. What could he, "a Scot and a prisoner of war," make or mar in London? True, Cromwell treated him with more than common liberality, permitting him to print his elaborate vindication, setting him free upon parole, and "enlarging him to the extent of the lines of London's communication." For all these courtesies he is properly thankful, and he closes the epilogue of all his works with a eulogy of Mr. Roger Williams. By what freak of destiny the reverend preacher of Providence in New England should have come to Urquhart's aid is left unexplained, but certain it is that this monument of piety not only presented Urquhart with "many worthy books set forth by him," but frequently solicited the Parliament and Council of State in his behalf. In brief, writes Sir Thomas, "he did approve himself a man of such discretion and inimitably sanctified parts that an Archangel from heaven could not have shown more goodness with less ostentation." But Mr. Roger Williams solicited in vain, and the victim himself had no better luck. His desperate appeals to Cromwell for the restoration of his estates and for his unconditioned liberty failed. Nor was there from the first a chance of success. He could not cloak his loyalty to the Stuarts even when he addressed the Lord Protector, and so having committed to the press enough scraps and shreds of his dispersed masterpieces he escaped the vigilance of his warders and set sail for France, the country he loved so well, and never again set foot in Scotland. His whimsical death well suited so whimsical a life. He died of laughter, saith rumour, on hearing that Charles II was restored to his kingdom. And thus, by a last misfortune, his persistent loyalty availed him nothing, since at the very moment of victory his sense of incongruity carried him beyond the hope of gratitude or reward. Others inherited the estate of which he was so proud, and in Cromarty Urquhart was soon the shadow of a name.

Despite the devastation of Worcester, Urquhart was able in the two years which followed the battle to prove himself not only the greatest translator of all time, but the master of as fantastic a style as ever came to the aid of an eccentric imagination. He was not new to authorship; as early as 1641, the year of his knighthood, he had dedicated a volume of Epigrams to the Marquis of Hamilton. But this slender volume gives not the slightest promise of talent. Its stanzas are indistinguished and indistinguishable. There is no reason

why any one should have written them, but, on the other hand, there is no reason why any one should not. They express the usual commonplaces: the inevitableness of death and the worth of endeavour. A mildly Horatian sentiment is dressed up in the tattered rags of Shakespearianism, and the surprise is that the author, whose prose is restrained by no consideration of sound or sense, should have deemed it worth while to print so tame a collection of exercises. Four years later came *The Trissotretas: or a Most Exquisite Table for Resolving all Manner of Triangles*, in which the greatness of Urquhart is already foreshadowed. This work, "published for the benefit of those that are mathematically affected," is reputed unintelligible even to professors of mathematics, but it is prefaced by a dedication "to my deare and loving mother," and a eulogy of that "brave spark," Lord Napier of Merchiston, which are composed in the true vein. However, it was not until after defeat had stimulated invention that Urquhart came into the full and free possession of his amazing style. The *Ἑκσκυβάλαυρον*, or *the Discovery of a Most Exquisite Jewel*, and the *Logopandecteisison*, or *an Introduction to the Universal Language*, have not their counterpart in any literature. Though the one serves "to frontal a vindication of the honour of Scotland," though the other was contrived "for the utilitie of all pregnant and ingenious spirits," the glorification of Sir Thomas Urquhart is the object of both. The author discusses history and theology, philosophy and politics, and all the sciences are but a cloak to his own excellencies. Sir Thomas Urquhart is a captive; the world stands idle upon its axis; the sun declines to rise and set; liberate Sir Thomas and the universe will resume its functions; darkness will usurp the light at the proper season; and the brilliance of day will succeed to the sullen obscurity of night. But in one respect his modesty conquered his ambition of notoriety, and he pretends to keep the secret of authorship inviolate. His *Ἑκσκυβάλαυρον* is written with the definite aim of eulogising Scotland and of restoring the great and good Sir Thomas to his own kingdom. And who wrote it? From internal evidence it is plainly disinterested, for Sir Thomas is ever belauded in the third person. As the famous pedigree, that illustrious *Παντοχρονοκανον*, which gives the Knight of Cromarty Deucalion for an ancestor, was rescued from the battlefield and thereafter printed by a "surprising honest and civil officer of Colonel Pride's regiment," and prefaced by an unknown and mysterious G. P., so the vindication of Scotland and Sir Thomas might have been composed by a partial

stranger. The object is frankly confessed: "He is the only man for whom the book is intended," the mere scope whereof is the furtherance of his weal and the credit of his country. Again, he describes himself as "the author whose muse I honour, and the strains of whose pen to imitate is my greatest ambition." And then, weary of mystification, he boasts, with an engaging frankness, "that it mentioneth Sir Thomas Urquhart in the third person, which seldom is done by any author in a treatise of his own penning!"

But, in truth, it was his constant fancy to cover reality with a shield of romance, and to conceal his purpose with perpetual digression. And thus, having designed a lofty panegyric of himself and his country, he breaks off, in the *Precious Jewel*, into a brief description of his Universal Language. But he reveals no more than shall whet the public appetite, since he desires to sell his invention for the wealth and leisure which should justly be his. The secret of learning which he claims to have discovered will, says he, abridge the labour of scholars by two years out of five, a benefit which cannot be estimated at less than ten thousand pounds a year. Nor does he make appeal to the generosity of Parliament. If only the Lord Protector will restore to him the inheritance which the "cochlimentary wasps" of the Presbytery have torn from him, he is ready to devote his whole life to the cause of learning, and to the manifest embellishment of the Scottish nation. But the Lord Protector was not tempted to interfere, and Sir Thomas's language remains a vague and summary sketch.

The praise of Scotland, on the other hand, is neither summary nor vague. No literature in the world can show such another piece of boastfulness; and, despite its elaborate decoration, it is an historical treatise of enduring value. Sir Thomas himself had witnessed the supremacy of his countrymen both in the schools and in the tourney. He had seen the discomfiture of their opponents in all the capitals of Europe, and himself had carried off a dozen trophies. None, then, was better qualified to sing the praise of the ever-admired Bothwell, or to applaud the prowess of Francis Sinclair, the valiant bastard of Caithness, who conquered a gallant nobleman of High Germany in the presence of the Emperor and all his Court. But the supreme hero of all time in Urquhart's eye was Crichton, *Scotus Admirabilis*, the matchless and noble-hearted warrior, the irresistible lover, the miracle of eloquence. If Sir Thomas failed to force his Universal Language upon the world's acceptance, he invented that which was far more

wonderful—the Admirable Crichton. A single episode, let drop by hazard into the *Precious Jewel*, not only conferred legitimate glory upon a renowned adventurer, but fixed for all time the type of perfection. Crichton's achievement at the Duke of Mantua's Court; the glorious victory of wit snatched from the thrice-renowned University of Paris; his brilliant appearance in a buff suit, "more like a favourite of Mars than one of the Muses," at the Louvre, where, in presence of some Princes of the Court and great ladies who came to behold his gallantry, he carried away the ring fifteen times on end, and broke as many lances as the "Saracen"—these are related in a very gust of enthusiasm, and with a breathless torrent of strange, high-sounding words. And then, to prove that bombast was not the only note upon his lyre, he describes with a veritable pathos the death of Crichton at the hands of the Prince whose Court he had freed of a monster. The amplitude of his vocabulary merely quickens the narrative and intensifies the emotion. When Crichton falls, you can but echo the frenzied lament of the Princess who, "rending her garments and tearing her hair, like one of the Graces possessed with a Fury, spoke thus:—'O villains! what have you done? You vipers of men! that have thus basely slain the valiant Crichton, the sword of his own sex and the buckler of ours, the glory of the age, and restorer of the lost honour of the Court of Mantua! O Crichton, Crichton!'"

Such is the sum of Sir Thomas Urquhart's original achievement, and the style in which his treatises are composed falls not an inch below his ingenious fancy. Like many another Scot, like Hawthornden, like Thomson, like Robert Louis Stevenson, he wrote English as a foreign tongue, which he had acquired after painful effort. You cannot read a page without being convinced that English was not to him the language of common speech, but a strange instrument, which at the touch of a master should yield a lofty sounding music. The tongue which he wrote was as remote from his native Scots as Greek or Latin, and he decorated it with a curious elaboration, which proves that he recognised the difference between literature and conversation. There is, perhaps, a touch of pedantry in his scrupulous avoidance of Scottish words. A diligent search has revealed but one—"spate"—and the avoidance is the more remarkable because he had no aversion from slang and the proverbs of the street. But the Flytings—those masterpieces of amœbean scurrility, which, doubtless, he knew well, and which encouraged his habit of stringing synonyms—exerted no more than a general influence

upon him, and this influence is more noticeable in his *Rabelais* than in his original treatises. His vocabulary is vast and various; he pilfered from a dozen languages and all the sciences that he might enlarge it; nor does he ever hesitate to invent such words as are lacking to his purpose. He frankly avows his detestation of what is common or obvious. Where others would employ a paraphrase he is quick to invent so new a term as *scripturiency* or *nixurience*. "Preface" being without significance he prefers (after Mathurin Régnier) "epistle liminary," and in the use of such strange compounds as "accesce" he is ingenious as the decadents of ten years ago. Moreover, he defends his practice in a passage, which will serve as a plea for a free vocabulary:—"That which makes this disease (the paucity of words) the more incurable is that, when an exuberant spirit would to any high researched conceit adapt a peculiar word of his own coining, he is branded with incivility, if he apologise not for his boldness with a *quod ita dixerim, parcant Ciceronianæ manes, ignoscat Demosthenis genius*, and other such phrases, acknowledging his fault of making use of words never uttered by others, or at least by such as were most renowned for eloquence." And he assuredly asks no pardon from the shade of Cicero, but straightway declares that the Indians "were very temulencious symposiasts," and presently proceeds to denounce the mean as "clusterfists," or to reproach the Presbyterians with their "blinkerd minds."

His style, again, was curiously shaped by his study of science and mathematical metaphors are found on every page. Thus he describes the effect of Crichton's apparition:—"The affections of the beholders, like so many several diameters drawn from the circumference of their various intents, did all encounter in the point of his perfection." On the other hand, no artifice is too familiar, if his mood be flippant. "How now, peascods on it!" he cries when he has forgotten a name, or he will confuse a piece of new-fangled science with the slang of the minute. Moreover he has a constant care for the rhythm of his prose; he wrote with his ear as well as with his brain, and knew well how to set his periods to music. Where the poor apostle of simplicity at any price would write "back-gate," Sir Thomas prefers "some secret angioport and dark postern-door"; and the advantage both for sound and expression is on the side of Sir Thomas. Of course he is apt to forget proportion, or, in his own simile, to put such a "porch upon a cottage as better befits a cathedral." Yet he would be punctilious in his adaption of words to thoughts. The conclusion of the *Precious*

Jewel, the most complicated rhapsody in English prose, is nothing else than an apology for its simple reticence. "I might," he confesses, "have enlarged this discourse with a choice variety of phrase, and made it overflow the field of the reader's understanding, with an inundation of greater eloquence. . . . I could have introduced, in case of obscurity, synonymal, exargastick, and palilogetick elucidations; for sweetness of phrase, antimetathetick commutations of epithets." But he quenched his ardour; he "adhibited to the embellishment of his tractate" none of these tropes or figures, because "the matter was more prevalent with him than the superficial formality of a quaint discourse." In such wise does he formulate his theory of the relation of sound to sense, and if you did not recognise the sincerity of his humour, you might believe that for once he was laughing at his reader's innocence.

Never once in all his works does he mention Rabelais, though in his astounding genealogy as in his extravagant diction, he pays him the compliment of imitation. Yet it is to his translation of Gargantua and Pantagruel that Urquhart owes his immortality, and surely no man better deserves the wreath of undying fame. His masterpiece shares the honour with our own Authorised Version of being the finest translation ever made from one language into another. The English lacks none of the abounding life and gaiety, which make the original a perpetual joy. In fact, it is not a translation at all: had Rabelais been a Briton, it is precisely in these terms that he would have written his golden book. It might have been composed afresh, as was the original, "in eating and drinking." The very spirit of Rabelais breathes again in this perfect version, which, without the dimmest appearance of effort, echoes the very rhythm of the French, and for all its ingenuity of phrase and proverb, resolutely respects the duty of interpretation. But failure was impossible from the beginning: once in the history of the world a master of language found the task for which his genius was eminently adapted. In point of style, Urquhart was Rabelais reincarnate. If Master Alcofribas handled a vocabulary of surpassing richness, Sir Thomas, the most travelled man of his age, had stored his memory with the pearls of five languages. Science and slang were the hobbies of each, and both Scot and Frenchman were as quick to find their metaphors in the gutter as to gather them after thoughtful research in the solemn treatises of the Middle Ages. But above all, in his treatment of slang Urquhart shows his supremacy. His courage was as great as his knowledge, and, bookish as he was,

he must have kept his ears alert to the quick impressions of the street. The puritan who, finding not enough immorality in life to glut his censure, invests simple blameless words with the virtues and vices which they connote, has wreaked his idle fury on the dead Sir Thomas, and more than once has dragged his masterpiece into the dock. But the masterpiece remains to defy the puritan as it defies the critic, and it is no less assured of eternity than its magnificent original. To belaud its perfection is to confess its blemishes, yet its blemishes lean ever to the side of excellence. Though Urquhart crept into the very skin of Rabelais, at times the skin sits a little tightly upon him. He outdoes even Rabelais in extravagance, thereby achieving what might have seemed a plain impossibility. When the master exhausts every corner of human knowledge or of human life in a list of synonyms, Urquhart is always ready to increase the number from the limitless depths of his own research. One list of thirteen he has expanded to thirty-six; another famous chapter he has doubled in length; and yet every line bears the true impress of Rabelais. Again, at times he is apt to explain rather than to interpret; but his explanation is so rigidly within the boundaries of the original that not even the pedant can find heart to protest. And as for his mistakes, they are condoned by their magnificence, and if now and then he says what Rabelais did not, you wonder which has the better of it, the original or the version.

Like most great works, Urquhart's translation had its forerunner, and its forerunner was Randle Cotgrave's superb dictionary (here is the style and title of the first edition:—*A Dictionarie of the French and English Tongues*. Compiled by Randle Cotgrave. London. Printed by Adam Islip. Anno 1611) without which the *Rabelais* might never have been accomplished. It is the common superstition of the schools that the use of a dictionary is fatal to the acquisition of a full and free vocabulary. Yet here is Urquhart, whose eccentric vocabulary has never been surpassed, working with a dictionary at his elbow. Now, Cotgrave's "bundle of words," as his modesty styles it, contains such fagots as never before were gathered by mortal man. No wonder his French colleague declares that he had read books of every kind and in every dialect; nor is it strange that, writing at the very beginning of the seventeenth century, he should have made a generous use of Rabelais. But he was one of those to whom words are living, breathing things, with colour and character of their own, and his dictionary may still

be read with the rapidity and excitement of a romance. In his love of synonyms he rivalled Urquhart; like Urquhart he would never content himself with one word when twenty were available. A famous naturalist, he helped the translator at the point wherein his weakness was most palpably confessed, and the names of strange birds and beasts may easily be traced to their authentic source. Cotgrave, moreover, packs into his book—this “verball creature,” and indeed it is “a creature,” a living thing—all the folk-lore and superstitions of his age; and here again he was a sure guide to the footsteps of Urquhart, who followed him even in his errors. To quote a single example: “Friar John of the Funnels,” is at least as celebrated as “Frère Jean des Entommeures,” and you wonder where Urquhart found his false translation, until you consult the page of Cotgrave, which refers you from Entommeures to Entonnoir, which being interpreted is a funnel. And thus it is that in English Friar John takes the title, which he will never lose, not from the “cuttings” or “carvings,” but from the funnels. Of Cotgrave himself we know nothing save that he dedicated his dictionary to “The Right Honourable, and my very good Lord and Maister, Sir William Cecil, Knight, Lord Burghley, and sonne and heire apparent unto the Earle of Exeter.” But never in any enterprise were three masters so admirably matched as these three: Rabelais, Cotgrave, and Urquhart. And who shall say which of the three within his limits was the greatest?

Urquhart translated Rabelais, and, had they been of the same century, Rabelais would have flouted the hero who gave him a second life. For as in style Urquhart was the last of the Elizabethans, so in science he resumed the fallacies of the Middle Ages. He regarded with a childish reverence the many problems at which Rabelais laughed from the comfortable depths of his easy chair. And there is a delightful irony in the truth that this perfect translator was in his own original essays nothing else than Rabelais stripped of humour. He would discuss the interminable stupidities of the schoolmen with a grave face and ceaseless ingenuity. He had no interest in aught save the unattainable. To square the circle and perfect the Universal Language were the least of his enterprises. And so we touch the tragedy of his life. He was like the man he met at Venice: “who believed he was Sovereign of the whole Adriatic Sea, and sole owner of all the ships that came from the Levant.” His madness—for it was nothing less—inspired him with the confidence that all things were possible to his genius. He

was Don Quixote with a yet wilder courage. "I do promise," he says somewhere, "shortly' to display before the world ware of greater value than ever from the East Indies was brought in ships to Europe"; and straightway he pictures himself another Andromeda chained to the rock of hard usage and exposed to the merciless dragon usury, beseeching "the sovereign authority of the country, like another Perseus mounted on the winged Pegasus of respect to the weal and honour thereof, to relieve me by their power from the eminent danger of the jaws of so wild a monster." But despite his madness, he was in many respects wise beyond the wisdom of his generation. When all the world was resolute in the persecution of witches he looked upon witchcraft with a sensible scepticism worthy of Reginald Scot. He would leave all men free to speculate in theology, for, says he, every one, if he be sincere, will confess that he has his own religion. Even in his discourse upon the Universal Language there is many a generalisation, which, being set forth many years after by Lord Monboddo and others, was deemed a marvel of intelligence. In politics, above all, he was inspired to a noble patriotism. He insisted with all his eloquence upon the closer union of England and Scotland. He would have compelled the general use of the title of Great Britain, and he pleaded that Scots should find the equal privileges in London which had long since been granted them by the city of Paris. Withal his character was gay, sanguine, and honourable. So honest a gentleman was he that he would never change an opinion for the sake of profit, and he persisted in his just condemnation of the Kirk and Parliament, even when he was suing his enemies for their consideration. Of his amiability and courage there is no doubt. With characteristic candour he declared that he had never coveted the goods of any man; he had never violated the trust reposed in him; he had never given ground to the enemy before the day of Worcester. That he is surnamed *Parresiastes*, or Free of Speech, is his favourite boast, for he loves ever to be open-hearted and of an explicit discourse. What wonder is it, then, in the triumph of traitors and covenants, that he should have been condemned to lifelong misfortune?

He left no school, and only one imitator: the Earl of Worcester, hapless and ingenious as himself. This nobleman echoed the career of Urquhart perforce, and echoed of set purpose his language and research. He, too, met ruin in Worcester field; he, too, spent his eloquence in the hopeless demand for liberty, a favour which he too would have repaid

by discoveries no less marvellous than the New Language. Freedom for him meant the discovery of the steam-engine and a revolution in the art of war, and he pleaded for freedom in the very terms used by Urquhart. He too lost his notes,* and the title of the treatise which he was not permitted to publish, and which he also valued at many thousands of pounds, might have been composed by the author of the *Precious Jewel*.

Thus a single generation produced two men, whose eccentric genius and unmerited misfortune gives them a place apart in the history of the world. Urquhart's misery is the more acute for the greater height of his aspiration. His life was marred by broken ambitions and made by one surpassing masterpiece. His manifold schemes of progress and of scholarship died with the brain which they inhabited. The Italian artificers and French professors whom he bade to Cromarty never obeyed his invitation ; the castle, which stood upon the South Suter, was so fiercely demolished that the place of its foundation is left unmarked. The vulgar reputation of Hugh Miller has persuaded the town whereof Urquhart was sheriff to forget that it was the birthplace of a great man. But the translation of Rabelais remains, and that will only die with the death of Pantagruel himself.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

* "A century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected (my former notes being lost)," with much more to the same purpose.

RICHARD VERSTEGAN (*alias* ROWLY)

WERE the majority less constantly in error, there might be a touch of hardihood in rejecting a generalisation that masters, and with no light hand, the professional critic; but the degrading of a formula to a fetish is a secular spectacle. The final infallibility of the general verdict is widely accepted, and yet no doctrine is held with larger reserves by its votaries. The inconsistency is flagrant. With the popular voice behind us, we love to cite the universal judgment: outnumbered, we reject the woundy rabble, its modes, its ways. In effect:—

The people's voice is very odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

Still, even though we refuse to extend to literature the methods of biology, it is indisputable that whatsoever persists after centuries of trial must contain—if it contain naught else—the essential principle of endurance. In this sense, if in no other, time may be thought to work a rude justice by the mechanical sifting of man's achievement: so much may be admitted. But the admission helps us little: before proceeding to deductions, it behoves us to examine with more precision the details of the result. Any development of analogies is right ticklish work; and the nice adjustment of biological canons to literature (which is not less capricious than life) is subject to an everlasting caveat. To say that "the fittest survive" is plausible and, perhaps, consoling—to the survivors. Glib in itself the phrase tickles the dullard's ear, rolls trippingly from the tongue, and brings conviction to the incurious mind in quest of dogma. It remains to inquire whether, in truth, the mere fact of survival be an authentic test of excellence, or whether it be (almost as often as not) the outcome of a blind hazard. In itself survival is naught but an incident, like any other: it carries with it consequences, but no inevitable implications. A writer may endure by virtue of such qualities as force and truth and splendour; and, if it be thought that these notes are cherished by the suburban ear, none desires to rip the allusion. A second has vogue as a dealer in rodomontade, bartering

sentimentalisms on love and life and death. It matters scarce at all that he has never loved nor died, that his life passes in the forging of sham similes and tropes: the people love to have it so. Or, again, endurance may depend upon the hap of volume and mass. Lope de Vega persists for a score of excellent reasons; but, primarily, he imposes himself on the most of readers with the weight of twenty million lines. And to the establishment of a literary renown come other the like trivialities and accidents innumerable. Nobody believes that Menander perished on his demerits, or that the lost books of Livy were inferior to those that have reached us, or that the Alexandrian Library (assuming that Omar destroyed it) contained nothing of value. It follows that multiplication favours the chances of survival. To put the point broadly, other things being equal (which they seldom are), the mathematical probabilities are that, a thousand years hence, there will exist more copies of *Proverbial Philosophy* than of *Ionica*. And yet one had fain believe that posterity will securely distinguish between Mr. Tupper and Mr. Cory as between Eliza Cook and Christina Rossetti. It is not asserted that there exists any, save the most obscure, relation between a contemporary judgment and an historical verdict: but the contention is that no verdict is valid in default of sufficient materials. Multiplication manifestly increases the likelihood of survival, and—in so much—the smallest issue of a printed book is more favoured than is a manuscript. Howbeit, if a man, being no more than a minor singer in a numerous choir, chooses to put forth a very limited edition of his works in a second-rate Continental town, he goes far towards committing literary suicide. And with such an instance as this is our concern here and now.

There flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries a “maker” whose very name is all but unknown even to educated readers; and this, though a passage from the best of all his lyrics is familiar to illiterates owing to its good fortune in being exemplified in the most popular of our poetic anthologies. In the second book of *The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language* (1890) are given four stanzas of which the opening line is:—

Upon my lap my Sovereign sits.

And Professor Palgrave, who places the song (with sundry anonymous poems) between Fletcher and Vaughan, declares in a note that “this beautiful example of early simplicity is found in a Song-book of 1620.”

It may be so ; but the verses are found at an earlier date in an obscure collection entitled *Odes in Imitation of the Seven Penitential Psalms*, published, as it should seem, at Antwerp in 1601, by one Richard Verstegan, who dedicates his performance "To the Vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen Readers of these ditties." The volume is of extreme rarity : but it is lawful to think that a careful search in the ecclesiastical libraries of the Low Countries might swell the number of three copies at present known to bibliographers.

Though Verstegan's book be well-nigh unattainable, something may be gathered concerning the writer by the laborious piecing together of stray allusions in Dodd's *Church History of England from the year 1500 to the year 1688*, and in Anthony à Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*. Our author's grandfather was Theodore Rowland Verstegan (whose Christian names are variously given as Richard Rowland and Wolfgangius Musculus). Sprung as his descendant complaisantly informs us, from an "ancient and worshipful familie" in the duchy of Guelderland, the grandfather emigrated to England towards the end of Henry the Seventh's reign, started in business as a cooper, married, and died the father of a son nine months old. The latter, whose fortune was thus "mener then els it might have bin," grew up to follow the parental trade, wedded we know not whom, and begat our Richard, who was born—the date uncertain—in St. Catherine's parish, near the Tower of London. After receiving an "ingenious and grammatical education," the boy went as a sizar to Oxford where, together with Richard Vere and George Pettye, he was entered at Christ Church early in 1565 : the three being described as "servants to Mr. Barnarde." Now and for some time later, our subject was known as Rowlaund or Roland : a change of name continually thrown in his teeth by opponents who abused that "cooper's sonne, a binomious fellow." At Oxford he gave himself to the study of Saxon and Gothic antiquities : "parts of learning," says Anthony à Wood, "that were not then among the Academicians regarded." The legend runs that Verstegan, a staunch Catholic, left the University on being "pressed with certain oaths which were not agreeable to him" ; and it is thought that, after a spell of vagabondage over southern Europe, he reached the Spanish Netherlands, and settled at Antwerp to dabble at drawing and painting in the intervals of conspiracy and antiquarian research. In 1576 a certain Richard Rowlands dedicated to Sir Thomas Gresham his rendering from the German, styled *The Post for Divers Parts of the*

World; it is certain that Gresham was then in Antwerp, and it is plausibly thought that Rowlands and Verstegan are identical. Howbeit, Gresham's biographer, Dean Burgon, pauses to denote the author of the Post-book as "a man of no common virtue and acquirements" and the cap fits. Verstegan's Catholicity was militant; and he continually appears as an indefatigable plotter against Elizabeth whom he detested with a candid hatred, worthy all praise. His first move against her was to cost him dear.

In 1587 there appeared at Antwerp his *Theatrum Crudelitatum Hæreticorum nostri Temporis*, described by the friendly Dodd (otherwise Hugh Tootel) as "a curious piece of art . . . generally admir'd; tho' the subject created him many enemies among those of the contrary party." The book, of which it is remarked that "'tis very scarce and sells for any money," is illustrated with cuts from Verstegan's hand, representing the butchery of Catholic martyrs; and under each cut are Latin verses by Johannes Bochius (otherwise Jean Bouchier), at that time "register (*sic*) at Antwerp," if Anthony à Wood mistake not. What follows is obscure. In the upshot, Verstegan thought it wiser to "convey himself and books to Paris," under the protection of His Catholic Majesty Henry the Third. Here, in 1591-92, the English Ambassador denounced him for having "abused and scandalously exposed" the Virgin Queen in his *Theatrum*, and asked for the surrender of the peppery polemist: "to be sent to England to receive reward." The effect of the *Theatrum* is proved by its reprints and its translations, the latter due, doubtless, to Bouchier; and, a century later, Foulis, in his *Vindication of Queen Elizabeth*, rages at Verstegan, "his lying and bloody Theatre." Meanwhile, Henry of France, who had branded the English Queen as "that wicked and cruel woman," diplomatised, seeking for the immemorial recourse of the feeble—a middle path. If Verstegan's offence were real and came within jurisdiction, the English demand should be complied with; if not, the accused was entitled to go free. Unwilling to risk a rupture by flat refusal, yet ashamed to deliver Verstegan naked to his enemies, the King, after the manner of your true bungler, hit on a compromise which enraged all parties. Verstegan was imprisoned, whereat Jean Bouchier, "that active firebrand of the league, is not a little troubled, and"—as you may see by his *De justa Henrici 3 Abdicacione*—"layeth it as an hereticall fault on K. Hen. 3." Having estranged his friends and exasperated his enemies, the King was fain to swallow the leek

by setting Verstegan once more at large. The latter returned to Antwerp, reprinted his book, and, smarting under injustice, conspired more doggedly than ever.

That he was (as his foes alleged) a pensioner of the King of Spain, is proved by a letter (6th January, 1593) to Cardinal Allen from the Jesuit Holt, who mentions Verstegan, with Tyrrel and Parsons, as receiving double pay "in respect he is continually employed as your grace knoweth." Cautious men used him, but fought shy of his company. Thus his name is encountered in a letter (Antwerp, 18th August, 1592) written by the famous geographer, Abrahamus Ortelius, to Emanuel Demetrius, who was in quest of an English book. Ortelius bids his friend "write to Anraedt to see whether *he* could get it from an Englishman living here, one Richard Verstegan, from whom Wooudneel obtained his copies; but do not say that I advised you to consult him: *om seker redene* (for certain reasons)." Other details of Verstegan's mode of life in Antwerp may be gathered from the collection of manuscripts preserved at Hatfield House. The Jesuit Henry Walpole (13th June, 1594), reveals him as conveying the conspirators' correspondence and as the author of "a book inveighing against the Lord Treasurer"; Simon Knowles (2nd April, 1594), in the *Calendar of State Papers*, informs Mr. Justice Rich of the plottings of "Mr. Versingham, a printer" (a new *alias* invented by the transcriber). In the same year John Gatacre deposes that he went, with his brother, to Antwerp some twenty months earlier, and—"at our arrival we had our diet at one Verstegan's"; Sir Peter Hollins has wind of it that "the postmaster at Bottels" (the cipher name for Antwerp), "for that he cannot well read English, useth to call the said Verstegan to read them" (*i.e.*, the English letters), "being his familiar friend." More revelations drop from the scoundrel, George Herbert (sometime Thomssen), of Dorchester, who, in January, 1595, admits addressing himself "to an Englishman, *entretenido* of the King of Spain, named Richard Verstegan, living at Antwerp, near the bridge of the pastry makers." In May, Verstegan bluntly tells Roger Baynes, in Rome, that priests on the road to England through Middleburg should be provided with a travelling allowance, inasmuch as the faithful refuse to risk their necks and empty their purses as well: "for some priests have borrowed money which has not been repaid." A month later there is trouble concerning Elizabeth's excommunication and the consequent pretension of the King of Spain to the English throne: "of this," so

Attorney-General Coke is told by Nicholas Williamson, "it was said that Parsons . . . and Verstegan were the chief advancers, and the setters forth of the book now in print but not published." And two years afterwards it is sought by another Walpole, a Jesuit, like his namesake, to interest our pamphleteer in Juan de Pineda's *Commentariorum in Job Libri Tredecim*, to be published, as it proved, at Venice no earlier than 1608. In 1600, Serjeant Wilkes denounces unto Cecil "Verstegan, who set out the last pinnaces." This was, perhaps, the last active blow struck by Verstegan's hand.

In his closing years, he was engaged in a sordid squabble which broke out between the English Jesuits and seculars, wherein Verstegan sided with the former, approving himself, says one report, as zealous a railer as the best of them. If in truth he railed, he exposed himself less basely than his adversaries. Two among the latter are distinguished for invective. A rancorous secular, William Watson, in his *Decacordon of Ten Quodlibetical Questions concerning Religion and State*, falls claw and fang upon the luckless printer, whom he curses as "that base fellow Verstegan, who, having no more gentleman's blood in his body than in a couper's son, nor scant so much of such a breed may the couper be, yet tooke upon him to cotize our English nobles and gentles." The fact seems to be that Verstegan, japing the little clique of English Catholics foregathered at Antwerp and Brussels, had jeered their pretensions by saying that, among them all, there were scarce three "of any noble or generous blood, coat, armour, and ancestrie." The titles of Lords Westmoreland and Dacres were admitted; the third place was doubtfully assigned either to Sir William Stanley or to Verstegan himself. And the godly Watson, remarking that either Sir Knight or Sir Knave came third in order, spits upon Verstegan as one of Parson's spies: "intelligencers and blazoners of what infamies as were to be conveyed thence abroad into Italie, Spaine, Fraunce, and other countries adjoyning." After the fashion of your evangelist in a heat, Watson conveniently overlooks the fact that Verstegan's infamies were committed on behalf of their common cause, and fails to explain why never a word was breathed thereon till himself and his gang were dubbed vulgarians. This last was, indeed, Verstegan's sole offence: as may be seen from the performance of another ruffianly theologian who, as Anthony à Wood puts it, gives you stuff enough (beyond the rules of charity) to run down a dog. From *Another Letter of Mr. A. C. to his dis-Jesuited Kinsman*, it may be gathered that

Verstegan took 'up his cudgel against Watson, whom he drubbed—"and withall pepper in the nose, as ye shall heare"—as an apostate, a bastard, a dicer, a liar, a base companion, and an outcast of the world, hateful to God and man. "Mr. A. C." (whose manner vastly resembles the egregious Watson's) renews Watson's taunts concerning the exile's foppery of gentility, and closes his screed with a volley of Billingsgate addressed to the "wretched cooper's sonne, as Versteghan, or, perhaps, a tinker's, as Rowland! wretch that thou art—fie on thee, wretched Catholicke, wretched gentleman, wretched Englishman, wretched painter, wretched cooper's sonne, and all for being so Jesuiticall!" Years later, in *The English Spanish Pilgrime* (1630), a last glimpse of Verstegan is afforded by one James Wadsworth, who recommends his work as that of one "newly converted into his true mother's bosome, the Church of England, with the motives"—not very cryptic—"why he left the See of Rome." Wadsworth unveils the plight of his former friends in the Low Countries: informing you that Lord Westmoreland's earldom will oftentimes scarce furnish him with a dinner; that the wife and children of Sir Thomas Leige live in a very mean estate; that Sir Griffin Markham was "constrained to plucke out the inlaid silver of the hilts of his sword, to buy flower to make a hasty pudding for his dinner"; that Mr. Ward lives in great want, and Mr. Young shares "the same misery." Lastly, "there is also one M. Versteagan, who did not his wife keepe up his credit, might be yokt with the rest." Thus the veracious Wadsworth: and, with this report, Verstegan passes out of sight, as "an hidalgo in Antwerpe (as who may not be a gentleman so far from home)," and as one who prospers, so his foes declare, "by brocage and spierie for the Hispanished Jesuits." The date of his death is unknown.

His was a long and active career spent in the service of a lost cause. Apart from numerous polemical tracts and pamphlets which have perished, he is held to be the author of a volume published at Brussels in 1624, under the style of *Nederduytsche Epigrammen ende Epitaphien*, and of a translation from the Italian of Don Peter of Lucca, together with one or two trifles of no worth. It may be taken as almost certain that he had no hand in the *Nederlantsche Antiquiteyten* (Brussels, 1646), nor in the *Antiquitates Belgicæ* contained in the *Nederlansche Oudtheden*, printed at Amsterdam in 1700, both of which are commonly ascribed to him. Neither is there much likelihood in the common attribution to him of *England's Joy*, written to celebrate the

defeat by Mountjoy of the Irish rebels under the Earl of Tyrone at Kinsale on 24th December, 1601 :—

The Irish Rebell and the Spaniardes pride
Before thy face do fall on every side.

Setting aside other intrinsic reasons, which make it unlikely that the King of Spain's old pensioner should gloat upon his master's overthrow, it is to be noted that the general tone of this copy of verses is as remote as possible from Verstegan's manner. Little as we know of him, it is certain that he was a good hater, and it follows inexorably that he was staunch to his cause. Despite his foreign origin he was as true an Englishman as any in the island : but his attachment to his creed was something stronger than his patriotism. Two personages he hated beyond all others : Luther, the slave of lust and gluttony—*libidinis ventrisque manicipium*—and Elizabeth whose ears had tingled at the contemptuous reference in the French verses appended to the *Theatre des Cruautez des Hereticques de nostre temps*. Let this stinging couplet serve as example :—

Qui ne craindra iamais le sceptre de Boillain,
Lignage incestueux yure de sang humain.

It is hard to believe that Verstegan should lend his voice to Elizabeth's praises in any shape ; it is incredible that he should go the length of addressing her as " England's blisse, and blessed Queene," or that he should have the brass to aver to " all Honourable, Vertuous, and Noble Spirited Lords, Ladies, and all Her Maiesties faithful Subjects whatsoever," that :—

In her life lives all your happinesse ;
She is the Sun that lights your element,
Her Maiestie, your wonders worthinesse,
Her Vertue, your honours ornament.
Her Favour, your best loyalties regard :
Her Grace, your service royallest reward.

If internal evidence be of any weight whatever, Verstegan must be acquitted of belying, in the foregoing doggerel, the professions and acts of a lifetime all entire.

Yet, if we abandon *England's Joy*, we must take account of two works that are incontestably his. Of these the less important is that which its author esteemed his masterpiece : *A Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities. Concerning the most noble and renowned English Nation, by the studie and travaile of R.V.*, printed at Antwerp

—not by Verstegan himself, but—by Robert Bruney in 1605. Here Verstegan's patriotism has full play, and he hastens to show that his enmity to Elizabeth is no more than ardent personal sentiment. The volume, which is "to be sold at London in Paules-Churchyard, by Iohn Norton and Iohn Bill," is dedicated, first of all to James (the son of a Catholic martyr!), by virtue of his descent from "the chieftest blood royale of our ancient English-Saxon Kings," in the hope that it may "bee favourably accepted and not seem displeasant in your Maiesties learned and iuditiall sight." It should seem that, with the passing of Elizabeth, Verstegan closed his toilsome battle against his motherland, to boast his attachment to her on every occasion that proffered. His professions are of the most absolute. Not alone does he direct an Epistle Preliminary "to the most Noble and Renowmed English Nation, and espetially to the studious and lovers of antiquities that concerne the same," but he even overacts his new part of patriot and royalist with an unctuous assertion of "the greatnes of my love unto my most noble nation ; most deere unto mee of any nation in the world, and which with all my best endeavours I desire to gratify hath enduced mee to the performance and publishing of this work." For the substance of the book, it is not too much to say that Verstegan anticipated the methods and, in some cases, the quips of language which distinguished the school made popular by the late Professor Freeman. Thus he rages at Jean Bodin, the author of the *Methodus ad facilem historiarum cognitionem*, who misquotes Cæsar to the effect that "the Englishmen of his tyme had but one woman to serve for ten or twelve men": whereunto Verstegan riposts with a denunciation of this "brutish custome," adding that "indeed Cæsar never said so, or could so say, for that hee never knew or hard of the name of Englishmen, seeing their coming into Britaine was almost 500 yeares after his death." The *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* suffered by the publication of Camden a year earlier: otherwise, says Anthony à Wood: "I am verily persuaded . . . it would have been more cried up, and consequently it would have sold more." But it had a sufficient vogue, awakened much controversy, and exposed its author to such taunts as are to be read in Herbert's *Some Years' Travels into Africa and Asia the Great*: as that "Verstegan (*alias Rowly*) had the confidence to render well-nigh all the considerable Gentry of this Land, from the Etymology of their names, Teutoniques." Apart from its interest to specialists, the *Restitution* informs us of the

writer's intimacy with Ortelius and Justus Lipsius; and he once more defies derision by flaunting on his last page an escutcheon of nobility, with the solemn inscription *Insignia vetustæ familiæ Versteganorum, ex Geldria, olim Sicambria, oriundæ*. And it may be worth while to remark upon a preliminary copy of verses with this opening stanza :—

Thy curious nation hitherto did range
 Throughout the world to search antiquities,
 And in known notes all that was rare or strange
 In forrain lands, at home did modellize,
 Yet whyles on extern things they fixt their eyes.
 Their sence to them they did apply so muche,
 As their own worths they did but slightly touch.

The author's name is given as Thomas Shelton, and it is not impossible, though the multitude of contemporary Sheltons befog the investigator, that the writer may be one with the earliest translator of *Don Quixote*. Verstegan's connexion with Spain, his residence in the Low Countries, and the fact that Shelton used for his text the Brussels reprint of 1607 make the conjecture a trifle plausible. To the last Verstegan regarded his *Restitution* with fondness, and in a letter (15th June, 1609) included among the *Cotton MSS.* (Julius Cæsar III, p. 376) he announces to Sir Richard, that "for my book of our national antiquities I continue to gather such notes as I deem convenient, intending if I can understand it will be gratefull once more to be comitted to the presse, to set foorth with augmentation." It does not appear that the occasion arose, and the *Restitution* is now remembered solely as one of the first serious and rational attempts to enlighten Englishmen as to their origins.

But, even so, the *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence* has found more readers than Verstegan's *Odes in Imitation of the Seven Penitential Psalms* issued at Antwerp in 1601, and never since reprinted. The curious may gather from Anthony à Wood that the book, "with the Jesuits' mark in the title," suffices to prove that Verstegan "had some skill in poetry as well as in painting," and that, "in the said poems he toucheth on many matters of antiquity, and antient saints of England"; but for all practical purposes the volume is absolutely unknown. It does not seem that Verstegan had any of the author's tetchiness, or that he greatly troubled himself concerning the fate of his book of verses: and he has been ignored in a measure to satisfy the modesty of Jacob Poorgrass himself. Like enough, he speaks true when he informs the "Readers of these ditties" that he penned them for his private recreation

without "entending to make them publyke"; like enough, too, he had been content to be sung to "such requisite tunes, as may unto them be fitting." He was not, then, without his little ambitions, had "the vertuous Ladies and Gentlewomen" or "some skilful musitian" lent their aid; but the fates which had fought against him all his life were consistently hostile to him in this as in all else that appealed to his hopes and his desires. And yet the cause of his abject failure is far from manifest. His was a spirit essentially simple, modest, devout, and the smallest of successes had been grateful to him. He makes no pretension to any exceptional endowment, and recognises his restricted range in a copy of prefatory verses directed to his readers, "craving your helpful furtherance, and for my presumption your favourable pardon":—

The vain conceits of love's delight
I leave to Ovid's art:
Of wars and bloody broils to write
Is fit for Virgil's part.

Of tragedies in doleful tales
Let Sophocles entreat,
And how unstable fortune fails
All Poets do repeat.

But unto our Eternal King
My verse and voice I frame,
And of His saintes I mean to sing,
In them to praise His name.

And these lines are typical, inasmuch as they strike the note of gentle sincerity which distinguishes Verstegan's work. To claim too much for him were to do him more wrong than unmerited neglect has wrought. He lacks the mystic passion of his successor, Crashaw, as he lacks the splendour and the solemn music of Milton. But his strength lies in his unadorned, plain simplicity which enhances his other gift of devout melody; yet, even so, he oftentimes puts his charm in peril by an abrupt descent upon the trivial: as in his anthem upon *The Triumph of Feminine Saints*:—

Theodosia martyrs did salute
As at the bar they stood,
And prayed them pray for her to Him
For whom they shed their blood.
For which the ireful judge ordained
To tear her breasts away,
And to rent open both her sides,
And cast her in the sea.

Of the technical resources of his art, Verstegan thus shows an almost wilful neglect, as though he would have you know him superior to the petty artifices and conventions of his calling. He must be accepted, if at all, not as the finished craftsman, but as an untutored singer, unskilled in the delicacies of phrasing as in the other ingratiating refinements of the mere executant: accomplished by the vigilant effort of artistic deliberation, he rarely or never is. He relies on a charm more primitive and elemental, and his natural voice delights because of its sweetness, delicacy, penetration, tone, and unction. Deficient in the training of the professional artist, he owns an instinct which affords something of the result of artistic discretion and selection; and his recognition of his limitations, though it serve not to rescue him from lapses upon futility, suffices to guard him from sheer disaster. A singular isolated figure, he lived in literature's summer time, the contemporary of Spenser and Marlowe and Shakespeare; it may be that, under happier stars, he had been moved to reproduce, within the measure of his powers, something of their stress and magic. But, as in all things, luck was against him. An obscure conspirator, quarantined in a provincial city over-sea, in a depressing environment, he never came within the circle of those master singers of his time. On the other hand, his position had at least one perfect recompense: his solitude helped to keep his personality intact, and his devotion to a desperate cause safeguarded him from the perils of popular applause. He had no temptation to court the crowd: he was at liberty to please himself, and we are free to hold that he even abused his privilege. It is hard to think that he had smiled upon the Scythian *Tamburlaine*, or on Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, or at the euphuisms of Lyly's *Campaspe*; for he had been bred upon the *Hycke-Scorner* and the *Interlude of Youth*, and the earlier "moralities" of the sixteenth century. And Verstegan's tastes were anything but fickle. Knowing nothing of his birthplace during thirty years, ignoring its achievements in arms and art and song, his mind returned upon an England of his own imagining, a mythical Island of Saints, unspotted by what he had doubtless held for a Pagan Renaissance. Having no part in his land's intellectual life, he held aloof; and he has paid the penalty. Strange to tell, he chose to batten on the pastures of "the Protestant Ronsard," Guillaume de Salluste, "the French poet Bartas," as himself records; he spurned his country and she has repaid his contumely with a supercilious indifference all her own. It is plain that he was unjust to her with an injustice past undoing; it is not too late to right what lawyers call the supplementary "tort."

Innumerable verdicts are in process of reversal, and an age which has received Tiberius and Henry the Eighth as tolerable models of ascetic virtue, is fairly entitled to the praise of possessing a liberal and open mind. On Verstegan's behalf, a lesser meed of generosity and indulgence is required. Here, it is not sought to wheedle a new ruling on appeal by unscrupulous manipulation, deft suppression, burlesque of facts, or the other thousand-and-one tricks and chicaneries of your dexterous special pleader. The simple truth is that, in Verstegan's case, no competent tribunal has yet delivered judgment; his pleas have never been before the court, and the vague popular impression concerning him—based, as it is, on testimony at once insufficient and misleading—is much worse than worthless. What weight attaches to verdicts given on intuitional grounds? and what respect is due to critics who speak freely of books which they have left unread? Nor has Verstegan always fared well at the hands of those who have had the good fortune to meet him between covers. A copy of his verses would seem to have strayed into the hands of Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges, who hastened to show the stuff that was in him by remarking, in the *Censura Literaria*, that "the piety of Verstegan is so much more praiseworthy than his poetry, that the shortest specimen of the latter will probably be the most acceptable." Criticism of this stamp lends itself to imitation so easy that it is hard to stay one's pen from writing that "the pedantry of Sir Samuel is so much more praiseworthy than his acumen," &c. In his own day, Verstegan's verses passed unperceived, save for the fact that his finest lyric, *Upon my Lap*, was set to perfect music by Matthew Peerson, a writer of contemporary renown; and, about a year since, the composition was reprinted. It would be pleasant to believe that the time had come to save Verstegan from oblivion; and one or two small omens seem favourable. The inclusion of a selection from his most distinguished performance in the *Golden Treasury* may be the beginning of a small reaction, and all thanks are due to Mr. Orby Shipley for a reprint of the song entire in his *Carmina Mariana*. It may be permitted to quote three stanzas not given by Professor Palgrave:—

Grow up, good fruit, be nourished by
 These fountains two of me,
 That only flow with maiden's milk,
 The only meat for thee.

Sing lullaby, my little boy,
 Sing lullaby, my life's joy.

The earth is now a heav'n become,
 And this base bower of mine,
 A princely palace unto me,
 My son doth make to shine.

Sing lullaby, &c.
 Sing lullaby, &c.

The shepherds left their keeping sheep
 For joy to see my lamb ;
 How may I more rejoice to see
 Myself to be the dam !

Sing lullaby, &c.
 Sing lullaby, &c.

Yet, in all truth, Verstegan suffers uncommon violence by fragmentary presentation in this wise. The cure for critical incredulity is to read him : if you can. Read him at his best and, in virtue of his devotional melody, his lyrical rapture, you must account him a true poet ; meet him in his weaker moments, and he falls to somewhat not very remote from poetastry. But, like the rest of the world, Verstegan is entitled to be judged by his performance at its highest and as a whole : so judged the verdict is not, one ventures to foretell, doubtful. Unluckily, for the most of us, the means of arriving at a fit judgment are withheld. Herrick waited, perforce, a century and a half for the honour of a reprint ; and now he thrives in editions and anthologies out of numbering. I do not say, nor do I expect, that any such revenge of time awaits Verstegan : for the simple reason that Verstegan was not Herrick, but himself : that is to say, another and less virile singer with a vastly narrower range of resource and of appeal. If I hesitate to quote in the pages of *THE NEW REVIEW* another authoritative expert, I shall not, perhaps, be misconstrued. I merely permit myself to note that Verstegan has found a place—his right place, for the first time—in Mr. Henley's forthcoming *English Lyrics*. This may, or may not, herald the hour of resurrection for a singer, unjustly entreated, of exquisite natural gift, and of no mean accomplishment. Still one likes to believe it : *post tenebras spero lucem*.

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

A DIALOGUE

Scene : THE ELYSIAN FIELDS

RENAN. When they call us immortals, the sons of men merely mean it as a delicate flattery, or at most as a vague wish, ignorant as they are that here, as on earth, academicians are still the privileged few and the aristocracy of wit. Nor are men generally aware that we while away our time here in watching their deeds and in conversing with our fellow-immortals who have preceded us. I admit that it is sometimes perilous to go beyond an interchange of compliments with some of my illustrious predecessors of the seventeenth century, they have such an alarming inclination to confound me, in their uncritical way, with some noted free-thinkers of their time, whom they seemingly do not hold in high esteem. There is a more cordial understanding between later academicians and myself. Little dapper abbés come to me and expound Descartes' vortices and the wonders of mesmerism, and veteran courtiers, with shrivelled faces emerging from a halo of periwigs, inquire whether we have anything to compare to Law's system. Fontenelle occasionally will condescend to smile at what he calls my paradoxes, and Voltaire apparently enjoys my company. Yet it is a hopeless task to help his unscientific mind out of its prejudices. He amuses me. All his contemporaries amuse me. I think you loved the eighteenth century?

THE DUC D'AUMALE. Yes, I loved that glorious age, and I left the world knowing that my collection of eighteenth century authors was one of the completest. But, tell me, who are those singularly unsubstantial shades that are continually flitting by?

RENAN. They are fellow-academicians. Their names have almost died out of the memory of man. They have long ceased to converse with one another, and the vacant stare you descry upon their faces can hardly be mistaken for a smile. As they lived and strove only for fame, they must needs dwindle into insignificant shapes as soon as their writings cease to be spoken about on earth.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. Your lot will never be cast with this unhappy band. Your disciples are many, and the world is still ringing with your praise.

RENAN. I do not complain. My shape has lost none of its portliness.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. Alas, nowadays the reputation of a prince does not endure like that of a philosopher. I thought once that Fortune was smiling upon me, and, as I traversed the Algerian plains at the head of my chasseurs, there rose up in my mind the vision of my ancestor, Henri Quatre. A flutter of the tricolour and that was all. Fortune is a fickle goddess.

RENAN. Ah, yes! I, too, experienced a like disenchantment, though my dream was less heroic, when I aspired to become a Senator of the Third Republic. The Republicans looked askance at my theological attainments, and the Clericals distrusted me because, thirty years before, I had left the seminary for certain conscientious motives, natural to the little artless Breton that I was. Yet I was not ambitious. It was a critical hour for France, and I wished only to serve my country; but I had to give up politics.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. Ah, we were sadly unpopular.

RENAN. Fame came to us both at last, in a different manner from that we had expected. If my political dreams are forgotten, the world still remembers a few remarks that in the course of my philological researches I was induced to make on thorny Hebrew texts. The names of Condé and Abd-el-Kader may not be linked with that of Aumale, but those who have not forgotten their classics will call you a Mæcnas or an Atticus.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. Envious critics are whispering now, and to-morrow will be saying aloud, that a political cause needed the munificence by which the Republic of Letters has profited.

RENAN. The silly carping of critics need not trouble you. You were far more fortunate than I. Your name will at least afford Parnassian poets a sounding rhyme, and poets are almost as useful as journalists in making a man's reputation. You give too much attention to criticism. I suppose you are not so used to critics as I am. I studied them as an entomologist studies crawling creatures, reverently; I never despised them, because somehow there was always a grain of truth in their most distressing personalities. But your gift may, after all, not be altogether to the advantage of the Academy.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. How so?

RENAN. It is a commonplace saying that poverty is the best incentive to genius. I am well aware that in exceptionally gifted natures wealth is no impediment to talent, but to the average academician affluence often proves fatal. Before entering the Academy, study is an easy task; once within the sacred precincts immortality proves a clog to talent. Had I not been endowed with an indomitable will I should never have completed my *Origins of Christianity*. Although I vied in popularity with actresses and music-hall singers, I never forgot that I had devoted my life to Science, and if, to humour the crowd, I did indulge in what journalists were pleased to call *gambades*, it was with the reserve and shyness becoming to a scholar and a former cleric. In my battle with these temptations I was helped on by my fellow academicians, for we all knew what study meant. With this Chantilly Museum things will sadly change, I fear. Instead of compiling a new edition of the Dictionary, the worldly-minded Academy will be engrossed in the management of the estate, and possibly stoop to discuss the advisability of felling timber in the forest. To be impartial, however, I must add that this gift is most gratifying to me, since I shall take an intense delight in watching the forty Immortals spending their holidays at Chantilly.

I can fancy the scene. During the Summer vacation, when the dust and heat make the Boulevard intolerable, Chantilly has become a resort of the Tout-Paris. The managers of the Casinos in fashionable Normandy have written to the papers to complain of the competition of the Institute. Meanwhile there is plenty of shooting at Chantilly, and the younger and more enterprising members of the Academy have invited the President and half a dozen Oriental princes and European ex-monarchs to join them in the chase. M. de Hérédia presides over the pigeon-shooting club, while M. Loti avails himself of his experience as a naval officer to inspect the ponds and water-works. In the grand Hall a handful of French peasants in their Sunday-clothes listen dumbfounded to a lecture on Neo-Catholicism, delivered by M. de Vogüé. Suddenly the door opens and a party of foreigners file in. It is the cosmopolitan M. Bourget who is showing them round the Park and the Museum, and pointing out the finest sites in the landscape as well as the gems in the library.

THE DUC D'AUMALE (*aside*). I wonder whether he knows anything about rare editions. I hope he does not forget to point out the

Commentaires des Gaules—there are only three copies in the world—and the poems of Vatel, with Delaulne's etchings, and especially the *Heures du duc de Berry*, that wonderful manuscript I discovered at a sale in Genoa. That was a splendid find!

RENAN. By-and-bye winter comes round, and the entertainments only grow the brighter. The Institute is in full force. Meilhac is getting up private theatricals. Sardou has brought from town some actresses of European renown to play his latest melodrama. In the intervals of the rehearsals he gives *séances* of Spiritism. The grave archæologists and classical scholars repair to the quiet seclusion of the library, under the guidance of the oldest member, day by day the only reader of his father's poems, and you are sure to find the economists in hot dispute in the smoking-room. You need not search in the crowd for either Bourget or Loti. The former is meditating in his own apartments the first chapter of a novel to be entitled *The Sensations of an Heir to a Duke's Estate*. In the secret retreat of the Salon des Singes, arrayed as an Arab chieftain, with a narghileh by his side, Loti reclines on a divan, and is glancing over eighteenth century French novels. He is always on the alert, like a captain on the bridge, ready to hide the books, close his eyes, and breathe out a languid "Je ne lis jamais." I hope you will accompany me to the Condé Museum, when I visit it a few months hence.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. A few months hence, why I intend to be always watching over my precious collections. Well, and who plays the leading part in this academical comedy, glimpses of which you have so kindly allowed me to catch?

RENAN. It can be no other than Brunetière. He alone is able to receive the distinguished French visitors, because, as you know, he is on so very intimate terms with the flower of the French aristocracy and Conservative party. M. Bourget will be only a kind of delegate, to look after the foreigners. Had it pleased fate to lengthen the span of my earthly life, I should have thought it a privilege and an honour to extend the hospitality of the Academy to the most illustrious German philologists. You are a patriot, I am only a savant, do not blame me for having dreamed once the wild dream of seeing Frenchmen and Germans contributing in common to the advancement of Science and the freeing of the mind of man. I deplored the failure of my scheme in a letter to Strauss, which many have read. It was in vain. Another race of men have profited by the unwise policy of all-conquering

Germania. Monseigneur, M. Bourget will flood Chantilly with Anglo-Saxon visitors! Oh those English barbarians! I was told that they had an intelligent man among them some time ago: Matthew Arnold, I think they called him; and it appears that he charged his countrymen with a deficiency in general ideas. I was never able to judge of his own abilities, for I never read his works. Now I fancy I see M. Brunetière supervising, in his despotic way, the most unimportant details. By his advice, the librarian upsets all the books. To a shelf in a dark corner he consigns the suspicious Baudelaire, and Goncourt, and Zola, while he sets in full view, in all the glory of a costly binding, the works of a critic who shall be nameless, side by side with those of the famous Bishop of Meaux. Do you see that haughty prelate sweeping by? Mark his majestic step. I try to avoid him. He reasons so inveterately from *à priori* principles, and he cannot understand the historical method. When I first came here, we had a discussion on the liberties of the Gallican Church and the infallibility of the Pope, but we disagreed at the very outset. Poor Bossuet, he is so *very* far behind the age!

THE DUC D'AUMALE. I cannot abide men who, with proud prelatical perversity, set their ideals only in the past. They do not seem to have the slightest suspicion of the mischief they bring about in the world. Twenty-five years ago the monarchist cause was ruined by the intransigence of the Pretender, a prelate in his way. He refused to abandon the white flag and the *fleurs de lys* of Saint-Louis. *Sapristi*, as if Henri Quatre hesitated to make concessions to his people! There was a prince. He knew what tact and good policy meant. Thanks to your efforts, our countrymen have at last shaken off the yoke of many an exploded notion.

RENAN. Yes, on the whole, when I survey the past I am well satisfied with myself. There has been some progress, and on the lines I set down. Yet I cannot conceal my disappointment, fanatics are too many in our country. Of course I do not wish for one moment to see fanaticism disappear completely. It would be disconcerting to see no more bigotry, one is so used to it! but I must own that I was truly grieved when the other day, at Notre Dame, Père Ollivier displayed such an improper concern for primary causes.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. And no one approved him.

RENAN. It is true that sincere Catholics, a class of men with whom I was always careful to remain on excellent terms, and to whom I made

every concession in my power, felt deeply distressed at the preacher's tone. But they attack the manner of his speech and not the matter. And Père Ollivier is no exception. He has brothers in the spirit in all parties. Bigoted Radicals, anti-clerical free-thinkers, illiberal Paris municipal councillors, all the miserable little Homais's who are mouthing in provincial Masonic lodges or at the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies. The dogmatic critics, too: be their creeds political, social, critical, or theological, they are all narrow. Some of these men reason like their seventeenth-century ancestors; the others have reached the intellectual development of the Jacobins. They are all obstinately turned towards the past, and they are all interesting specimens for the psychologist to observe—survivals of primitive types, as naturalists would say. See, for instance, how that unmistakable twin-brother of Père Ollivier's, M. Brunetière, has narrowed down the range of my cherished *Revue des Deux-Mondes*; see his attitude towards my dear friend M. Berthelot. Of course, M. Berthelot believes as resolutely in Science as his opponent disbelieves in it, and both proclaim that they have an infallible method to get at the truth—an egregious mistake, forsooth! but an excusable mistake. I fell into a like error when I wrote a book on the future of Science, in a moment of juvenile enthusiasm. It was at most a venial sin, and I did not shrink from publishing it in my old age, the style seemed so brilliant. Neither M. Brunetière nor M. Berthelot can be right; they have not that detachment from their own theories and writings which is the distinctive mark of the philosopher's mind. The progress of M. Brunetière towards a less reasonable way of looking at things is slow, and his inconsistencies and mistakes are many. I feel sure that, in spite of his literary triumphs at home and abroad, he is worried with political ambition. What a pity it is that Chantilly does not send a deputy to Parliament!

THE DUC D'AUMALE. You are very pessimistic as to the merits of our leading academicians. Why, you have two brilliant disciples among them.

RENAN. France and Lemaître? They amuse me hugely. They will be at Chantilly to criticise their fellow-immortals, and when the season is over they will write articles impartially comparing Chantilly and the Goncourt Academy. Yes, your gift was a decidedly happy inspiration.

THE DUC D'AUMALE. I confess that I had some misgivings as

to the wisdom of the step I took. I acted on the first impulse, soldier-like, without troubling about consequences.

RENAN. And the unfailing devotion to the Republic of Letters that was your sole incentive, has made you more illustrious than any of your predecessors. Ah, there they are once more! Look at that sorry crew! They occupied the chair to which you were elected. There they are, a mournful procession—Gomberville, Huet, Boivin, Saint-Aignan, Colardeau, La Harpe, Lacretelle, Droz, Montalembert. How ironical it seems! They were all famous men in their time. They had their battles to win, their critics to bear with, their flatterers to distrust. La Harpe and Montalembert alone are remembered to-day. And what a singular fame has fallen to the lot of La Harpe! He lives because criticasters persist in borrowing from him their most original ideas. Stretching over two hundred years in the past, and with a glorious future in store, thanks to your munificence, the Academy unceasingly acts its part in the comedy of life. Let us watch and smile on. You see that shady myrtle grove: there the lyric poets brood over their bygone joys, or sing once more their plaintive songs of love. Peace be with them! Towards that sloping lawn yonder let us rather bend our footsteps. The philosophers that resort thither are ever bathed in the brightest rays of light. They are a little company with whom it is pleasant to converse. They are neither haughty nor pedantic, because they know what an arduous task it is to catch the faintest glimmer of truth. They are full of fondness for mankind and forbearance for human weaknesses, because they have had an unusual share of suffering and pain. Here, Monseigneur, we are not called upon to answer the question, What is truth? That was our task when we dwelt among the sons of men; here we meekly and patiently await the day when all difficulties will be removed, all doubts set aside, and the great mystery of life revealed. We have given up striving to get at the truth, and the natural curiosity of our minds is satisfied with hypotheses. Now we discuss the origin of man, and the destinies of the world; now we build up the flimsy structure of some system of philosophy, or fathom the eternal laws that guide the footsteps of the sun and stars, suspend the clouds on high, and cause the showers to descend; and now we pleasantly deal with the flutter created in the French capital by your gift to the Institute of the Chateau of Chantilly.

CH. BASTIDE.

THE NAVY AND THE MONEY-BAG

SIR RICHARD HAWKINS has said that the land is natural to men, but the sea to fishes. Our fathers, whether they remembered his maxim or not, were accustomed to act upon it when they were preparing lads for a seafaring life. They sent them into ships young, in order to break them the sooner, and the more effectually, to the conditions of an existence which must always have about it something unnatural—that is to say, unlike to, and remote from, the habits of the mass of men. All who go upon the sea are not sailors, even when they are more than mere passengers. But those who are to handle the ship must needs be, and it has at least hitherto always been the case that, when they were good, they were “a people by themselves.” That this brought with it certain limitations, and inflicted certain deficiencies, is true enough; but they were visible only when the sailor came ashore, and they were well incurred if he was the better fitted to do his proper work, on his own element.

It was from a conviction of the truth of this, that our naval officers were taken in very early boyhood. Moreover, the existence being a hard one, they were rarely chosen from among the rich. This does not mean that they were not commonly gentlemen, but only that they were younger sons, and sons of younger sons. Some, it is true, were not even so much as this—Troubridge, for example, whose father was a baker in Westminster, and who began as cabin-boy in a merchant ship. Our elastic system, or want of system, permitted of a wide choice for our staff of officers. At the one end it took in the son of the King, and at the other John Campbell, Mitchell, Cook, and Bowen, the pressed men, volunteers, and masters' mates, who could fight their way to the front. It allowed of much jobbery, of much making of false musters, of the promotion now and then of a ruffian from before the mast; but, on the whole, it swept in good men from all quarters. In that struggle, where interest, fortune, and capacity were all fighting together, there was a chance that the fittest would survive; and there was this to be said for it, that the King was not bound in his choice to

one class only—to the nobles, as was the case in France, or, as is coming to be the case with us, to the sons of those families which are in a position to spend a not inconsiderable sum of money in preparing their boys for an unremunerative profession. History shows that our old free condition can venture to be judged by its results. No fighting force, by land or sea, has ever shown a better average of capacity in its chiefs than the English Navy, from the day when the formation of a corps of officers was begun, in the reign of Charles II, down to the Crimean War.

Yet immediately after that war we began to be in doubt whether what had answered our purpose so long, and so well, would serve any longer, and we came to a negative conclusion. The *Britannia* was established to give the future midshipman a period of preliminary training. It is not my purpose to argue for, or against, the wisdom of the decision. I only note that the necessity of passing the boy through this school added one hundred pounds of school fees, and other expenses, to the cost of sending him into the Navy. Still, this was not very much. His keep and schooling might have cost not much less at home, and what sacrifice there was could still be borne by the retired officer, or other gentleman of no great means, who wished to see his son serve the Queen on the quarter-deck. Besides, the cadet who left the *Britannia*, during the first years of its existence, still went from her to the old practical training. He went to a masted ship, where he would be at once stationed aloft, and set to do boat-work in all conditions. This gave him at once the early training in the real work of his trade, which has always, and, as it seems to me, rightly, been held to be the secret of the efficiency of our old corps of officers. They learnt to rely on themselves, to act for themselves, to deal with difficulties, and “to do the next thing” at once, instinctively, and without having to stop in order to remember a book lesson. Neither is it a small matter that they were brought very directly in contact with petty officers, coxswains of boats, captains of tops, and so on, and learnt to know the seaman whom they were to command, and to know him on kindly terms. When a lad had the misfortune not to have “the hand,” his deficiency was soon detected. There are men, who are not necessarily fools in other relations of life, who could never learn to steer a boat, or drive a pair of horses, so as to get the best out of them. There are some who will not try. The practical test once applied to the cadet from the day he joined his ship soon revealed his incapacity, or his want of “zeal.”

All the higher ranks of the Navy to-day, from the lieutenants of more than a very few years' standing upwards, were trained in this way.

Little by little, but with accelerating speed, there has come a change. In part it has been inevitable. Steam has driven the sail out, and that not only in great ships. The steam launch now does the work of the boat, and the young officer has little of the old practice. When he handles a boat under sail to-day, it is too often only at a regatta, and after a fashion open to any of us who choose to spend our Saturdays to Monday on the Sea Reach. But though some change could not be helped, it was not inevitable that the authorities should apply a pressure of constantly increasing strength, to force the lad who is meant to be an officer, away from the practice of his profession. Yet that is what is being done—and done in the name of “the study of his profession.” Schooling, and ever more schooling, replaces the practical work. Experienced naval officers tell you that a cadet may be, and very commonly is, sent to a so-called “sea-going ship,” which is at sea for eighty-five, or ninety, days in the year. By day he is kept much at school with the naval instructor, for the *Britannia* only gives him a preliminary rough harrowing. His time as midshipman done he becomes a sub-lieutenant, and goes again to school, on shore, at Portsmouth, and Greenwich. When he is “at sea” in that rank it is commonly in just such a ship as he served in when a midshipman, till it has come to be possible for him to reach his commission as lieutenant without ever having been a year at sea. In plain English this means that whatever he has been taught to know from books, he has not been trained to be a seaman. This does not happen to all, but it does to many, and (so one is assured) even to an increasing number.

Of course there is a common answer to this complaint. It takes the form of variations on that useful theme the progress of science, and the need for the “ologies” in a time of so much knowledge as this. The simple answer is, that universal experience shows, that what is wanted in storm and battle, is the faculty to analyse the chances with calm and rapid mind, and the nerve to act without undue haste but also without wavering, or that tardy repentance which makes a man forget that when a definite course has once been taken, it is often safer to follow it to the end, than to turn towards a better when the moment is past. Now a man has these faculties by temperament, and not by book learning. Only actual contact with work can first show whether he

has them, and then train them to perfection where they exist. The French Garde de la Marine was more educated than the English officer of the old stamp. He was not the better fighter, or the better seaman. When the one thing necessary is the capacity for action, book learning ought always to be subordinate to practical training. So we once thought—but so we apparently think no longer.

The Admiralty has just taken a step which must tend to strengthen all the influences which are making the naval officer of the future less of a seaman. There have been complaints of the *Britannia* on more grounds than one. Some of them appear to have been well founded, and it is notorious that strong measures had to be taken some time ago to stop a system of so-called “fagging,” which had become a form of sturdy begging—of the actual extorting of money from the younger cadets, by the older. As the authorities do not propose to abolish the *Britannia*, they must be supposed to be convinced, that they have done what was needful to correct the abuses. Yet there has been a good deal of talk about the necessity for improving the education of naval officers, of securing a better class of boys, and of tapping those wells of virtue the public schools. Those who are acquainted—even if it has only been as guest—with a midshipman’s mess, and have recollections of a public school, may listen to this with some surprise. One thought one had observed that the mess was most uncommonly like the best of the school—and was swept clean, as if by the wholesome air of the sea, of its worst. Then, too, a reflection on the existing body of officers seemed to be at least implied in this eager profession of a desire to get something better. Yet nobody above the level of an anonymous scribbler has a word to say against them, unless it be here and there a pedant who thinks they ought to have a greater familiarity with analytical chemistry in this so scientific age. But phrases have great power in our time, and so from talk at large, advance was made to the appointment of a committee consisting of officers chosen and trained in the old way, and they have meekly prepared a scheme for getting something better than themselves.

The essential of the plan is that it raises the lowest age of admission to the *Britannia* by a year—from thirteen and a half to fourteen and a half, and imposes a more severe examination. The higher limit is fixed at fifteen and a half. The age limit will be raised by successive steps, of which the last will be reached in the middle of 1898. For some time the Admiralty has shown a desire to take its boys rather

older than formerly, and has been reluctant to give nominations to those who were just of the minimum age. The old examination as defined in the current *Navy List* was about what would have been required of a boy who was to enter a public school of any great reputation. The new which it will be convenient to quote, is rather more severe:—

(9) Candidates will be examined in the following subjects grouped in Class I. In order to qualify for admission as naval cadet, candidates must obtain 40 per cent. of the marks in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry respectively, and 40 per cent. of the aggregate marks (3,200) under Class I. Candidates will be permitted to present themselves for examination also in drawing and one other subject under Class II, for which they will be able to gain additional marks:—

CLASS I.					Marks.	Marks.
Mathematics:—						
Arithmetic: including vulgar and decimal fractions, rule of three, practice, interest, mensuration					400	
Algebra: Definitions and elementary processes, factors, fractions, highest common divisor and lowest common multiple, indices, equations up to easy quadratics of two unknowns, and problems arising from them					400	
Geometry: Euclid, Books I, II, and III, with easy deductions ...					400	
English: Handwriting, dictation, reading with intelligence, and composition, to include the writing of a letter on some ordinary subject, and the reproduction of a passage read to candidates					400	
Latin: Translation from Latin into English, and from English into Latin prose; grammatical questions					800	
French: Translation from French into English, and from English into French prose; grammatical questions, dictation, and conversation ...					400	
English History:—						
The examination in this subject will cover the history of England from the date of the Norman Conquest to present times; but about two-thirds of the marks assigned to the whole subject will be allotted to questions relating to the period subsequent to the accession of Queen Elizabeth					200	
Geography: The elements of physical and political geography, with special reference to the geography of the British Empire ...					200	
						— 3,200

CLASS II.

- (a) Drawing: Freehand and simple rectangular model 200
- (b) Or one of the following subjects:—
- Mathematics: Elementary trigonometry, including solution of right-angled triangles, and harder questions in arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, as above defined, including Euclid, Book VI, 1-12 400
- German: Translation from German into English, and from English into German prose; grammatical questions, dictation, and conversation ... 400
- Natural Science: Mechanics with either (a) physics or (b) chemistry ... 400
- Mechanics: Definition and measure of length, time, and velocity, acceleration, force, couple, composition of two forces acting at a point, the equilibrium

of a body capable of turning about an axis, centre of mass, definitions and illustrations of work and energy, and simple examples of the conservation of energy.

Physics : The characteristics of matter in its various states of solid, liquid, vapour, gas ; the methods of determining mass and density, the laws of Boyle and Charles ; the effects of heat on bodies, the production of heat ; the methods of transference of heat ; the measurement of heat and of temperature.

Chemistry : The elements of inorganic chemistry, including the more obvious physical and chemical properties of common minerals, metals, acids, and other substances, oxidation, and reduction.

(10) Colonial and service candidates will be required to obtain 40 per cent. of the marks allotted to each of the following subjects : Arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, as well as 40 per cent. of the aggregate marks under Class I.

The Service and colonial cadetships, of which there are thirteen altogether, are exceptions to the usual rule as to nominations, but this is a detail of no importance.

Now, it will be obvious that there is no great fault to find with this examination, supposing it is desirable to take the naval cadet at about fifteen, supposing also that he ought to have received exactly the same training as the lad who is being prepared for a learned profession, and supposing that he is going on with a learned education. But then these are just the questions. The amount of knowledge required to pass this test is in itself nothing, or nothing more, than a proof that a boy has sufficient memory, intelligence, and docility to do well at school. If he goes on he may be a Smith's prizeman or Ireland Scholar, but if he stops there, all this boyish learning will soon have gone where the Latin and Greek of most public school men go, before they are thirty. In that case, however, one wonders what is the good of it. The intelligence, memory, and docility of the lad, could perfectly well have been tested at an earlier age by the easier examination. What, we ask, is to be gained by this increased age of admission, and more severe examination, and what consequences may follow on them which do not necessarily represent a gain ?

The advantage is stated by the admirers of the change in various ways. It will, we are told, bring the education of naval officers more into harmony with the general course followed in this country. But if the sea life must always remain radically different from the land, there would seem to be no obvious advantage in this, but the contrary, since we are postponing the time when our naval officers are to be broken into the new, and strange, conditions. The advantage which a boy is to

get from an extra eighteen months, or thereabouts, of shore schooling at a time when his faculty for forgetting is at its very prime, is not self-evident. We are going to give him a little more of the general system which he cannot be shown to want, in conditions which make it as near as may be certain, that he will retain nothing. Then the crosses are put on the "t's," and we hear that the naval cadet will have the inestimable advantage of spending a few months at a public school. Nobody tells us what they understand by the term, which in one mouth means a great many places not at all different from the big private school of former times, and in another five or six famous, and costly, "colleges." A great deal of the cant of a canting age, has taken shelter under that name since *Tom Brown* was written. Those who have been at one of them, know very well, that unless a lad brings a wholesome nature with him, and joins a good set, a public school is quite as likely to rot his character as to have any other effect on him. It is also the case that he is most especially likely to have the harm done him during his first eighteen months, or two years, as a beginner. But in face of Dr. Welldon's last letter to *The Times* we need not trouble over the public school argument. The head master of Harrow hastened to assure parents and guardians, that the public schools do not want boys on these terms, that the scrap of training they would get would do them no good, that they ought to stay at least a year longer, and that a special training must be given them if they do come. This last argument is cruel, for it first abolishes all hope that the boy will have the advantage of the general system, and then knocks on the head the contention that the new regulations will do away with the crammer. Great play has been made with this stock phrase, and yet there is no meaning in the word, if to give a boy a particular training in view of one examination, is not to cram. But all this talk of the public school fills one with a certain impatience. Either there is some kind of boy whose parents will allow him to come into the Navy if they can first give him eighteen months at a public school, but will not unless this condition is fulfilled, or the same kind of boy will come, as at present, rather later, and with, or without, the wonder-working advantage of that brief stay at one of these nurseries of virtue, which Dr. Welldon assures us is just long enough to do him no good. It is incredible that there is any such boy as the first, and what do we gain by delaying the entry of the second into the Navy? We do not give him an all-round training, and we do put off the time when he will be fitted for

his own profession. The first advantage might be got by adopting the American plan of sending officers to sea at the age of from twenty, to twenty-four. Our old system took the boy young, and made a seaman of him by the time he became a man. There is something to be said for the American method. It makes it possible to dispense with the instructor in the ship, and it lets the midshipman apply himself entirely to work when he does get to sea. Of course, if we do this, there will have to be a revision of pay. Men of from twenty, to twenty-four, will not consent to begin on eighteen pounds five shillings as cadets, and thirty-one pounds eighteen shillings and ninepence as midshipman, with a deduction of five pounds for the instructor a year, and rations. Of course, that entails other changes in the ranks above. The Admiralty appear to shrink from this prospect, but it is moving in that direction. As yet it has gone just far enough to sacrifice part of the advantage early training once gave us, not to attain to the advantage (such as it is) secured by the Americans, and to combine the disadvantages of both methods.

One thing, and one only, can be prophesied with confidence as to the consequences of the new regulations. It is, that they will make an appreciable addition to the cost of sending a boy into the Navy. They will certainly make it necessary to keep him at school for one year more, to put it at the very lowest. Then there will be a year at the other end of his time as midshipman, in which he will require an allowance from his family. Of course this tends again in the direction of limiting our choice of naval officers exclusively to the class of people with a certain amount of money. If some have their way, my Lords of the Admiralty will take good care that the increase of cost is made as severe as possible. We hear it suggested that the Admiralty is to refuse nominations when it cannot be shown that the boy has been trained at the right kind of school. Vague and seemly phrases are used, but the substantial meaning of this is that a preference is to be given to schools which cost a great deal of money. The system now largely pursued in connexion with many of the public schools is both simple, and, for some of the parties concerned, lucrative. It is explained to the parent or guardian who wishes his boy to go to — College, or School, that he must take care to have the lad's name down in time, and that it will be advisable to see the proper authority, head master, secretary, or what-not. He goes, and is received with the *plusquam* Castilian politeness proper to the University man who has taken to

school-mastering. It is made clear to him that this is a serious transaction, and that much depends on the previous training given to the boy. A good deal is said about tone—"the tone we like" is the consecrated phrase. After a good deal of conversation, very candid and gentlemanly, in the best public school "tone," it is made quite clear, that unless the boy goes to certain preparatory schools, he is very little likely to get into the higher establishment, and has no chance whatever of winning a scholarship to help towards lightening charges. Further inquiry teaches the parent that the preparatory school will expect to keep his boy for three years, and to be paid one hundred and fifty pounds, or so, per annum, for looking after him, and for conferring the much desired "tone." Whether the head master, or secretary, has shares in the private school, is a detail on which a parent who knows the world will not expect to be enlightened. Such things, it is said, are. But whether or no, the fact remains, that a system which may, in commercial phrase, be described as of pig upon pork, has arisen between the public, and the preparatory school. One result of it is, that the scholarships are becoming more and more confined, to those whose parents can afford to send them through a costly preliminary course of cramming. For it is again one of the cants of our canting time, that the public schools—in theory our protection against the crammer—do very largely encourage a thorough-going system of preliminary cram. Whether this is more than an abusive name for the intrinsically innocent practice of teaching a boy what, for some reason, it is necessary for him to know, is another matter. The point at present is, that unless you send a boy to some "public school" which is under a cloud, and therefore glad to take all it can get, you must be prepared to pay the fees of a costly forcing house.

Now, on the supposition that the Navy is in future to be recruited only through these admirable channels, it follows that only a certain moneyed class will have the privilege of supplying the country with officers of the fighting line. Nobody can enter on the career which may make him an admiral, unless his family can give him a costly education, and supply him with an allowance for a longer time than is now thought necessary. The Admiralty, it is said, is engaged in considering whether it cannot cut down the time of service spent as midshipman. It will be interesting to see the result at which it arrives. There would seem to be but two things it can do. Either it must diminish the amount of professional book knowledge required for a lieutenant, or it

must sacrifice still more of the practical training given in early years, to the book. While it is making up its mind which to do, the fact remains that one more step has been taken towards confirming the superiority of the money-bag.

Be it observed, there is no question here of the difference between gentleman and no gentleman, unless, of course, the faith which many tacitly hold is openly avowed, and we allow that what constitutes the one undeniable right to the name is the possession of a good sum of money. It happened to me some years ago to hear the ward-room steward of one of the ships in the Mediterranean Squadron holding forth on the little respect he received from his employers. "And what are they?" said he. "They think themselves gentlemen, and there ain't but very few of them 'oo has got anythink, but 'is pay." He brought it out with a fine tone of contempt, and as one who produces an unanswerable argument. There spoke what is the real conviction of the average Englishman, whether he be dressed by a good tailor, or goes about in "reach-me-downs," concerning what makes the gentleman. If the Admiralty shares that view, there is nothing more to be said. It is going the right way to work to provide that in future the Navy shall consist of "real gentlemen," and is to be applauded for knowing its own mind. Neither ought we to blame it for not saying what it means in a mealy-mouthed age which worships the money-bag shamefacedly. But there is another view, according to which birth and character constitute the gentleman, without regard to money. The officer who has to live on his pay, the clergyman with an indifferent living, and so forth, may still on this theory be gentlemen. It is from among them that the Navy has hitherto been largely recruited. They wished their boys to serve the Crown, and they preferred the Navy because the education for it was not costly, some pay was given to the midshipman from the beginning, and a lad who had good feeling enough to spare his father's purse could provide for himself from the time he became sub-lieutenant, while he had no excuse for asking for a shilling after he became lieutenant. And these men, being poor, were dependent on their profession, which means that they had every motive to work hard, in order to merit favour, and were constrained to endure very scanty measures of generosity from their superiors at Whitehall. In short, they were of the stuff which is hard, and is not costly, which toils and dares, consoling themselves by the thought that at least the uniform is an honour, and they were "in the position of a gentleman."

Well, we have taken measures which will tend to shut them out from among the combatant officers, though they will, apparently, not be refused as engineers and paymasters—in the lines, that is, which do not lead to the rank of admiral. From the point of view of my friend the ward-room steward this may be a good thing, and, of course, there is no denying that the possession of some thousands of pounds need prevent nobody from being a zealous officer. It is possible to be the “son of a soap-boiler” and not to know who your grandfather was, and yet be as brave as your sword. But, for all that, the unmoneyed gentleman has been found to make the best material for officers. And then this measure makes a still further break with the old tradition of the Navy. It would be an impertinence to ask how far the existing body of senior officers escape the reproach of the steward, or whether they would be in the Service at all if it had been a costly business to send them there. But if the demands which are now made on parents and which will surely tend to grow rather than diminish, had been made in former times, the Navy would have wanted many of its most famous chiefs. It is doubtful whether Rodney would have gone to sea. If he did, it would have been because the Brydges of Keynsham paid the expenses; his father could not. Nelson would not, though he was of gentle birth at least on his mother’s side; for the fees for his education could never have been paid out of the tithes of Burnham Thorpe. Nor Collingwood, a well-descended gentleman; nor Pellew; nor Jervis, whose father had a short way with requests for remittances; nor Saumarez, though his pedigree was of imposing length. As for Troubridge, he would have ended where he began—in the merchant service.

In the meantime, the most vulgar fellow possible, who has the money and wants his boy to wear a uniform for “social reasons,” will find it easier than before to get his son into the Navy. He can push for a nomination, and, if he contributes to the war chest of his constituency, he will find means to get it. He can pay well enough for the preparatory school at a hundred and fifty pounds a year, with its “tone,” and the public school at two hundred pounds or more, with its ennobling influences. He will not shrink from the extra year or two of allowances, and will take care that *his* son can live like a real gentleman. The plea that the Navy is so hard that this kind of cadet will not go in, does not hold water. If you elect to confine your choice of officers to a certain class, you must submit to its demands. The

moneyed men will compel the Navy to fit itself to them. Is it, or is it not, the case that some of the worst specimens of the mess-room cub in Her Majesty's Army are to be found in certain cavalry regiments? And is not the reason just this—that the scale of living in them makes it necessary that the officer should have a certain amount of money? Where the means and the qualities of the officer and gentleman are found together, as they often are, no harm is done. But the supply of moneyed men, who are also gentlemen and zealous officers, is not unlimited. When it fails, you must take the candidate who has the money, but not the qualities, but who wishes to belong to the Army for social reasons; because the gentleman who has the qualities, but not the money, cannot live in the regiment. The vulgar money-bag is master of the situation, and that is what we are doing our best to make him in the Navy.

DAVID HANNAY.

RELIGIOUS LIFE IN POLAND

WHAT strikes the casual observer, at first sight, is the relatively great number of churches, which are yet too few for the vast multitudes of church-goers. For instance, in Cracow alone, with a population of about eighty thousand souls, of whom at least twenty-five thousand are Jews, there are nearly fifty churches and chapels, some of them very large. All, or pretty nearly all, are open every day of the week; and, go when you will, you never find them empty. On Sundays and solemn festivals they are full all the morning, streams of worshippers continually flowing in and out at the doors; for low masses, and solemn services, and sermons, and other offices are going on within at all hours after six A.M., and every one satisfies his devotion as he needs, or cares, or is able. On the greater festivals—Christmas, Easter, Pentecost—the churches are full to overflowing, and at certain times there is hardly any possibility of getting in or out but by means of vigorous pushing and elbowing, as at a popular theatre.

The amount of real fervour—for going to church here is not dreamed of as a thing that looks well; it is too common, too universal, too vulgar (if I may say so) to be in the slightest degree respectable—is, of course, a quantity known to God alone. Yet, if we may judge by certain exterior signs, lukewarmness is by no means the short-coming of Polish Catholics. Look at that old woman, hobbling into church. She bears on her arm, I am sorry to say, her purchases from the market; sometimes a couple of fowls are heard cackling in her basket; sometimes a heavy thump on the pavement breaks a bottle of vinegar, or of sour beetroot juice for the *barszcz* at dinner. But she comes in, kneels down, and lifts up both hands in prayer, in the attitude of a priest saying the Collects. Presently sighs are heard; tears trickle down her cheeks, she is so absorbed that she does not hear the crowd passing to and fro, and jostling her; for she has knelt right in the middle of the passage up the nave. And now she bends down, touching the pavement with her forehead, in an ecstasy of devotion, and remains in that posture till the end of Mass. Her

action is not at all extraordinary; you may count hundreds in the very same attitude. Sometimes a peasant or a working man will stretch himself prostrate on the pavement, with his arms extended and his hands open, as if crucified. I have a painful remembrance of one such case. The church was crammed, and those who wanted to get to the communion table had to push and struggle, so dense was the press. One of them, not noticing the man lying on the ground, accidentally set his foot upon the penitent's fingers. I saw the lifted heel from a distance, and, unable to prevent it from coming down, could hardly keep from calling out in church. But the man who lay there did not even stir.

At the moment of the Elevation, and often at any very striking passage in a sermon, people will be heard to utter a long "Ah—h—h!" of astonishment and devotion. These simple, childish outbursts (which, in truth, are the reverse of extraordinary, if we remember that all Catholics believe that Christ becomes really present on the altar at that solemn moment) are rarer in towns, but very frequent in the country. I once was present at the opening sermon of a mission preached by four Jesuit Fathers, at the rate of six sermons a day, for a couple of weeks, to a congregation of about twelve thousand peasants, come from all the neighbouring villages: the sermons were, of course, delivered in the open air, outside the church. The Father spoke in vigorous, homely language, and waxed louder and louder, more and more vehemently earnest, as he went on. After some time, I became aware of a strange, thrilling, tremulous sound, somewhat like the many noises of a running brook, that filled the pauses between each sentence. It was the suppressed weeping of the whole assembly, unable to repress their emotion, and I saw not only the women but the men with big tears running down their rough cheeks. It made a peculiar and quite unexpected impression upon me; for the stolid, heavy faces had seemed to denote anything but an impressionable race.

Pilgrimages are very frequent, especially in summer, a little before the harvest begins, or when it is over. Not sitting at their ease in comfortable railway carriages, like the French pilgrims to Lourdes, La Salette, and Paray-le-Monial, do those of Poland perform this devotional exercise: they would deem it a profanation. Marching barefoot, their parish priests trudging along in their midst, bands of peasants come from distances of many leagues, weary with the way, and bronzed by the sun; they pass through the streets of Cracow,

to visit Our Lady's Church, or the silver shrine of St. Stanislaus the Martyr, or the Chapel of St. Barbara, famous for good confessors. The banner of the parish is borne aloft by a fugleman, who is generally the organist; he reads aloud each verse of the hymn which they sing on the road, and then strikes up, the rest joining in the chant; when tired of singing, they recite the Rosary aloud as they go through the streets. Cracow, however, is mostly a mere resting-place on the way to some more celebrated sanctuary. The most famous of all are Czenstochowa, in Russian Poland, with its black picture of Our Lady, said to have been painted by St. Luke, and its fortress, miraculously defended by the Virgin against Swedes and Russians, dear both to the patriot and to the devotionist; also Ostrobrama, in Lithuania, immortalised by the verses of Adam Mickiewicz, the bard of Poland. To those towns, at stated festivals, pilgrims are said to flock by hundreds of thousands; and though I was never present at such a scene I can readily believe it, having witnessed a much less celebrated pilgrimage to Kalwarya, a town not far from Cracow. At least fifty thousand men and women had gathered there. All were filled with the most intense fervour, which I could not help observing as I passed by the numberless groups that had been formed: some praying aloud, others singing hymns, others absorbed in silent prayer; here a man who could read, surrounded by others who could not, was going through the "Preparation for Confession," or the "Way of the Cross," or the devotions before and after Communion. It was a curious sight, and a spirit but little known to our nineteenth century seemed to breathe here. In this primitive population, under this mediæval form, revivals and camp-meetings go on and do their work, not by fits and starts, but regularly year by year.

One very notable characteristic of public worship in Poland is the use of the national language in the liturgy, to the very extremest limits allowed in any branch of the Latin Church; so that, whilst the Polish tongue is proscribed by Russian tyranny, and viewed with disfavour by the Germans, it has found a refuge in the Church, and attained almost to the dignity of a consecrated language. At High Mass, for instance (setting aside the responses to the priest, which must be made in Latin), hardly anything but Polish is sung by the choir. The plain chant of the Introit and other anthems gives place to hymns sung in Polish. The celebrant from the altar intones in Latin the first words of the *Gloria in Excelsis* or of the *Credo*; but the choir

continues in the national language. Of course, the priest says his Mass in Latin, and therefore the Epistle and Gospel (to be afterwards read aloud in Polish) are sung in the language of the Church; but the use of an "unknown tongue" is rather the exception than the rule. In most churches, particularly in the country, the psalms of Vespers are sung from the metrical translation of Kochanowski, a contemporary of Shakespeare. Even in towns, Benediction, or the Evening Service, is almost always in Polish. The antiphon *Święty Boże*—a curious relic of an old superseded liturgy, being the translation of a prayer composed when the influence of the Greek language was yet great in the young Latin Church; when the words *Kyrie Eleison* and *Agios o Theos* were generally understood by the people—is sung, with a short litany afterwards; the officiating priest, holding the Monstrance in both hands and turned towards the kneeling congregation, intones the *Przed tak wielkiem* (the *Tantum Ergo*), which the whole assembly takes up; the acolytes, in surplices with blue or red capes trimmed with gold braid, violently agitate their threefold bells, and the smoke of incense fills the air. I do not remember to have heard anything sung in Latin by the people, except the *Te Deum*; in a word, the language used by the Church is, so far as concerns public worship, as nearly national as it can be. This peculiarity is said to be of comparatively recent origin, dating no further back than to the times of Luther. It was resorted to by a National Council of Bishops, who adopted it as a means of stemming the advancing tide of Protestantism; certainly not without success.

As to the musical expression of this national liturgy, it is also peculiar. If I except a few choirs which, in some of the larger churches, or on solemn occasions, execute pieces of music in several parts, everything is chanted in absolute unison, and *by the whole people*, with the accompaniment of the organ; for even the smallest wood-built country church must have its organ, and the harmonium, so much in favour with French *curés*, would not satisfy them here. It must be allowed that so multitudinous a unity of voices, filling the entire church, resounding far beyond, rising and falling with much more *ensemble* than might be expected of untrained singers, often produces a great, even a sublime, effect; but, notwithstanding the pealing symphonies and sweet thunders of the organ-pipes, it is too artless and somewhat monotonous. Now the Slavonic Eastern Church—whether schismatic like the Russian, or Catholic as with the Uniates

of Ruthenia—proceeds on quite a contrary principle. Organs, and indeed all musical instruments, are absolutely prohibited in their religious services. Everything, without exception, is chanted in several parts; and as, generally speaking, both Russians and Ruthenians have a good ear for music, these chants in the Old Slavonian language have a splendid and artistic effect. But the never-changing, though noble and austere, harmony of men's voices is also apt to become tiresome at length. Perhaps one who for many years listened with intense pleasure to the alternate counterpoint and unison, so beautifully mingled and contrasted in the chants of French Catholic churches, is not in a position to speak impartially; but the taste of that nation is, I believe, as conspicuous in the divine services as in everything else.

Partly on account of this nationalisation of Catholicism in Poland, and partly owing to the devotional temperament of the Slav race, there is no class of people in which piety is not to be found, and does not show itself simply, without either hypocritical ostentation or false shame. The mediæval proverb ran: *Ubi unus medicus, duo athei*; and physicians have hardly improved their reputation at the present day. Yet in Poland, pious, believing physicians are very frequently to be met with. If you enter a church any morning in the week a few minutes before eight o'clock, you will see numbers of boys of all sizes who, on their way to school, step in of their own accord to ask God to bless their studies; and not only they, but numerous University students also, prior to taking up the scalpel, or the text-book of law, or the volumes of Kant and Hegel, often enter there to pray. And it is by no means the best of students—the goody-goodies—who alone do this; I have often seen young men kneeling there who were fond of a spree, and rather too fond.

This custom is so universal that it extends even far beyond the borders of respectability; too far, some might say. I have occasionally stared with astonishment at perceiving people in church whose lives, to put the case very gently indeed, were highly inconsistent with the doctrines they professed to believe; thus satisfying, so far as was possible, considering the life they led, the natural craving which all human beings have for religion. "It matters not a whit," some will think, "whether such creatures do or do not go to church." Well, no. It cannot do them harm, and it may do them good. To break the bruised reed, to turn publicans and sinners away from their Saviour, is against the spirit of Christianity. What if the fallen one should

be touched by some passage in the sermon, and repent, and return to a better life? Such things happen often enough. As some one said to me, when I told him of my surprise to see such persons in church:—"They need religion more than anybody else."

What an English visitor might more reasonably and with more likelihood object to, is the insufficiency and badness of church accommodation. Take, for instance, that fine old basilica, St. Mary's Church, in Cracow. It is the strangest jumble of stately architecture, brilliant ornamentation, and squalid discomfort, that can well be imagined. Built in the Gothic style, it is so long that, on great festivals, two organs, playing together, are barely sufficient. Two preachers might speak together without interfering with each other; and its width is in proportion to its length. From the higher of the two steeples aerial music is heard whenever the clock strikes the hour. A watchman, stationed at the top to give notice of the outbreak of fire in the town, blows the triumphant sounds of his brazen trumpet to the four winds of heaven. As for the interior of the church, there is undoubtedly too much and too brilliant colour on its walls, which have but lately been painted. From the stained windows in the chancel to those at the opposite end, over the grand organ, more than threescore yards away, the massive pillars and the fretted vaults, the choir, the nave, and the aisles, are now all ablaze with red and gold, barred with black. On the walls of the choir numberless angels, each with wings and robes of different hues and shapes, appear bearing scrolls with invocations from the Litany of Loretto, and instruments of music of every sort: it was the idea of the national painter, Matejko. The arched roof rises to an immense height, and between the choir and the nave a gigantic cross, with the bleeding body of Christ in painted wood, towers almost to the vault, the foot of it being high above the lateral chapels. All this may be too gaudy now; but such ornamentation is meant to last for centuries; and in fifty or a hundred years, when the chemical work of the air and the smoke of incense from innumerable High Masses and Vesper songs have toned down the present crudity of these colours, the effect will doubtless be far more beautiful.

But what a contrast between the magnificence above and around, and the motley crowd below! Here there is no separation between rich and poor; all come together, united in a common faith and the brotherhood of the self-same observances. It is true that the smell

of the frankincense is at times most unpleasantly mingled with the foul effluvia which the workman brings from the tanyard, or with the odour of the rancid butter that is the peasant's favourite and only pomatum; it is true that beggars, reeking with dirt and in very tatters, are to be seen pushing their way in the midst of the most fashionable toilettes; and that, not to speak of lesser inconveniences, it is as well to take care of one's pockets in the crowd, and not to lay aside umbrella, hat, or stick, if either are worth carrying off "by mistake." But if the rich, and especially foreigners, grumble at the consequences of such promiscuity (some of which a little vigilance on the part of the church servants might prevent), they have at least sense enough not to think of any radical change in the present state of things. Rich and poor are but too much apart already, out of church; it would be lamentable to attempt to establish social distinction there.

But this is not all. The number of benches and pews (none of them reserved to the special use of a family), compared with the multitudes of worshippers, is very small indeed. It is also a rule of courtesy, generally observed, that if a gentleman has secured a seat, he ought to give it up to a lady who has none, and that a young lady should also give up her seat to one who is old. People of the lower classes often, though not always, voluntarily resign their seats to such as appear to be in a higher social position. Standing or kneeling is thus the only posture for most people in church, and in winter it is scarcely possible for any one well dressed to kneel down on the pavement. Ever since six in the morning, peasants from the neighbouring villages have been trudging in and out of church, their huge boots leaving everywhere the thick mud and melted snow dropping from them; and when there is mud in the country roads, it is deep to an extent hardly to be conceived in England. Almost always the whole of the pavement is thus covered with a layer of liquid dirt. It is of no use to make the peasants wipe their boots outside the church door; the snow adheres to the soles in hardened cakes, and only melts gradually with the warmth inside. Besides, it is necessary to add, that in spite of the placards requesting them "not to spit," they too often forget the request, and are likewise ignorant of the use of pocket-handkerchiefs; whence it happens that those of the upper classes are perhaps excusable if they stand all the time, and go no farther than bowing their heads, even at the most solemn times of the service. Of course, some churches, however,

are much cleaner, either owing to, or as a cause of, the fact that they are preferred by the aristocracy, and so full of fashionable people that few peasants care to go there. In general, priests have a prejudice against warming their places of worship, even in the severest colds; I only know of one that is heated by a large iron stove. "We go to church to pray, not to make ourselves comfortable," they say. But setting prejudice and circumstances aside, we must admit that some parish priests give themselves too little trouble on that score.

An excuse, not a justification for this, may be found in the fact that the clergy are not numerous enough for the wants of the people. It follows that they are overworked, and unwilling to attend to matters of less than the greatest importance. There is no lay *conseil de fabrique* as in France, to take such secondary duties off their hands. Besides, they are poorly remunerated, and have much to do to satisfy their own personal wants; the majority in every congregation is very poor, and for that reason is more willing to pray for than to give to the Church; whilst those who are more wealthy often incline to follow the example set by the majority. Yet, when all is said, there is no doubt that the Polish clergy is too often wanting in zeal. And though they may claim to be no worse than their Austrian brethren, perhaps better than the general run of German Protestant pastors, and much superior to the generality of Russian popes, there is no comparison between them and English Catholic priests. As regards the study of theology, however, they are not nearly so inferior. And many of them are very far from wanting zeal; notwithstanding the great need of priests in Poland, the country every year sends out not a few missionaries to foreign parts.

But this falling off in the clergy is amply compensated by the faith and zeal of the people. We have a trustworthy indication of this in the nature of the books sold to the people, and the extent to which they are sold. We must remember that the lower classes are only just now learning to read, that reading has not yet become easy and pleasant to them; and that, whilst food is much cheaper here, and wages lower than in England, all printed matter is about twice as dear. Now it is a fact that the little monthly published by the Jesuit Fathers as the organ of the "Apostolate of Prayer," and called the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, sells to the extent of over 150,000 copies every month in Galicia and Prussian Poland, with a population of less than 8,000,000 souls, from which German Protestants and Jews must be deducted. The *Messenger* is, of course, severely forbidden in the Russian provinces; they not long

ago closed a seminary for priests, in which a few copies were found, and several persons were sent to Siberia. No book of devotion to the Sacred Heart is tolerated in Russia. It is the logic of hatred ; the Russian Government hates the Jesuits, and they are the great upholders of this form of devotion. There are also many other monthly and quarterly publications similar to the *Messenger*, which are eagerly read by the people. For instance, the *Dzwonek* of St. Francis, the *Œuvre de la Sainte Enfance*, translated into Polish ; the *Catholic Missions*, and many others, are all widely circulated, and perused with interest. The manager of a large bookselling firm in Cracow once told me that, were it not for the large and ever-increasing sale of prayer-books and works of devotion, the firm might almost give up business. The shop windows are full of French, German, and Polish books of the utmost "actuality," very handsome to look at, very dear, and selling very little. Within the shop, under the counter, lie packages of missals, vespersals, offices, lives of Saints, and meditations, which speedily find their way out. Every peasant girl, though without shoes to her feet, and thinking herself handsomely paid if she earns tenpence a day in harvest time, will have her prayer-book, sometimes very prettily bound, with gilt edges and a gilt cross on the cover. It is the only luxury which her class considers a necessary of life ; and she always takes it with her to church, very carefully done up in a handkerchief—the only use to which she ever puts that piece of linen.

Not only the Polish language, in these evil days, shelters itself in the Church, but all the national feelings are confirmed and strengthened by the national religion. I do not refer to the past—to the thousands of priests shot, hanged, or sent to rot in Siberian mines for participating in an outbreak which, however impolitic and unwise, was after all the protestation of right against mere brute force. I allude to the present day. So well do the Russians know the patriotism of the Polish clergy, that they have to employ the gag. In large towns, it is forbidden to preach extempore, or even to recite a sermon learned by heart ; it must be written out, examined at the Censure Office, and read by the priest ; and a police agent is present, with the right to satisfy himself that the sermon is read just as it was written. I have seen this myself, and could not help admiring a clergy to whose patriotism all these minute precautions so abundantly testify. But this is only a part of what priests have to bear. Everybody knows that they are reduced pretty nearly to the condition of serfs attached to the glebe : they are thus attached to their

parish by law. Supposing that a priest commits a mortal sin, and has to say Mass and take Communion the next morning, his conscience obliges him to confess; but he is not allowed to visit his nearest fellow-serf until he has asked and received permission of the Police Superintendent of his district! This, notwithstanding the fact that both Russians and Catholics have the same doctrine concerning the necessity of confession in such cases! In all the history of persecution, either of Protestants by Catholics, or *vice versâ*, I do not think a parallel case of inconsistency could be found.

But the Catholic priesthood has its reward, even in the fact that it is so greatly feared by the oppressors. When we see the social influence of the Polish priest, respected as a friend and received as a guest in every family, private gathering, and public assembly, we may well doubt whether his influence is only the reward of his patriotism, or the very cause by which patriotism is kept alive in the country. Perhaps it is both. In those parts where the crushing despotism is not at work there are few sermons which do not contain some allusion or express some hope, which do not either touch upon the glories of the past, or point to the resurrection awaited in the future. Dreams all these may be; but, if so, they are at least noble dreams. Delirium is better than death; and the very soul of patriotism, the very centre of national life, is the Roman Catholic clergy. A patriot said to me one day, what I will repeat in its entirety, though I can endorse only the latter part of what he said:—"I don't believe in Christ, I don't believe in the soul, I don't believe in God; but I believe that Catholicism will save Poland, if Poland is to be saved."

H. DZIEWICKI.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHARTERED COMPANY

IT was not until our mediæval Kings began the chartering of private corporations that these acquired exceptional public or official recognition. Popularly speaking, a charter is a written document by which the Crown, in virtue of its prerogative, confers special privileges on an individual, or group of individuals, and in early times the instrument was chiefly, if not solely, applied to conveyances of land and to measures taken by the Crown by way of legislation. Gradually, however, it became evident what enormous powers and profits might accrue to the Sovereign from its use for the creation of commercial privileges, and thus the great trade guilds—till then but private corporations created for the protection of trade interests—began to receive charters granting them immunities, privileges, and monopolies, and laying obligations and duties upon them in return. Quietly and contemporaneously commercial corporations were developed which were less political in character, and consisted principally of mercantile and other adventurers. To such companies of these as had their own private emolument in view, great privileges and monopolies were given to induce them to risk their resources in schemes which might profit the Government and the nation, and which, in the absence of charters of incorporation conferring exceptional privileges and protection both at home and in the lands to be explored, would never have been attempted. Later, there was associated with the granting of such charters, the idea of the exploration, exploitation, annexation, and administration of outlandish countries hitherto unknown, which at some time or other, directly or indirectly, were to become the possession, dependency, or colony of the Crown itself. It is in this last restricted sense that we speak of “chartered companies” to-day.

The “Muscovy,” or, as it was later called, the “Russia” Company, is the first Chartered Association in our history which answers to this description. It is true that in the very beginning of the Sixteenth Century the “Merchant Adventurers” had obtained the privilege of

sole trading in Holland, Germany, and the Netherlands; but in their constitution nothing was said, as nothing was contemplated, of territorial extension or acquisition. Lisbon, by reason of the conquests made by the Portuguese in Western Africa in the last quarter of the Fifteenth Century, with the acquisition of a part of India after Vasco de Gama's voyage, had become a second Venice. Through the discovery by Columbus of the Southern portion of the New World Spain was accumulating boundless riches at Cadiz and Seville. All these chances had been within England's grasp but had been let slip, and she was now obliged to content herself with such advantages as had fallen to her through the discovery by Sebastian Cabot of the northern parts of America. In 1548, just after the accession of Edward VI, Cabot once more made his appearance at the English Court, and was received with open arms by the young King, who in the beginning of 1549 bestowed on him a pension of 250 marks (£166 13s. 4d.), which continued during the rest of the reign. He at once became *the* authority on all matters relating to trade and navigation; and burning, even at seventy-five, to outshine Columbus, in 1553 he persuaded a handful of London Merchants to form themselves into a company for the prosecution of maritime discovery, with a particular view to the passage by the Northern Seas to Cathay—*i.e.*, to China and the other countries of the far East. This was "The mysterie Companie and Fellowship of the Marchants-adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknown"; but by this time Cabot's most ardent admirers felt that he was too old to accompany any of the projected expeditions. Still, he was appointed governor of the corporation, and in that capacity drew up a most quaint but judicious paper of instructions to the first explorers. Stowe, in his *Annals*, thus records the event:—"The 20th May, by the encouragement of one Sebastian Cabot, three great ships, well furnished, were set forth for the venture of the unknown voiage to Moscovia and other east partes by the north seas; divers merchants and other being free of that voiage, yeelded towards the charges of the same five and twenty pounds apiece. Sir George Barnes and Sir William Garrard being the principal dooers therein." Furnished with a letter (written in English, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian) from Edward VI to any Princes or Kings into whose dominions the pioneers might penetrate, the first expedition set sail from Gravesend on the 11th May, 1553. It consisted of three vessels fitted with the utmost care—the *Bona Esperansa*, of 120; the

Edward Bonaventure, of 160; and the *Bona Confidentia*, of 90 tons—each of which was equipped with a pinnace and a boat, while one of them is said to have been sheathed with thin lead, a contrivance spoken of as a new invention. The leader was Sir Hugh Willoughby (an ancestor of the Sir John who has borne so conspicuous and honourable a part in the doings of the latest chartered company); the second in command one Richard Chancellor. Willoughby, having reached the 72nd degree of north latitude, took refuge for the winter in a harbour in Russian Lapland, where he and two of his crews, some seventy souls in all, were frozen to death; but the third ship, commanded by Chancellor, was driven into the White Sea, then entirely unknown to the English, though a correct description of it had been given to King Alfred by Othere more than six centuries before. Chancellor landed near Archangel, and learned, to his surprise, that he was not in China, but in a place called Muscovy. Nothing daunted by this discovery, he travelled on sledges to Moscow; and we have from his own pen a most interesting description of what took place at the Russian Court during his stay. In March, 1554, he started on his homeward journey overland, bringing with him a letter (the first ever received in England from Russia) to Edward VI from the Emperor Iwan Wassiliewitch, better known as Ivan the Terrible. Thus that potentate:—"And we with Christian beliefe and faithfulness, and according to your honourable request, are willing that you send unto us your ships and vessels when and as often as they may have passage, with good assurance on our part to see them harmlesse. And if you send one of your maiestie's counsel to treat with us, whereby your countrey marchants may with all kinds of wares and where they will make their market in our dominions, they shall have their free Porte with all free liberties through my whole dominions with all kinds of wares to come and goe at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment, according to this our letter, our word, and our seale." And in this way began the relations between England and Russia: indirectly brought about by the storms which compelled the English navigators to seek refuge in that part of Russia which is washed by the White Sea.

On his return to London Chancellor published a detailed report of his voyage and of his kindly welcome at Moscow. Despite the loss of two-thirds of the first fleet his news produced a most favourable impression on the London merchants, who were only too desirous of finding fresh markets for their wares. The original Company formally

applied for a charter, which was granted it by Philip and Mary in the first year of the latter's reign. The substance of this instrument was that the Company was to be called "The merchant adventurers of England for the discovery of lands, territories, isles, dominions, and seignories not before known or frequented by any Englishmen"; that it was to have one governor—"the first to be Monsieur Sebastian Cabota Esquier during his life"—and twenty-eight of the most sad (sedate), discreet, and honest of the said fellowship, four of whom were to be called "consuls," and the other twenty-four "assistants"; that it might impose mulcts, forfeitures, &c., on offenders against its privileges, and might admit persons from time to time to be free of it; and further that the associates "*reare, plant, erect, and fasten our banners, standards, flags, and ensignes in whatsoever citie, towne, village, castle, isle, or maine land which shall be by them newly founde . . .*" and might "*subdue, possesse, and occupie all maner cities, townes, isles, and maine lands of infidelitie, which is or shall be by them, or any of them, newly founde or descried, as our vassals and subjects, and for to get the dominion, title, and jurisdiction of the same cities, townes, castles, villages, isles, and maine lands, which shall be by them, or any of them, newly discovered or found, unto us, our heires and successors for ever.*"

Thus was the great Muscovy Company brought into being, and power for the first time given in England to private individuals to annex and govern lands on behalf and under the protection of the Crown. But it must not be imagined that the Company existed in the form we know to-day. There were no shareholders, there was no joint capital, there were no prospective dividends, no transactions or ventures in which each member of the Company participated in proportion to the amount of money he had sunk in the association. The Company was what in those days was called "regulated": which means that only those who were prepared to trade subject to its "regulations" could belong to it. These "regulated" companies were the possessors of exclusive rights to traffic and explore in certain regions, of which privileges none could avail himself unless he had a license from the Corporation, when by virtue he became a freeman (or, as it was said, "free") of the Company. Election as a member was necessary: and this had to be followed by the payment of an entrance fee, with an annual subscription, varying according to the extent of the Company's privileges, of which the member sought to take advantage. The amounts so paid by members constituted a

fund which provided for the general protection of them that traded ; for the payment of consuls at foreign ports ; for the prosecution of "interlopers" ; for the maintenance of ships and men at certain points ; for the fitting out of expeditions for fresh discoveries ; and so forth. Under such protection each member traded on his own account, invoking the Company's assistance only when his rights were imperilled or infringed. Merchants were not then wealthy enough for joint-stock enterprise ; nor was the habit of confidence sufficiently developed for the adoption of the joint-stock principle.

As soon as the "original syndicate" received a charter, it set to work in earnest. The names of all the founders are extant, and among them were six of noble birth, William Howard, Earl of Effingham, then Lord High Admiral of England, the chief. Besides these, no less than one hundred and eighty-four persons were enrolled as members in the first year of the Company's existence. A coat of armour was asked and granted, offices were hired (Stow, writing in 1598, tells us in "Seeding Lane") ; and in April, 1555, Chancellor was again despatched to Russia with the *Edward Bonaventure*, with a letter redacted in Greek, Polish, and Italian, from Philip and Mary, in which the Czar was thanked for his gracious reception of Chancellor on the occasion of that first visit to Moscow, and he was asked to renew his favour and to encourage commerce. Chancellor took with him one of his two young sons, two merchants (George Killingworth and Richard Grey) appointed to be agents of the Company, and to reside in Russia, and several young traders desirous of employment, as well at Moscow as at several other places, in business matters. Besides the *Edward Bonaventure* another vessel, the *Philip and Mary*, was despatched from London under the command of Captain John Howlett ; but it is nowhere stated whether or not she got as far as the mouth of the Dwina. The *Edward* reached it on the 23rd June, and her cargo was conveyed in barges to Vologda. Part of the crew must have remained there ; but the others accompanied Chancellor to Moscow, which they reached on the 4th October. The Russian Secretary of State invited the chiefs to his house, received them with great civility, asked to read the Royal letter, and obtained an audience for them on the 10th October, at which they delivered Philip and Mary's missive to the Czar. His present (sugar and "hollock"*) had not yet arrived ; but Killingworth

* A kind of sweet wine very much esteemed. Mentioned in Gascoigne's *Delicate Diet for Drunkards*.

says that the Czar took each man by the hand, and that after the audience they were invited to his table. There they were placed opposite to the tremendous monarch, who sent each of them (calling him by his Christian name) bread, meat, and wine.

Philip and Mary's letter was well received by the Czar; and Chancellor and Killingworth conferred incessantly together on the measures necessary to the establishment of trade on a solid basis, and to the obtaining of further privileges. Several meetings were held at which Russian merchants were present; and it was finally determined to build warehouses at Cholmogoru, Vologda, and Moscow. The Czar conferred a most ample charter:—

- (1) Freedom to trade in any part of Russia without special permit or safe-conduct;
- (2) Immunity from arrest except for crime or debt;
- (3) Power to select and punish any broker, skipper, or any other servant of the Company;
- (4) Jurisdiction over all English settled in Russia;
- (5) Exemption of the Company's goods from liability to forfeiture by reason of any Russian being wounded or killed by an Englishman;
- (6) Right of Englishmen arrested for debt to be let out on bail.

In accordance with instructions from the Company in London, Chancellor returned to the *Edward Bonaventure* in the summer of 1555, bringing with him the two ships which had been frozen up in Lapland in 1553 (in one of them was Sir Hugh Willoughby's body). At the end of April, 1556, he returned to Russia with an enormous cargo; and this having been profitably disposed of, he turned his face homewards, having on board an envoy-extraordinary from the Czar, one Ossip Griegoriewitch Nepea, and a cargo of Russian produce—as wax, spermaceti, furs, felt, and yarn—to the value of twenty-five thousand pounds. Unfortunately, the ship was wrecked off the Scots coast on the 10th November, and Chancellor, his son, and seven Russians of the Ambassador's suite, all of whom tried to reach the shore in a boat, were drowned. The Ambassador and his interpreter were miraculously saved; but the cargo, with the presents intended by the Czar for the King and Queen (a fine hawk with its accoutrements, four live sables, and some most costly furs) went to the bottom. When the Company received intelligence of this disaster, it communicated with Elizabeth, and she wrote to the widowed Queen of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, mother of Mary Stuart, asking assistance for Nepea and his companions. This was readily and fully afforded; and the Ambassador, having rested

some time in Scotland, journeyed southward on the 14th February, 1557. Twelve miles from London he was received by eighty merchants on horseback; and eight miles nearer, by one hundred and forty members of the Russia Company, with an equal following of liveried servants. On reaching the city boundary, he was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and all the Aldermen (also by the Viscount Montagu on the part of the Queen), and was conducted to his apartments in Fenchurch Street. These he had no sooner entered than he was presented, in Her Majesty's name, with two pieces of gold brocade, with one of silver, and with several of velvet and of purple and crimson damask. During his stay, both in Scotland and England, his whole expenses were borne by the Russia Company. He remained in England three months: during which time he had several audiences of the Queen, presented his letters and credentials, discussed and concluded the first Treaty of Commerce between England and Russia, and finally left on the 3rd May, loaded with honours, presents, and letters for the Czar. He was followed (in 1557) by four vessels, one of which took that very useful person Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, as agent for the Company. After reaching Russia, Jenkinson descended the Volga to Astrachan, and thence he crossed the Caspian Sea to Persia, and made his way to the city of Bokhara (or Boghar, as he calls it), which he found to be the resort of merchants from not only Russia, Persia, and India, but also Cathay (Japan, China, and the extreme East); and from this last-mentioned country he took a 'nine-months' journey back. Jenkinson, whose object was to found a trade between the Company's Russian factories and Persia, returned in 1560; and, coming home to England the same year, published the first map of Russia that had ever been seen (he is said to have made no fewer than *six* subsequent voyages to Bokhara by the same route). Through his exertions the Russia Company, in 1566, obtained from the Sophi of Persia immunity from tolls and customs for their merchandise in that kingdom, and full protection for their goods and persons. And in the same year their charter was ratified by an Act of Parliament—the first in the Statute Book to establish and recognise a "Chartered Company."

By the provisions of this piece of legislation the original name of the Company was officially changed to that of "The Fellowship of English Merchants for the Discovery of Trades"; new regions were added to the Company's jurisdiction, viz., "Armenia, Media, Hyrcania,

Persia, and the country of the Caspian Sea," while, for the better encouragement of the Navy, and of English commercial and maritime interests in general, it was provided that the Company should employ only English ships manned by a majority of English sailors, and that it should export no woollen goods nor "kersies" not dressed and, for the most part, dyed within the realm. To reward the towns of York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, and Boston, for their part in the early ventures after a North-East Passage, all citizens of ten years' standing were admitted "free of the Company" on extremely easy terms. Thus, only twelve years after its incorporation, the Company reached a point of success and prosperity never before attained, and not since equalled, by any such body in so short a time. It had warehouses, factories, and lands all over Russia, with a great fleet of ships, ever laden with English and Russian produce; it had thousands of persons in its employ at home and abroad; it enjoyed trade privileges and immunities in Russia, Persia, and England unshared by any other subjects of those lands; and it exported "principally cloth, as the best commodity, as also tin, lead, with some spices from India, and other southern commodities; and it brought home ashes, clapboard,* copper, deals, firs, rich furs, masts, rye, timber, wainscot, wheat, fushians, iron, latten,† linen, mathers,‡ quicksilver, flax, hemp, steel, *caviare*, cordage, hides, honey, tar, ropes, tallow, pitch, wax, rosin, and sundry others." During the next ten years (1566-1576) its fortunes were checked by the failure of its Arctic Expeditions, and by the plundering of its fleets at the hands of the Cossack pirates in the Caspian Sea. In spite of repeated disasters in these directions, however, it adhered doggedly to that early idea of discovering the North-East Passage, and to the later one of keeping open the trade with Persia, and almost to the last large sums were annually spent for these purposes. During a revolt of the Russian nobles against the tyranny of the terrible Ivan (1571), Moscow was taken and burned by the Tartars, when the Company lost no less than 400,000 roubles (about £65,000 of our money), and although Ivan himself undertook to indemnify the loss, there is no record that he ever did so. In fact, he really cared little or nothing about reciprocal commercial relations: he was only anxious to form with England an offensive and defensive alliance against Poland and Sweden. Thus he

* Barrel staves.

† An alloy of copper and zinc in thin sheets.

‡ Madder.

commanded Jenkinson to inform Elizabeth that he desired her to be "the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies"; that Russia and England "should in all things be as one"; and that "in case of danger the ruler of one country might find a safe refuge in the other." The English Government, however, had no desire to be mixed up in Ivan's wars, and returned no answer to his message: a piece of Statecraft which so incensed the Russian that he freed his new-conquered port of Narva to the nationalities at large. This was a shrewd blow at the Russia Company; and in 1568 a new English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph, arrived in Moscow, and, without making any definite treaty, informed the Czar that, should any calamity overtake his kingdom by which his personal safety might be threatened, he (the Czar) would be "amicably" received in England. The Merchants' privileges were restored; but, when Ivan found that he could get no answer as to the proposed alliance, he got very angry, and wrote a rather cutting letter to Elizabeth:—"With thee there are people who rule independent of thee; who neither regard our Sovereign persons nor think of the honour or welfare of our territories, but only of their own commercial advantages, whilst thou art still remaining in thy maiden estate like any worthless female." He went on to point out in his message that "the kingdom of Muscovy in the meanwhile would not feel the want of English goods," adding, by way of a parting shot, "and all our charters, which we have given concerning commercial affairs, are no longer valid." In 1571 Jenkinson managed to get the privileges restored; but three years later Ivan caused another rupture by ordering English Merchants to pay half-taxes upon all contributions from which, as one of their greatest privileges, they had been completely exempt. For six years things went thus, until Ivan, desiring to marry, *en huitième nocces*, first, Elizabeth, and (finding this impossible) then her cousin, Lady Mary Hastings, restored to the Merchants all their former privileges. But the lady, in the end, became afraid of her cruel suitor, and allowed herself to be untruthfully described as "ugly, unworthy, pitted with the small-pox, and weak even when in her healthiest state." But Ivan was not thus to be put off. "If," said he, "the Countess will not come to me, then I will myself go to England and fetch her." Fate, however, willed it otherwise, for on the 18th March, 1584, this extraordinary and dreadful creature died. The English Ambassador (Bowes) was instantly sent home, as he had given great offence by his insolent and overbearing behaviour, and the English

Merchants, fearing for their privileges and worldly goods, wrote complaining of him to the Government:—"What possessed him to come here? May the Lord have mercy upon us all!" In 1585 Sir Jerome Horsey, an intimate friend of the Regent Boris Godunov, brought to London a new Imperial Charter. The Czar, in this, complained of the "unwarrantable offence of *Baous* [Bowes], who has spoken many falsehoods concerning my Boyars, and thrown away my charter"; and to pacify the exasperated Muscovite, Elizabeth sent the Czarina Irene a flattering letter, and, besides, an "expert and experienced" midwife, with an excellent doctor. And these and other amenities procured the Russia Company a renewal of its privileges in 1587.

In 1597 the Company inaugurated a branch of commerce which proved most lucrative, and which, in course of time, assumed enormous proportions. Its several trials for a North-West Passage to China by Hudson's and Davis' Straits, its attempts to find a North-East Passage on the north side of Nova Zembla, and the annual adventures to Archangel had so accustomed the English traders to these boisterous seas that they began whale-fishing near Spitzbergen. Further, in 1606 they began to kill "morses," or "sea-horses," by means of lances (the teeth of which beasts were held better than ivory), and for many years they monopolised the English market for their tusks and oil. Needless to say, success bred rivals, and in 1612 we learn that the Dutch began resorting to what the Russia Company termed "our owne fisheries in Eastland." In the year last mentioned some of the Company's outward-bound ships seized the whale-oil, fishing tackle, &c., of the Dutch, and obliged them to get home; threatening that if ever they found them in those seas thereafter, they would make prize of ships and cargoes, their master the King of Great Britain having the sole right to that fishery in virtue of the first discovery. In the next year they actually brought home two Dutch ships as prizes. Thereupon James I granted the Company a charter excluding all others (natives as well as foreigners) from Spitzbergen; and nine months later the Company, with seven armed ships, drove from those seas not only fifteen sail of Dutch, French, and Biscayners (Basques from the Bay of Biscay), but even four English adventurers, and allowed certain French vessels to fish there only on the condition of a tribute of eight whales. In the same year, the Company's fleet being at Spitzbergen, a cross was there set up with the King's arms upon it, and, under the name of "King James' Newland," the region was

formally declared the property of the Crown. This is the first authenticated instance of a Chartered Corporation attempting the annexation of land for the benefit of the mother-country. Yet as early as 1621 this, for some time profitable and extensive, business of whale-fishing came to an end. Unable to cope single-handed with all its rivals, the Russia Company joined forces with the East India Company, and in 1619 a joint expedition, consisting of nine ships and two pinnaces, set out for whales at Spitzbergen. But the voyage proved unfortunate, and the two Companies, after carrying on the trade for three years without success, agreed to give it up. An attempt at reviving it was made fifteen years later; in 1636 Charles I renewed the rights created by his father, but from this date little is heard either of the fisheries themselves or of disputes connected with them.

In the first half of the Seventeenth Century the Russia Company had no cause of complaint with regard to its treatment by the Muscovite Government. It enjoyed enormous privileges, and for fifty years it was certainly one of the richest and one of the most powerful Corporations in the world. Its change of fortune was brought about partly by the internal condition of England and partly by the jealousy and agitation of the native merchants. Dokturov (the first Ambassador from the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch), arriving in 1645 in the thick of the dispute between Charles and his Parliament, never got sight of the King at all; and the two Houses sent the Czar polite and complimentary messages in vain. Alexis wanted an answer from the English King—not from the English Parliament; and, to show his displeasure at the Revolution, he sent the unlucky Charles a present of thirty thousand quarters of grain for his troops. The Moscow merchants, seeing their opportunity, came forward with a petition that the old privileges should be withdrawn from the English Company. “These foreigners,” said they, “for years have been coming in batches sixty and seventy strong, buying and building factories at Archangel, Kholmogom, Vologda, Yarostaw, Moscow, everywhere. They have all our trade—they are starving us: they not only compete with us in Russia but they prevent our dealing direct with England. . . . In their Charter it is said that their privileges have been granted at the request of their King; but they don’t regard their King, seeing that for four years they have been at war with him. . . . Gracious Sovereign! Be good and merciful to us, thy servants, orphans and merchants of all estates. Cast thy glance upon us, and suffer not that

thy servants and children shall remain in misery and want by reason of the Foreigners in thy land !” The prayer was not then granted in its entirety ; but in 1646 the Russian Government levied a double tax on all foreign goods (English included), and three years later, five months only after the closing scene before Whitehall, the blow fell with full force on an already staggering Corporation. On the 1st June, 1649, an Imperial ukase ordered the English in Muscovy “to cross the seas and to trade only with Archangel.” “They are to visit,” says the proclamation, “neither Moscow nor any other Russian town, for the Great Czar hath learnt that the English have done on all the earth a great and evil deed. They have done to death their King Carlos : for such a deed they must be barred from our Kingdom of Muscovy.”

In 1654 a representative from Cromwell arrived at Moscow ; but the Czar refused to rise when he appeared in the Imperial presence, and declined to comply with any of the requests that he preferred. All the same, his reply was polite ; for it addressed the Protector as “Oliver the Ruler of the English, Scottish, and Irish States and Dominions,” and referred to him as *Votre honnête*. On the Restoration Charles II repaid the Czar the capital sum advanced during his exile, adding that, “during the unclean rebellion, no King had shown him so much kindness as the Russian.” The English Merchants are said to have promised to pay the interest on this loan to the King (he having failed to do so), but somehow this was never done : perhaps because, being a “regulated” Company, there was no fund out of which payment was possible ; perhaps because, foreseeing that in any event it would sooner or later lose its privileges, it saw no advantage in risking so much money on a doubtful chance. As a fact, the Muscovite Government did refuse to renew the privileges, though Charles sent the Earl of Carlisle to Russia expressly to intercede with the Czar ; and the English, exasperated by the outcome of this embassy, gave so poor a reception to the Muscovite Ambassador, Dashkov, who arrived here in 1664, that they did not even provide him with carriages, provisions, or lodgings. From this time forth their fortunes declined. In 1670 Sir Joshua Child published his *Discourses on Trade*, which he “wrote at my country house in the sickness year (1665)” ; and he there states that in 1664 the Dutch had “twenty-two sail of great ships” in the Russia trade, “and the English but one.” This is doubtless exaggerated ; but it is certain that even then the fall of the Company was but a question of time. In 1699 an Act of Parliament reduced the entrance fee from

fifty pounds to five pounds. This is said to have had a good effect for some years, and Strype, in his Edition of Stowe (1720) says :—" By this means (the reduction of the fee) the Trade to Russia is very considerably advanced already. For whereas, before there were not above four, five, or six ships at the most sent into those parts in one year, now there go sixty or seventy sail yearly." After thirty years of splendid trade the Company's fortunes again declined, and in 1750 it practically made its last appearance. In that year an Act of Parliament enjoined that, after Christmas, 1750, only the freemen of the Russia Company were to have the right of importing raw silk and silk goods from Persia through Russia. This reiteration of privilege proved of great value to the Company until the end of the Eighteenth Century, when the troubled state of Europe put an end to its monopoly.

It never revived. With the disappearance of this important branch of trade, and with the still-growing preference of the Baltic route before that round the North Cape to Archangel, the Company's was closed. It finally flickered out with the birth of the Nineteenth Century, and its history, as that of nearly all the early Chartered Companies, may be thus epitomised :—(1) Charter, (2) Trade, (3) Success, (4) Competition, (5) Encroachment, (6) Decline, (7) Debt, (8) Difficulties, and (9) Disappearance. It gave England no colony, placed no lands under her protectorate, acquired her no new territories. But it did more : it was the pioneer of our enormous Foreign Trade.

LIONEL HART.

AN OLD FOLK'S RETREAT

SOME six hundred men and women were sitting the other day in the refectory of one of our great workhouses. They were eating their dinner and with evident relish, for it was their favourite dish—Irish stew. Not a word of grumbling was to be heard, although one great fellow would fain have had “a bit of cheese to taper off with”; and another was quite prepared to give “just aught for a mug of beer.” Still, on the whole, they seemed quite content with their rations; and little wonder either, for the dinner they were having was better by far, more wholesome, more appetising, than the midday meal of half the working men in the country. As they sat there munching away, these people were not a prepossessing set: two of them had served their fourteen years and bore the impress of the fact on their faces; and there were half a dozen more at least whose hair had manifestly last been cut by a prison barber. The great ne’er-do-well tribe were largely represented of course, they who have raised begging to a fine art, and whose life is one long struggle to eat without working. There was the hawker of combs whom we all know so well, the man who has always just quitted the infirmary, and he whom a single sixpence will save from ruin. Many of the women were in the prime of life, some of them still in their teens; and a sorry company they were for the most part, worse even than the men—more reckless, more violent, more hopelessly degraded; and the language they indulge in sometimes would put Billingsgate itself to the blush.

But although the most in this room were evidently loafers, ex-drunkards, or ex-criminals, dotted among them were some of a very different type. Just here and there were old men and women with honest eyes and toil-hardened faces—worn-out workers. They had fallen behind in the race: they had had to choose between the workhouse and starvation; and had, as one of them said, “chosen badly.” Some of them had worked for fifty years and more before they had entered the House, and had pinched and saved; but it is hard to provide for old-age out of fifteen shillings a week. A few of these old folk, and they the most unhappy of all, perhaps,

had seen better days. At one table a gentle little old dame was sitting with an oddly troubled look in her eyes. She put away her dinner almost untasted, and seemed to shrink from the touch of her companions. She had had quite a nice little fortune once upon a time, and had lost it through the fraud of some lawyer. Then there was an old man with a keen hard face, the veriest Elijah in his indignant scorn of those around him. He had begun life as a workman ; and, after years of toil and spare living, had become the owner of a little factory. Just when the time was at hand for him to enjoy the money he had earned, he was robbed of it, every farthing, and through no fault of his own. He was too old to start life again ; so without saying a word he walked off quietly to the workhouse, where he entered himself under a false name. "I didn't want any one to know I was here, you see," he explained later.

This special workhouse is in many respects a model institution : it is carefully organised, and is managed on lines which certainly do not err on the side of severity. Were paupers, as criminals, treated according to their merits, of the six hundred who were at dinner that day probably not more than some fifty or sixty would fare much better than they do now ; while three hundred at least would certainly fare worse. For whereas wastrels resort to the place gladly (for they are well fed there, well housed, and find congenial society), decent old people will face death sometimes rather than cross its threshold. And such of them as go there repent bitterly as often as not. With reason, too, for there is no more pitiable being on earth than the respectable old man or woman who is condemned to pass his old age in a workhouse. From the day he enters he is a pariah, shunned even by those nearest to him, and wherever he goes he must carry about with him the badge of his degradation. He is separated from all for whom he cares ; is left without an interest in life ; and there is no single thing in the world that he may call his own. He has nothing to do, nothing to hope for, but must just sit there with folded hands waiting for death to come. Until then—and this is perhaps the cruellest touch of all—he is on a level with the most depraved ; is subject to precisely the same treatment as they are ; and must pass his days and nights shut up with them. It is the disgrace of the thing that weighs him down, the shame of being a pauper. The place in which he lives is to him a veritable purgatory, for in a workhouse it is they who deserve most who receive least.

Now, we have begun to realise that men may be thrifty and fending, may work from early morning until late at night ; and yet, when their strength is gone, find themselves destitute. We have begun to realise, too, that to mete out to such persons as these, when they apply for relief, the same treatment as we mete out to those who, in the whole course of their existence, have never done a good day's work, is both unjust and irrational. The nation has at length wakened up to the fact that it is dealing with its worn-out workers neither wisely nor generously ; and, in the first ardour of its repentance, it is prepared to sanction somewhat drastic measures as an atonement. It is even lending an ear to proposals for making outdoor relief once again the order of the day ; or for granting pensions—at an annual cost of seventeen million pounds—to all who care to claim them. And this in spite of the fact that it has again and again been proved that a very fair percentage of the money given to the aged, whether as out-relief or as pensions, goes directly to benefit their able-bodied relatives.

Yet surely the case is not one that calls for heroic treatment : the aged respectable destitute form after all but a very small fraction of our population. Five years ago the inmates of the Sheffield Workhouse, exclusive of children under sixteen, the insane, and patients in the infirmary, were carefully classified ; and it was then found that out of five hundred and fifty-four of them only fifty-three could be placed in the first class, viz., that reserved for persons who are sixty or more years old, who are in all respects deserving, and whose destitution is due to no fault of their own. When the character and antecedents of the inmates of the Macclesfield Workhouse were inquired into, out of one hundred and sixty-seven, only seventeen were judged worthy of being placed on the privileged list ; and when, some little time ago, a diligent search was made in the Hull Workhouse for persons who were both old and thoroughly respectable, only twenty could be found. Thus, if Sheffield, Hull, and Macclesfield be regarded as typical unions, it is very doubtful whether among the inmates of all the workhouses in England and Wales—exclusive of such of them as are in the infirmary and asylum wards—there are more than nineteen thousand who belong to the aged respectable class. And even supposing that there be four times as many persons, who are at once old, deserving, and destitute, outside workhouses as there are in them, the number would only amount to ninety-five thousand. If these ninety-five thousand, or at most one hundred thousand, persons were enabled to pass their last

few years peacefully and comfortably, the nation might justly claim to have paid, in a fairly satisfactory fashion, the debt it now owes to its aged poor. And this could certainly be done without any great expenditure of money ; for what our poor old people stand most sorely in need of is, not more costly food, better clothes, or housing, but more considerate treatment, separation from degrading associates, liberty to see their friends, to lead their own lives, to be human beings, in fact, not numbered items—and such things as these involve no outlay. The inmates of the French Maisons de Retraite, the Danish Old-Age Homes, and the Austrian Versorgungshäuser, are for the most part a singularly cheery and contented set ; yet they cost their fellow countrymen considerably less in money, though much more in thought and care, than our miserable old paupers cost us. Thus, we see, some of our neighbours have already solved this problem which is puzzling our brains. Why, then, should we not profit by their experience, and learn from them how to better the lot of our respectable poor ?

Should one of our Boards of Guardians ever be induced to give this scheme of mine a trial, the first thing they will have to do will be to “sort” the paupers under their care—the outdoor and indoor alike. They must form such of them as are sixty-five or more, exclusive of those in the hospital and insane wards, into a class apart, and make a careful investigation into the character and past life of each one of them. This will be no easy task, it must be confessed ; still it is one which can be done ; indeed, as we have seen, it has already been done in three of our unions, and without wounding the feelings of even the most sensitive. A further sifting will follow, the old people who reach a certain fixed standard of merit being classed as Aged Poor ; and they who fall short of it, as Paupers. The Guardians will admit into the Aged-Poor division only such persons as are sober, thrifty, and hard-working ; and have led orderly respectable lives. They will rigidly exclude therefrom all who have ever been convicted of crime, or convicted more than twice of drunkenness, or who have applied for relief—excepting during illness—before they were sixty. They will also exclude all who have resided in the district for less than seven years, as otherwise the aged poor from all parts might flock into their union. A certain amount of hardship will, of course, result from dividing these people into only two classes ; for among the poor, as among the rich, there are many who are neither quite black nor yet quite white, but just “speckled.” This difficulty might, however, be

overcome by acting on Mr. Ashberry's suggestion, and subdividing the paupers who are above sixty-five, reserving certain wards in the workhouse for the exclusive use of those among them who are fairly respectable.

When once this sorting and sifting is over, the Guardians will find themselves with a certain number—in an average-sized union probably well under forty—respectable old men and women to provide for. In some few out-relief cases—those, for instance, of married couples who have homes of their own which they are loth to quit—the best arrangement would probably be to grant weekly allowances large enough to provide all the necessities, and some few of the comforts, of life. But most paupers of sixty-five, it must be remembered, are practically kinless; they are widows and widowers, old maids and bachelors, persons standing alone in the world. Even if they have children, these children must necessarily be themselves within hail of pauperism, or their parents would not be paupers. To grant out-relief under these circumstances is to expose the recipients of it to the risk of being preyed upon and neglected. From a material point of view, out-relief paupers, as a rule, fare infinitely worse than the inmates of workhouses. Not very long ago I found living alone in a miserable little attic an old woman who was blind, deaf, and half-paralysed. A neighbour came in, just from time to time, to “clean her up,” and feed her. If our aged poor are to be made comfortable, the Guardians must keep them under their own care. But they must take them out of the workhouse with all possible speed.

The ideal abode is a little two-roomed cottage, and there is no reason why it should not be realised. Perhaps the most convenient arrangement would be to have a central building consisting of a dining hall a common sitting room, and two houses opening into each other—one for the officials, the other for special cases—and, on either side of this block, forming with it the three sides of a quadrangle, a number of two-roomed cottages. The whole building from end to end should be connected by means of a verandah; and it would be a great advantage if it could have attached to it enough land to supply little gardens—only a square yard or two in size—for such of the inmates as have the strength and the will to work them. Each cottage would provide a home either for a married couple, for two old men, or two old women. If this plan were adopted, it would always be easy to manage a separation should any of the co-inmates give proof of marked

incompatibility of temper ; and a special arrangement might be in force for the benefit of those persons who, notwithstanding the possession of many virtues, are somewhat trying as companions owing to their knack of stepping on the toes of those around them. They might be sent to live in the special-cases house, where each of them would have a room to himself. Here, too, apartments might be reserved for the use of the cottagers in case of illness.

The place should be furnished as plainly and simply as possible ; but the beds must be warm and comfortable, the chairs easy, and there ought to be a brightly-coloured picture or two on the walls. As the inmates will be allowed to bring with them any of their own little belongings for which they specially care—even a cat or a bird—they will be able to give to their cottages a cosy, homelike look. They will be able, too, if they choose, to make them gay with flowers grown in their own gardens. They will be required, of course, to keep them neat and clean, unless indeed they be too feeble, in which case the “general help” attached to the place will give them a hand in their housework.

One very important point which the Guardians will have to decide is where to locate their Old-Age Retreat. To transport persons of sixty-five to any great distance from their former homes, is to cut them off entirely from any friends they may have ; for the poor have no money to spend on railway tickets. The site chosen ought, therefore, to be within walking distance—or a threepenny tram fare—of the district from which its inmates are drawn. This would hardly be possible, perhaps, in the case of London, although even here the Retreat need not be so very far away. There is still plenty of cheap land to be had round Willesden Green on the one side, and Leyton on the other.

These old people will require to be fed as well as to be housed. Under the Sheffield Classification scheme it is proposed to deal out to the first-class paupers rations which they must cook for themselves. This would be an admirable arrangement, no doubt, always providing they could cook ; but, so far as my own experience goes, the poor have no more idea of cooking than they have of—playing the violin. It will, therefore, contribute not a little to the comfort of our cottagers—conduce to economy as well—if food be provided for them all ready to be eaten. In this model Retreat, which we are counting on some Board of Guardians or other organising before long, breakfast will be served from 7.30 A.M. to 9 ; dinner, from 12 to 1.30 ; and supper, from 7 to 8. The inmates will be encouraged to have their meals in the

dining-hall ; still, if any of them prefer to take their supplies off with them to their own rooms, they will be perfectly free to do so. With regard to the food itself, the Matron will bear in mind that those for whom she caters have but a scant supply of teeth, and that their tastes are, to say the least of it, peculiar. The sort of things they love most are tripe, sheep's head, liver and bacon, kippers, cockles, pork—all well flavoured with vinegar ; and some dish of this kind will be provided for them every day, as an alternative to beef and mutton. There will also be two kinds of pudding for dinner. Thus, as the pensioners will always have a choice of dishes set before them, they will have the satisfaction of selecting for themselves what they eat—a fact which will give a very pleasant flavour to their food, and that without increasing its cost by one iota. Tripe, sheep's head, and liver and bacon are all much cheaper than beef ; and two kinds of pudding need not be a greater expense than double the quantity of one. For breakfast there will be tea, cocoa, bread and butter, bread and marmalade, and just from time to time a kipper ; and for supper, soup and milk pudding.

With regard to their tea it would be an interesting—and inexpensive—experiment to let the old people provide it for themselves, and also their own tobacco, soap, and lights, and to make them a small allowance wherewith to do so. They might each be given ninepence a week as pocket-money, and be told that they might spend it exactly as they liked. In this case the Matron would supply them with tea, tobacco, &c., at cost price, if they chose to buy their stores of her ; but they would be perfectly free to take their custom elsewhere if they preferred it. Only, if they did not buy tea, they would go without it ; and when they had no candles, they would have to sit in the dark. The purchase of soap, however, would not be optional. Of course, if any of them were found to waste their money, or spend it improperly, the allowance would be confiscated, and its value dealt out to them in kind. This ninepence a week would, if granted, add immeasurably to the happiness of these people by giving them a delightful feeling of independence and self-respect ; for nothing brings home to paupers more painfully the degradation of their position than the fact that they are absolutely possessionless. If an inmate of a workhouse receives a present, that present does not belong to him but to the Guardians.

The inmates of our Retreat will be dressed in warm, comfortable clothes, of the kind worn by the respectable artisan class ; and care will

be taken that nothing in their appearance shall show that they are pensioners. The old women will choose for themselves the shape of their caps and the colour of their gowns ; and any suggestions the old men may make with regard to the cut of their coats, will receive all due attention. These are trifles, it may be urged, not worth considering one way or the other ; but it is precisely such trifles as these that give to the inmates of Continental Old-Age Retreats that feeling of self-importance which predisposes them to look on life brightly.

There must be rules and regulations ; but the fewer the better. All who will be admitted, it must be remembered, will be known to be old, and will be supposed to be thoroughly respectable. Under these circumstances we must at least begin by trusting them entirely. It will be time enough to do otherwise when they have proved themselves unworthy. In a morning they will have their housework to do, and perhaps their bit of gardening ; but by the time they have had their dinners they will be free to enjoy themselves, and within certain limits, quite in their own way. From one o'clock until nightfall—say five o'clock in winter and eight o'clock in summer—they will be allowed to pay visits to their friends, take walks, go to see museums if their taste lies in that direction, or to saunter about in the streets, chatting with those whom they meet, and looking in at shop windows. Such of them as are lacking in the strength or the inclination to wander forth, will have the common sitting-room close at hand as a refuge, where they will always find papers to read and some one or other to talk to. Then they will be able to receive their friends and relatives in their own little rooms, every afternoon if they like. They will, however, be held responsible for the good behaviour of their visitors ; and persons who are noisy, or in other ways objectionable, will be refused admission. On Sundays the inmates will be free to attend whatever church or chapel they prefer ; to go from sect to sect, giving each in turn a trial, if they choose, or to hold themselves aloof from them all. They will get up when they like, only no breakfasts will be served after nine, and their cottages must be in order before twelve ; they may, too, fix their own hour for going to bed, providing their lights be out by ten. So long as they behave themselves properly, in fact, they will be allowed to do what they wish and go where they will.

Should any of these old people, however, show a tendency towards abusing the liberty they enjoy, it will speedily be curtailed, so far at least as they personally are concerned. Above all an inclination to resort to

public-houses, or spend pocket-money on drink, will be sharply dealt with. A rigid law will be in force prohibiting either the inmates or their visitors from bringing any form of alcohol into the Retreat. The Matron will supply what wine or spirit the doctor may order. Should any inmate be found in a state of intoxication, he will be required to restrict his walks to the garden for three months; should he repeat his offence more than once, he will forfeit his privileges as a member of the old-age class and become a pauper again, and as such be obliged to take up his abode in the workhouse. The same punishment will be meted out to those who indulge in disorderly conduct; who persistently interfere with the comfort of their companions; or who in any way give proof that they are unworthy of the special consideration with which they are being treated.

The management of the Retreat will be in the hands of a man and his wife, the Master and Matron, who will be directly responsible for all that passes there to the Board of Guardians. It will be their special business to make their charges not only comfortable but happy, as happy at least as it lies in their nature to be. They must both be fairly young, bright, cheerful, and active; and be prepared to throw themselves heart and soul into their work. They will have under their control a cook, a general help, and, when necessary, a nurse. The Master and Matron will work under the close supervision of the Old-Age Committee of the Guardians, every member of which will be expected to take a lively interest in the inmates of the Retreat, to visit them from time to time, to talk to them, and above all to listen to their grievances. These Guardians will try, too, to introduce a little variety into the lives of their *protégés* by interesting others in their welfare, and inducing them to send them books, and arrange entertainments for their benefit in the general sitting-room. But in all that they do, they will remember that they for whom they do it are respectable members of society.

For the ratepayer's sake we cannot afford to embark on undertakings without counting their cost to the last farthing. We must consider, therefore, what expense such places as this Retreat of ours would entail on the country, if they were established. In other words, what would each old man who lived there cost his town or parish? This is a point on which the budgets of existing institutions may with advantage be consulted. In the Austrian Old-Age Homes the cost per head is 11*d.* a day; in the Danish it is 1*s.*; and in the French Maisons de Retraite, it is about

1s. 2d. ; and our old people would certainly think themselves in clover if they fared as well as the inmates of these Homes. The cost of living, though lower in Denmark, is quite as high both in France and Austria as it is in England ; the initial expenses of an English Retreat would, however, be greater than those of these institutions, owing to its being in the form of cottages, whereas they are huge mansions. Land, too, is dearer here than there, and wages are higher, facts for which allowances must be made. Still if the Retreat were managed skilfully and economically, the cost per head there certainly need not exceed 1s. 4d. a day. In one of our great London workhouses, the most worthless loafer who is housed there costs his country 1s. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a day ; in another, the cost per head in the ordinary wards is 1s. 6 $\frac{5}{7}$ d. a day, and in the infirmary 2s. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. Thus, so far as the metropolis is concerned, the ratepayer would ultimately be the gainer rather than the loser, if all the aged poor were transferred from the workhouses to Retreats to-morrow. In provincial unions it would be otherwise ; although even there the cost of living in a Retreat would not necessarily be much higher than it now is in the majority of workhouses.

Still the fact must be faced that the opening of Retreats would certainly lead to an increase in the Poor Rate ; for many old men and women, whom nothing would induce to go into a workhouse, would gladly seek a refuge in a Retreat cottage. But these are the very persons whom we all wish to help, and are prepared to help ungrudgingly. When, not so very long ago, those two old sisters were found in their London attic, the one dead and the other dying from sheer starvation, many consciences were troubled.

EDITH SELLERS.

THE GRANITE CROSS

UPON the lower undulations of heather-clad Cosdon, far beneath the stony summit where its cairn crown hides in mist and cloud, there may be seen a granite cross. To north and south extend the symbol's splintered arms ; mediæval hands have wrought upon its face, and to antiquarian eyes their work is still dimly discernible ; from the darkened surface of one shining edge lichens, gold and grey, are clean rubbed off by many moorland sheep, which gain physical comfort from the contact.

Where the cross stood when yet its craftsman's work was clear and before time had fretted the just proportions, no man can say. Probably it marked a meeting place, indicated the trackway to some holy well or directed the pilgrim upon his road to that trinity of monasteries which flourished aforetime at Plympton, at Tavistock, at Buckland of the Monks ; but between its first uprising elsewhere and its last, on Cosdon's purple flank, a duration of centuries extended ; and through much of that period the cross occupied a position wholly ignoble. Even yet indeed base uses seem indicated by a gaping wound within its side, and, as though the old stone bled, there issue from this cleft red rust and flakes of iron where metal, less durable than the granite, sots within it. Seen grey at gloaming-time, golden through sunny dawns, partaking of those magic changes cast upon the moor by the movements of clouds, by the curtains of the rain, by the silver of breaking day, the monochrome of dusk, and the solemn transformations of nocturnal darkness and moonlight, the relic stands, a link between past and present. But of all the stories perchance pertaining to it, one only belongs to man's knowledge, and that is the last.

To-day Newtake Farm can easily be seen from Cosdon Cross, for dwelling-house and shippons lie distant only a quarter of a mile. Poverty-stricken, time-fretted, wind-worn, and ugly is Newtake ; its mean erections huddle close together like a beggar hiding his dirt and rags as much as may be ; at the crossing of moorland roads it stands,

and sulks solitary under a stunted beech-tree which leans away from the prevailing western winds. Out of dull eyes of leaded glass, beneath silver-grey thatch, the farmhouse gazes upon the world of the Dartmoor wastes. Its few crofts, long since snatched from the surrounding heather by some over-sanguine soul, show strong inclination to slide back into Nature's lap again. Devil's Button throws a mauve pallor over one square field, sharing the same with rushes where they mingle in a marsh at the centre; elsewhere a patch of shorn stubble gleams yellow and provides final earthly joy for a few "arrish" geese; but the moor thrusts hands laden with briar and heather over the low granite walls, climbs the peat upon the top of them, waves yellow furze in the van of her on-coming, and sends her servant, the wild wind, to sprinkle turnip-field and potato-patch with bracken and thistle. These heathen things, in autumn bravery of purple and gold, rise triumphant above the meek cultivation, strangling and choking it.

Seen through late August sunshine Newtake looks dreary—a forlorn blot upon the fair land of the mist, but under autumnal rains, at seasons of snow or in the dead waste of winter, its apparition renders even the heavy-hearted cheerful in the discovery that there exists a human habitation more unlovely, a human outlook more God-forsaken than their own.

Yet to those who dwelt at Newtake the outward aspect of the farm and its environment counted for nothing. Timothy Blanchard grumbled from habit, but he and his wife, Damaris, were armed against the bolts of chance by the nature of their lives, the grey character of even their brightest experiences, the poverty of their highest ambitions. Man and woman alike had been born to toil, labour was all their existence, and their aspirations extended but slightly beyond necessity. So that good store of roots continued for the cattle during those grim months of February and March while yet the moor was barren; so that potatoes failed not, and barley or oats ripened well in the meagre crofts devoted to them; so that no pony or sheep was lost in blizzard or in bog and the high summer allowed of ample peat-storing—when such conditions obtained they counted the year a fat one.

Blanchard was a lean, brown man, with head grey-streaked before its time, and his battle for life had made him more than common selfish and self-centred. His wife boasted a sweeter heart, but her husband and her little boy filled it to the exclusion of any other sympathies. Neither man nor woman looked beyond the horizon of their own

immediate concerns. In Chagford Market both were familiar objects ; and people laughed and said that the lone existence at Newtake was making them forget how to use their tongues.

But Timothy talked in his home freely enough. He would often address his ape-like sheep-dog of old English breed, and he spoke not seldom to his child, until the youngster laughed or cried according to the tune of his father's voice. Timmy was scarcely four years old, but he could tell a blessing from a curse easily enough by watching his parent's eyes.

After supper, when the daily struggle was done, Blanchard usually sat by a fire of "scads" in the kitchen, and Damaris always knew her husband's mood by his position on the settle. If his hands were in his pockets, his soul was clouded ; if he smoked, then it might be assumed that he was less discontented than usual. At such times he remained silent and motionless with red, fire-lit eyes, looking through the flame and smoke in the fireplace, through the wall behind, through the wastes and wildernesses beyond, through the granite hills to the edge of the world and far away outside, where Fate sat spinning those three grey threads which were the lives of himself and those he loved. Threads, they seemed deformed with full many a knot and tangle, and the thing he called Fate let them wind heedlessly away, for she cared nothing that they looked ugly, and spared no golden strand of human happiness to brighten them.

There came an evening in mid-September when Timothy's temper appeared to echo a rough and rainy night. As he sat on the settle with his long neck poked forward, his chin and beard sticking straight out, and his hands in his breeches pockets, the wind howled and growled down the open chimney, twisted therein like a live thing, and anon, with claws invisible, struck at the glowing heart of the peat fire and sent the sparks flying from a faint corona of blue flame. Damaris was at the table working by candle-light at a little red woollen jacket for her son. The woman looked a mere sexless scarecrow, a tatterdemalion. But her face was broad and not unpleasant to see, her smile lighted a careworn countenance which, at rest, appeared almost masculine in its hard contour. Her bosom was flat, her visible covering a drab garment of shreds and patches.

"Winter's coming," said she, biting thread, and smoothing the thick red cloth that was to keep the cold out of little Tim's bones.

"Aye, winter's allus comin'. The fight begins again so soon as 'tis

awver. Again and again and again, 'cordin' to the years of a man's life. Then he turns 'pon his back for gude an' all, an' shuts his eyes, an' takes his rest wheer there's no more seasons nor sun nor yet ice—in the world under."

"I knawed you was glumpy 'fore you spoke. What's amiss, Timothy, man? What's crossed 'e? Something in Chaggyford Market, I'll lay?"

"Nothin' 'tall. Awnly when the wind's spellin' winter in the chimley an' the yether's fading again, 'tis wisht lookin' forrard. The airth's allus dyin', an' the life of it be so short. Why should us have comed here in this granite waste an' not 'pon 'tother side the world wheer 'tis summer most times an' food drops in a body's mouth?"

"Us'm Devon born an' bred. You'd graw terrible wisht long away from the peat bed an' grey skies an' the awld moor. Life like ourn seems nat'ral to me."

"Knawin' no other. Prizes an' blanks do look a poor game for God A'mighty anyways. Such a poor game that I doubt theer's no God really. Why was I born to break my 'eart an' sweat my life away grubbing bare food an' rent out the airth? Ess fay, that's my lot, as passon tells me to take smilin'!"

"Things be divided coorious, but us 'ave a deal more'n many, an' happiness do taake differ'nt shaapes. The year's brot 'e a tidy bit in the leather bag to faace winter wi', an' us 'a gotten better things than money tu."

"The bwoy?"

"Ay, God bless en! If us never had nothin' but him, theer's many neighbours 'd envy our lot an' reckon us lucky folks."

"Childer's no gert blessin' neither. We'm just used to keep up the supply o' men an' wummen an' then thrawn aside."

"But men an' wummen's all got to be childer first, an' they brings joy in the world then if they doant arter. Think o' Timmy! The moosic of en be sweeter 'n the song o' birds all times; an' you knaws it; an' you'd be the fust to say it another day."

"Theer again. Why should Fate pitch such a braave cheel into this here home? Her might have put en in a palace as easy; her might have bred en of a royal queen mother 'stead o' you. Her might have opened his lil eyes 'pon marble statoos, an' jewels, an' precious dimonds, 'stead o' dirty whitewash an' broken stone paving. Will that baaby thank us for gettin' en come he graws? Not him. Why should he?"

"He'll pay us our toil an' be a joy to our grey hairs an' prop to our auld age, please God."

"Ha, ha! Story books. Gimme a cup o' milk, then us 'll go to bed."

She obeyed, and he, piling turf upon the fire that it might remain alight until the morning, took up the candle and followed her to a little room where they slept. The stairs led upwards from a chamber opening out of the kitchen, and here the candle-light fell upon the huge and ghostly carcase of a pig. It had been slain at dawn, and now hung from a hook in the low ceiling. Damaris gave it an affectionate pat as she passed.

"Wish theer was more like en waitin'," she said.

Arrived in the upper chamber both quickly tumbled out of their clothes, shielding the light meanwhile from a cot on the woman's side of the bed. Damaris prayed briefly before retiring, her husband troubled himself with neither petition nor thanksgiving.

"Gude night, lad," said the wife at length, sighing the sigh of one weary but comfortable in the immediate prospect of rest.

He only made an inarticulate sound for answer, being already half asleep.

Concerning the fields and outlying turf bog which were generally held to comprise Newtake Farm, one feature of interest needs to be noted as it will serve to explain remarks which fell at a meeting between Timothy Blanchard and a stranger on the morning following this night of storm. Lying adjacent to the poor soil where scabious and rushes chiefly grew, a meadow extended, and herein occurred two excellent examples of the famous Dartmoor hut circle. These foundations of aboriginal dwellings freely scatter the lofty central wastes of Devon; ancient pounds also remain, together with monoliths, cairns, and kistvaens; while profound mystery yet broods over the lonely rings of horrent stones, the granite alignments stretching between them, and those other manifold indications of busy human communities which here flourished in scattered colonies and preserved their flocks from the wolf pack before recorded history. These relics adorn the wild heart of Devon, their presence serving to fill the spectator with wonder or interest according to the measure of his knowledge.

As for Blanchard, he frankly wished both his hut circles at the devil, and he would long since have used the massive stones which composed them for purposes of wall-building, but that power lacked to

move them. Those who laid the rough courses in the evening of the stone age built well and their work defied the centuries. Many came to see these hut circles, and not the least of Blanchard's grievances was a continual necessity for deserting his work to lead tourists to the curiosities. Few paid him for his wasted time with more than thanks; few stopped even to purchase a drink of milk or chat of the outer world, for Newtake chilled the casual spectator, and its master's manners chimed with his dwelling-house. Neither possessed any dexterity in making of friends.

A fair morning followed on the rough night and Winter, who had surely whispered her coming under the darkness, vanished again with the light. Sunshine was warm yet, nor had the light gone out of the heather, while the moor still provided food for roaming flocks and herds. The cattle were lowing in the yard when Timothy rose to release them. As soon as he opened the gate they passed hastily through it, sniffed the morning, and so, scattering, climbed the hills and sought be-diamonded grass between wide tracts of ling and brake fern. Unlike the weather Tim's temper was not improved. After loosing his stock to their poor breakfast he turned to clean the market cart in which he had visited Chagford on the previous day. One of the springs was broken, for the ancient vehicle, like most else at Newtake, suffered in the grip of time. The man cursed under his breath at this discovery of the ruined spring; then he stopped and listened to a little child's voice uplifted in shouting and laughter at the bedroom window above him. Presently Timmy joined his father with a small mug whereon were gold words: "A present from Newton." Together the couple visited a cow byre, and the first milk drawn that day went, as usual, into Tim's little cup. He had his drink, kissed his father, then trotted indoors to Damaris, and the great baboon-like sheep-dog, who constituted himself Tim's guardian when not otherwise engaged, slouched after him wagging his stump of tail.

A minute later Farmer Blanchard heard himself loudly called, and, approaching his outer gate, found a man in grey clothes with spectacles upon his nose and a knapsack at his back engaged in most excited scrutiny of a granite post whereto the wooden gate was latched. The stranger was down upon his knees when Blanchard reached him, and he spoke in accents of extreme delight and surprise. His glasses fell off as he poked and peered round the base of the post; then he brought a trowel from his knapsack and began to dig.

Mr. William Hoddlin, F.S.A., had in truth made a remarkable discovery, and was now under the rare rapture of the successful antiquary. He forgot everything upon heaven and earth save that granite pillar, and the world held nothing for him beyond his discovery; but Timothy, resenting the other's operations with the trowel, dashed his enthusiasm sharply and brought him back to earth.

"Let that bide. What be doin' delving theer?" he asked.

"Oh, you're the farmer? I thought you'd never hear me. A wonderful bit of news for you, my man; I've made a most gratifying discovery; it's rare good fortune and at your very gates."

"Fortune at *my* gates? Wheer? I ain't heard nort of it."

"And yet your eyes must have rested upon it often enough; but probably you can't see quite so far into a piece of granite as I can. D'you observe this right hand gate-post?"

"Not bein' blind, I do."

"Man alive, it's no gate-post at all. I have been privileged to make the most interesting and valuable discovery. In brief, the thing's an ancient cross—one of those few and priceless Christian relics of this district—a cross buried here head downwards by some godless soul who found its shape well suited to this low purpose."

"How do 'e know all this, if I may ax?"

"By experience and by an eye as skilled in reading stone as yours is, doubtless, skilled in reading sheep and oxen and the crops you raise. See here; try and follow me; observe these faint grooves down the sides of the cross shaft. They are the remains of deep incisions. Note also the shape; it grows thinner towards the ground. What lies hidden we cannot say, but I pray the arms of it may still be at least indicated. You see at a glance that the base sticks into the air and can clearly discern where the grooves terminate. In any case my suspicions must be proved and the fragment unburied. Perhaps you will help me? I was proceeding to other remains upon Cosdon Beacon, but I have no thought for anything more to-day. Positively my impatience to begin is quite unphilosophic."

"As to diggin' it up," said Blanchard calmy, "you may be surprised to hear it, but I'll see you damned fust. I'm sick an' tired o' all this rot 'bout stones an' boulders an' hut rings and roundy-poundies an' sich like. Everybody screams if we lay a finger 'pon the moor nowadays. Because dead an' gone folk fashioned theer houses w' the granite is that any reason why us as lives here now shouldn't handle it?"

They've had theer use of it, now 'tis our turn. But you, an' such as you, as only comes 'pon the moor once in a month o' Sundays—in summer, when the plaace puts on a lying faace as though it didn't know weather an' winter—you an' such as you goes poking an' prying 'bout, destracting hard-worked sowls from byre an' plough-tail an' dragging 'em off to show 'e this stone an' that stone. As if it mattered. Who cares a curse for the ways o' the auld moor men, dead these hunderds an' hunderds o' years? An' now you'd pull up thicky gate-post to see if her be a cross or what not, an' leave me to go an' blast out another 'pon the moor where I can and when I can? Not me, I tell 'e; I've got plenty to do wi' my time if you ain't."

"Bless my soul! your attitude to remains, prehistoric and otherwise, is very remarkable, my friend—very. Surely, even in your opinion, the fact that we are dealing with a Christian cross alters the case? Take my word for it, we are. They are extremely rare in Devonshire, though common enough in Cornwall. As a member of the Church of England, you will hardly hesitate."

"Theer's no hesitation 'bout it. My gate-post stands wheer it does, cross or no cross. What's your blamed auld crosses to me? I'd as leave see 'em upsy down as any ways else. The granite 'll bide as a gate-post. 'Tis doin' some gude theer—more'n ever it did as a cross, I'll wager—if 'tis a cross."

"Your impiety pains me, friend," answered the antiquary mildly, "and I only hope you will live to see the error of your opinions. If I must apply to the Lord of the Manor, I must; but you will regret this."

Mr. Blanchard laughed. "He'm Sir Prior Poltack, Bart., an' lives to Gidleigh. They say he'm a hathiest, as doan't b'lieve in no God 'tall; an' he ban't none the less cheerful, an' well-to-do, an' well thought 'pon, neither. Go an' ax en, an' see what 'e sez. I lay you'll have to whistle!"

"You are really a deplorable person," answered Mr. Hoddlin, wiping his glasses. "But delay is quite undesirable in this case. I would not for the world have myself robbed of this discovery by some other investigator. You indicate the possibility of difficulties with the Lord of the Manor. I will take your word for it. Let us understand one another, then, and abandon sentiment—you and I. Now, you are doubtless in a wordly position where a little windfall may be a consideration. Come, I will give you a sovereign for this gate-post, now on the spot, if you will help me to dig it up."

But such an allusion to his self-evident poverty stung Timothy to rage, and he ended the interview promptly.

"You can go to blue, blazing hell for granite crosses, but doan't 'e ax me again! If the stone was gawld, I'd not have en moved now. 'Tis mine, and it bides as 'tis. Who be you to offer me a sovereign, as if I was a beggar man?"

"You'll be sorry for this decision."

"Not more'n you'll be if you dares to lay a finger 'pon my property!"

"Very well, very well; we shall see who is the stronger," said the antiquary, losing a little of his temper at last under the exceptional provocation. "You poor, profane soul! I am sorry—honestly sorry for you. A frame of mind at once so benighted and malignant was hardly to have been expected even here. But don't imagine that your stupidity is going to stand between the world and this important discovery of mine, because it isn't!"

"Go your ways, an' find out whether a man's gate-post be his own, or at the mercy of the fust busybody as axes en for't!" answered Blanchard; and as Mr. Hoddlin withdrew without further retort, he shouted after him:—"Just lay a finger 'pon it, that's all—you or any other poking, prying pelican!"

While Timothy ate his breakfast in surly satisfaction after that morning's experience, the defeated antiquary returned to Chagford. There he was at that time stopping with his younger brother, a muscular Christian, who cared nothing for old stones, and whose time was spent in peel-fishing when dusk settled on the moorland valleys, and in shooting over the turnips of a friend by day. George Hoddlin heard of his brother's adventure with the utmost indignation, and immediately proposed active and aggressive operations.

"Might is right in a case like this," he declared. "We'll get a fellow or two from the village, and go up by night and jolly well take the cross."

His brother found it easy to justify such high-handed action under the circumstances, and four nights later three labourers, the antiquary, and the sportsman climbed out of Chagford at dusk. They took a low cart, of the sort used for conveying beasts, and carried picks and crow-bars. All were sworn to secrecy, and George Hoddlin, regarding the

relic as already won, almost regretted the evident tameness of the adventure which lay before them.

"We have merely to keep quiet, dig the thing up, and clear out," he said. "These people sleep like the dead, and I don't even anticipate the pleasure of a row with this surly brute of a farmer."

But the young man had his interview with Timothy Blanchard after all. As director of the proceedings, he had drawn the cart up upon the edge of the moor twenty yards from the gate of Newtake; he had then waited until a feeble glowworm of light left one farm window and reappeared in another above it. Soon the glimmer vanished altogether, and, after an additional half-hour of silence and inaction, the wooden gate was quietly unlatched from its support, and the precious stone attacked.

Three minutes afterwards Damaris Blanchard woke up with a start.

"Loramercy! what be the dog hollerin' at? He'll wake the bwoy," she said.

Blanchard woke and swore, then turned to sleep again; but the barking continued, so he presently left his bed and looked out of the window. A waning moon, not bargained for by those busy below, was just reddening the flank of Cosdon as it rose. Only a dim, vague light as yet pervaded the air, but it sufficed, and Blanchard saw shadows moving at his gate. The dog kept up an angry outcry, and from time to time, between the barking and growling, a thud and clink told where, he jumped wildly again and again to the limits of his chain.

"Baggered if theer bain't that damned chap arter the gate-post!" exclaimed Timothy; then, dragging on his trousers, and sticking the tail of his night-shirt inside them, he tumbled downstairs, and hastened out bootless through the farmyard in a very formidable passion.

Blanchard knew the three Chagford labourers now busy at his property, and, ignoring the antiquary and his brother, he first addressed one William Blee, under-gardener to a local magnate who was at once Squire and Vicar of the village.

"What be these blarsted hookem-snivey dealin's?" he thundered out. "What's the meanin' o' this, Billy Blee, that you'm puttin' pick to my gate-post by night?"

Billy's round eyes flashed in the lantern-light. He had a small yellow beard, and a narrow brow all wrinkled—not with thought, but as the ape's.

"Well, you see, Maister Blanchard, 'tis a righteous Christian stone,

an' 'ted'n gude that any sich thing should bide head down'ard for all time now this here larned gen'leman's discovered of it."

"Dig an inch deeper, an' I'll show 'e what's gude an' what bain't! How do 'e dare to come agin a neighbour's property—you an' them two gabies? Do 'e think I care one iotum for larned men? Right's right, an' stealin's stealin', larned or no; an' I be gwaine to do what I've a mind to with my awn. Why doan't 'e come an' take my heifers an' bullocks—eh? A nice bobbery, this! Damned thieves, the lot of 'e!"

"Doan't 'e cock your nose so high, farmer!" said a second labourer. "'Tis very onhandsome of 'e to talk 'fore gentlefolks like this here."

"Law's law, Jan Bassett, so you can shut *your* mouth, an' shoulder your pick an' go home-long to your bed!"

"Why, theer 'tis," declared Billy Blee, who was known to possess nice talent in argument; "theer 'tis in a nutshell. Law's law, Blanchard, as you do say, an' a man's gate-post be his awn property for sartain, whether her's a sainted cross o' the Lard sticked in the airth upsy-down by mischance, or nort but a common bit o' granite."

"All the same, he'm out o' bias to stiffen his back when the gen'leman sez 'tis holy stone," said Bassett.

"An' so he is, my son," admitted Blee. "'Tis an awful thing every ways, an' he'll larn it some day. 'E did ought to be gay an' proud wi' sich a relic 'pon Newtake, an' I'll lay it's brot en braave fortune unbeknawnst. But if he leaves it wheer 'tis, theer'll be hell to pay, sure's eggs is eggs an' winter's winter! Thicky cross'll turn upon 'e an' bring 'e dirt low, Tim Blanchard, if so be 'e do leave it wheer 'tis. now you know better."

Tim laughed and showed no fear at the prophecy.

"Be at's 'twill, you doan't lay a hand 'pon my gate-post, so now.. 'Tis like you church-gwaine folks, Bill Blee, as creeps to prayers in fair weather, wi' your eye 'pon blankets an' rich folks scraps, come foul. Damn the cross an' every man-jack of 'e as crawled out to take en whiles I slept! You'm no better'n house-breakers, an' I'll put p'liceman 'pon 'e if theer's a word more said."

Finding his own kind prevailed not with the farmer, George Hoddlin tried argument; but he struck the wrong note from the start, and, just as his brother had done before him, offered a bribe.

"You silly fool," he said, "which is most good to you, a gate-post or five pounds? Here, take this note, and make an end of your tom-

foolery, and go to bed. Say we may dig up this stone now we are here, and the 'fiver's' yours."

He held out the money and Blanchard looked at it, and sneered.

"Money," he said; "you reckon 'tis the way to every man's 'yes' and 'thank 'e kindly' of course—judging the likes o' me by the likes o' yourself. I'd sell my body an' bones cheerful for't, wouldn' I? Rabbit 'e, an' rot 'e, I'd rather let 'e 'ave my flayed skin fust! Go back; go back to Lunnon wheer I lay you comed from, an' tell 'em theer you seed a shaw down 'upon Dartymoor—a man as wouldn't let 'e have a baggared auld gate-stone for fi' puns o' money. But they wouldn't b'lieve 'e."

"No," answered the other hotly, "they'd never think that even a hedge-cutting clown, who lives in a wilderness, could be such a fool."

"Aye, aye; an' tell 'em how you tried to larn the clown manners tu! Tell 'em how you thought it a pleasant, civil thing to steal another's gudes whiles he slep, 'cause 'e was awnly a moor-man. An' tell 'em what 'e said to 'e and what 'e thinks of 'e, you dirty night-birds—that'll amuse 'em, I doubt!"

"It is evidently quite idle to argue with this person," said the disappointed antiquary. "We had better go. We will see what authorities can control him."

"Well, you'm fine an' mistook, Tim Blanchard," declared Billy Blee, repeating his prophecy. "A cross is a cross; an' now you knaws what 'tis, you'm doin' a mighty ill deed, leavin' it to latch a gate an' keep in cows."

"Tell that drivel to passon, an' get along with 'e, 'fore I loose the dog!"

"Crooked words won't help 'e, farmer; you mark me; theer'll come a reckoning, so sure's we'm in a Christian land."

"Let it come; an' theer'll happen trouble for you likewis if 'ee doan't get gone out o' this!"

Blanchard watched the discomfited band mount into their cart and drive away; then he fetched his sheep dog, chained it to the gate-post in dispute and returned to bed.

His wife heard an account of the scene with mingled feelings.

"Why for did 'e ballyrag 'em like that?" she asked. "Five pounds! An' no man knaws how hard to come by better'n you, I should think."

"Shut your mouth, an' let me tend my awn business my awn way," he said roughly, getting back to bed; but Damaris was roused.

"You'm a know-nort gert fule," she said, "an' so full of silly pride as a turkey-cock."

Then he answered, and Timmy awoke to cry, and the household scarce slumbered again before dawn.

Meanwhile, without, the dog too awoke. Every whisper of the wind made him growl, and, as he changed his stand-point, the chain that held him clinked and grated round the holy granite.

The irreligious baronet, who owned Newtake, being just then out of England, and no Dartmoor Preservation Society existing in those days to demand the desecrated cross, Mr. Hoddlin found himself powerless for the time. So there the matter rested, and Blanchard had doubtless suffered the incident to grow dim in memory, but for circumstances now pressing upon him. That far-away thread-spinner found the three grey lives slipping too easily, too comfortably forward, and set herself to add a knot or two and tie one little tangle which her sister's shears alone might sever.

Adverse conditions of weather brought like misery and anxiety upon a hundred moor-men besides Timothy Blanchard, but the widespread nature of the trouble by no means lessened his own immediate anxiety. A summer of unusual dryness sank to its close unblessed save by the holiday makers. Hay had been bad, and the aftermath little richer; corn was scarce and poor, the straw very short; while roots were practically starved, and the heavy rains of October and November came too late to save them. Thus the season was responsible for one blessing only: a rare store of turf from the peat beds. Great fires roared in the black chimney of Newtake, but the pot that hung above them held poor fare, and, as a hard winter closed in slowly on the moors, Tim's year's savings dwindled fast in his leather bag. Spring grew, no vision to welcome but, a hungry spectre to dread.

Then came a greater ill: on New Year's Day Tim Blanchard fell upon the ice and broke his leg. The injury was as trifling as such a mishap well could be, but it meant many visits from Doctor Parsons, of Chagford, and not a few weeks of enforced idleness. Meantime the farmer was daily racked between the problem of how to keep his beasts alive and the alternative of selling all at ruinous loss.

A great frost won upon the world by night; week after week the sun showed his fiery face over hogged-back Cosdon, gazed upon the dead wilderness of heather, the tors, the frozen waters, and the quaking mosses that never froze, then vanished; and long star-lit intervals

dragged wearily out with never a sound but the strange, subdued hum and tinkle of busy frost, or the cry of a lone fox, hungry and cold in the woods far below. Dartmoor slept that winter as a giant under coverlet of granite and ice ; no sheep-bell made music ; no flock roamed free. Only the wind wailed in the multitudinous dead bells of the heather ; only the hawk perched on the stone peaks with feathers blown awry ; only the shaggy pony stamped and snorted under the lee of the tors — stamped and snorted and thrust his smoking muzzle into sheltered corners for the withered green stuff which kept life in him. As for the little snow which fell, it did not melt, but shone and glittered in the scant red sunshine, powdered under hoof and wheel.

Newtake squatted like an unlovely toad upon this scene. Its crofts were bare, its solitary beech tree was naked, save for auburn concourse of rustling leaves upon one lowermost bough. Suffering almost animate looked out of the windows ; the hungry cattle lowed ceaselessly between their scanty meals, a steam went up from the huddled red hides in the byre, and froze on the roof of it. Fowls, spangled and black, scratched the frozen ground from habit, but crept spiritless with puffed feathers about the yard, and collected clucking in their roosts the moment the sun hid behind the moor. Every cart-rut was full of thin white ice that cracked drily and split like glass when broken ; the rain barrel had frozen two feet thick, and the swollen ice stuck up over the edge of it. Life suffered for the most part in silence ; the farm itself complained with many a creak and groan in the night watches, when the frost bit old timbers and dry mortar, and poked steel fingers even into brick and stone. Only the hut-circles, deeply bedded in Blanchard's croft, laughed at it, as the iron-hard men who dwelt within them had maybe laughed three thousand years before, when the pyramids were yet young and the stars shone down in an order different from the present. They had changed in the progress of their solemn journeys, but Dartmoor's face remained unaltered. Man fretted it here and there ; scratched its surface, and dropped a little sweat and blood ; but mansion and pigstye and grave, each disappeared in the progress of brief years, and granite was the only material in which any human story had been scribbled to endure. Tudor manor-houses have vanished like the cloud palaces of a dream ; fern and furze have hidden the robbed kistvaen and recumbent cross ; many waters have washed, and still wash, away the marks of the mining generations who streamed for tin ; only the menhir, which was ancient before Roman galleys touched a British beach, only the

monolith, marking a stone man's grave, yet stand. And he, to whose savage memory the granite was raised, trod such heather and saw the same outlines of enfolding hills as we tread and see to-day. Here Nature may work what experiments she will, may probe to the heart of things, and obey the laws of the Everlasting with no let from the pigmies : here a man shall find the immutable, and see a picture of himself in the gold-eyed ephemera of summer, which dance above the burn at dawn, and in the twilight gather up their gauze wings and perish.

Lighted only by the bright spectacle of little Timmy in his red winter coat, Blanchard and his wife struggled along their hard road, and daily debated the utmost possibility of every penny drawn from the leather bag. For six weeks Tim growled and swore upon his back. Then he was suffered to rise and limp about with the aid of a stick. Damaris, meantime, fought life bravely, and counted nothing hard, while Timmy could laugh and grow and put his fat cheek against her thin one. Her shoulders might be cold, but thick wool clung to his little body ; her stomach might be nearly empty, his bread and milk never failed. To the woman her maternal right in this child seemed reward sufficient for starving and all the other woes life crowded upon her during that winter. Her consistent cheerfulness and courage resulted from this conviction. She had no religion worth naming save Timmy ; but she daily prayed—in a vague mist of words to a God somewhere behind the sun—for her child's prosperity. Upon the whole, this steadfast temper of Damaris irritated her husband worse than despair and repining had done. He loved Timmy, too, but his love was bitter in the mouth, for he never expected to have any of it returned. A father's affection cannot do worship and service at baby shrines eternally ; he looks ahead ; and that Timmy would some day curse Timothy for getting him was Blanchard's dismal but sure conviction.

In late February the thaw came at last : the freed waters roared down the valleys with hoarse laughter, and the quaking bogs shivered as though beneath them vast monsters turned in sleep or writhed in agony. Over the hills there crowded down a close mantle of grey cloud. Every tor of any altitude vanished for long days beneath it ; and the leaden thing stretched a million hands through the weald and waste to the valley beneath, until all the land dripped like a sponge, and long pools, ash-coloured in the brief grey daylight,

stretched in rut and cup even to the highest tablelands of the moor. Water-floods tumbled and thundered from the hills; while under every crocketed church tower, men humbly prayed for change and fair weather, ere the time returned for sowing of grain.

And Timmy, rejoicing after the long frost in those pleasures incidental to the making of dirt pies, sat, unknown to his mother, in varied moisture, which loosed a cold upon him.

"Just a bit o' a tissick 'pon the chest," said his father, after the child had ailed two days. "He'll be better come to-morrow if you keeps en in by the fire."

But that night poor Timmy grew worse, and, after daylight had gone, fear came upon his mother under the darkness, and Timothy felt there was nothing for it but to hasten for the doctor. Damaris offered to go, knowing that his leg could ill stand such a strain, but her husband had rather have suffered any personal pang than be left alone with the child, so he set off, and when half-an-hour later, under the blank gloom of a rainy midnight, he roused the medical man, Doctor Parsons swore at him for a fool.

"You don't deserve to have two legs," he grumbled out of his window. "What's the good of my performing a miraculous cure and then your getting on a horse and galloping down steep hills in the dark? You ——"

There Blanchard cut him short, and Doctor Parsons, tumbling into his clothes with celerity bred of long practice, was soon riding back with the farmer to Newtake.

"You'm better mounted than what I am: so hurry, for God's sake. His mother's like a daft wumman," explained Timothy, and the other obeyed.

Presently it was found that the child suffered from congestion of the lungs, and Doctor Parsons, according to his custom, gave up all hope at once, and told them bluntly that the combined genius of the College of Physicians must be vain to save. But when Damaris fainted, which she did instantly upon hearing this decision, the doctor, after restoring her, declared himself too little sanguine. He modified his first assertion, explained that the proverbial vitality of childhood must be allowed for, spoke in fact more encouragingly, and saw reason for a faint measure of hope. Every day he came to watch the progress of the case; and man and wife hung on the visits, shutting no eye for four nights from dawn to dawn. The shaggy dog

sneaked upstairs likewise, and stopped there—a thing curious in that he had never attempted to do so before; and the life of Newtake stood still, as far as life can, save in the sick room. Timmy's existence ebbed and flowed, gained a shadow of strength to-day and lost it to-morrow; sometimes for a brief space flattered hope, sometimes brought a wild shriek from the mother as, to her over-taxed and over-wrought attention, the child's life seemed to have finally flickered to its close.

Then, at the crisis, on a day when Doctor Parsons had come early, looked black, and promised to return again before nightfall, there arrived from Chagford the Vicar's under-gardener, Billy Blee. He entered, puffed with importance as the bringer of good things from the Vicar's wife; he came at a time when hope was dying in Damaris and dead in Tim; and, with uncouth phrase and a reminder lacking tact, he revived it both for mother and father. He gave the desperate, powerless man something to do with his brains and muscles; he offered the wild-eyed woman a drink from the fountain of Faith.

"Sure, the bwoy's awnly the rames* o' what her was," said Mr. Blee, looking at the little insensible child in its mother's arms. "I've brot 'e jelly and a braave bunch o' berries from passon's awn hothouse."

"Tu late, he'm dyin'," said Tim.

"Why, you'm aweared out both of 'e wi' night watchin'. I'll send my old wummon up long bime-bye."

"You needn't," said Blanchard. "Us can do the lil theer is to do."

Then Billy spoke his mind:—" 'Tis a awful thot for 'e, Tim Blanchard, as this evil's come along o' your awn wickedness, though this doan't 'zackly appear a likely time to say so."

The other glared at him, but Billy was too puny a person in body to fear rough handling, and for that reason allowed himself more than common freedom of speech at all times.

"Aye, you may glaze 'pon me, an' stick your savage eyes out your head, but that won't mend it. 'Twas only a bit ago I told en," he continued, turning to Mrs. Blanchard, "what was sartain sure to awvertake en so long as that cross was left in the airth upsy-down. He stood up afore the comp'ny that night an' damned the glory o' all Christian men. Ess fay, he did; an' the Lard's 'and's turned agin

* Rames = Skeleton.

en from that day forrard. He was snug an' vitty afore, then comed troubles a tumblin' 'pon each other's tails like apple-dranes out o' a nest. You can call 'em home without no help from me, I'll lay."

The grey eyes and the hard face of Damaris was lit with eagerness, anxiety, and some passion.

"The cross bringed this maze o' trouble on us?"

"Aye, Missis, what else? Any pure fule, let alone a man who knows like me, would tell 'e a cross left upsy-down must fetch seas an' oceans o' trouble. 'Tis common sense sure? Your man knawed o' that theer blessed relic planted in the airth backside up'ards, an' he wouldn't move it. Why, 'tis a challenge sticked up against God, 'tis a flouting o' the Everlasting to the very Faace of En! I wouldn't stand it myself, you mind, not if I was Him."

"Tim, do 'e hear Mister Blee?"

"Ess, I hear en. 'Tis tu late now."

"Not a bit," said Billy earnestly; "ban't never tu late to do a gude act. Us knows 'e for a man as'll stand to work, Farmer Blanchard, but you'm stiff-necked. As to this here job, the doin' of it may make all the differ'nce 'tween livin' an' dyin' to the lil bwoy, an' I, as be a Church o' England member from birth, tells 'e so."

"O, Tim, for God's love, Tim!"

"What should us do?"

The farmer turned from his wife and questioned Billy, but the wife answered.

"'Do'! Why, dig—dig as you never digged afore—dig the holy stone out the ground direckly minute! Now—now, Tim—'fore the lil flutterin' breath's gone from en! Lay bare the arms of the stone, man, drag 'em into the light o' day for God A'mighty to see 'fore 'tis tu late. Go! Doan't stand clackin', every moment's precious now."

"So like's not He'll forgive 'e if 'e do," argued Mr. Blee. "'Pears the Lard o' Hosts was a bit short in's temper wance 'pon a time wi' they gormed Israelites an' sich-like, an' lil blame to Him, I sez; but He's all for mercy now, 'cordin' to holy men o' these times, so you'd best to dig."

Blanchard's nature had its share of deep-seated superstition, planted by heredity. Any smaller concern than his own child's imminent end had failed to strike this hidden vein; but now it was probed; his habitual attitude of mind gave way; at heart he loved Timmy only less passionately than his mother loved him.

The woman's suffering rose to a frantic, half-hushed scream at the delay.

"O Christ, why for do 'e hold back? Ban't anythin' worth tryin' for him? I'd scratch the granite out wi' my raw, bleeding finger-bones if I could leave the bwoy. Go, if 'e doan't will to send me mad!"

"I'll help 'e," said Billy, "an' that lanky lad down theer in the pigs' house can lend a hand likewise. I be a cracked vessel for strength an' past most heavy work; but my best's yourn to call 'pon in such a case."

They left the sick room, Tim forgetting the stick he still walked with. Below he found a spade which served as a substitute, he also provided Billy and the boy in the yard with picks; then the three of them set to work.

Between the intervals of his toil Blanchard gazed hungrily at the little leaded window under the thatch. The farm faced south-west, and westerling sunshine lit this window now, making it bright. Tim, once set going, worked harder than the other two pairs of hands together, though both Mr. Blee and the boy did their best. There, three feet beneath the surface they found the cross and proved that Mr. Hoddlin had not erred.

This discovery greatly heartened Tim. He shouted gladly as though the issue was beyond doubt. He saw his wife at the window and waved to her and cried that the holy stone was uncovered.

"A poor thing in relics, sure enough," declared Billy, wiping his wet face and neck, "but a cross that's sartain the wance, though woeful out o' repair now."

They dragged it to the road, then Timothy, finding their united strength insufficient to place it in a farm cart, tore two planks out of a byre, linked the boards together, fastened the granite mass upon them and tethered a horse to the rough sledge. Then, with a last look at the window, he set quickly forth.

"Where be gwaine?" asked Mr. Blee.

"Bring your pick an' come along. Us ain't finished yet. I be minded to set en up 'pon the hillside. Then I'll have done all as a man can."

He pointed to the swelling bosom of Cosdon: where the cross yet stands in the position Tim Blanchard chose for it.

"Us'll put en under the sky, Bill. I caan't do no more'n that."

"Starve me, you'm right! Set en up under the A'mighty's eye, wheer the sun do make the peat to luke a'most as if 'twas red hot.

'Twill sarve—mark my words—'twill sarve to quench the anger o' the Lard agin 'e."

They toiled amain and the cross stood erect upon the hillside, ere the last of the after-glow, like a ghost of the vanished sunset, trembled on the fringes of gathering gloom.

"Gude speed to 'e, Tim!" cried Billy, as the father limped off homeward when the task was ended. It was still light. Hope rose a jubilant giant in the man, for his physical labour had cleaned his mind. He mumbled a prayer to himself; he debated the possibility of becoming a Church member in the future; he accepted the extreme probability of a Personal God, at that moment active on his behalf.

Then he hurried through the gate, swinging free with its holy support gone for ever, and somewhere in the house he heard his sheep-dog howl mighty strangely. He stopped, drew breath, and looked up at the little window under the thatch. A square of thin white blind had been dragged down over it, but behind the blind there was no light.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

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THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS"

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

I.

MR. BAKER, chief mate of the ship *Narcissus*, stepped in one stride out of his lighted cabin into the darkness of the quarter-deck. Above his head, on the break of the poop, the night-watchman rang a double stroke. It was nine o'clock. Mr. Baker, speaking up to the man above him, asked :—"Are all the hands aboard, Knowles?"

The man limped down the ladder, then said deliberately :—

"I think so, sir. All our old chaps are there, and a lot of new men has come. . . . They must be all there."

"Tell the boatswain to send all hands aft," went on Mr. Baker ; "and tell one of the youngsters to bring a good lamp here. I want to muster our crowd."

The main deck was dark aft, but half-way from forward, through the open doors of the forecastle, two streaks of brilliant light cut the shadow of the quiet night that lay upon the ship. A hum of voices was heard there, while port and starboard, in the illuminated doorways, silhouettes of moving men appeared for a moment, very black, without relief, like figures cut out of sheet tin. The ship was ready for sea. The carpenter had driven in the last wedge of the main-hatch battens, and, throwing down his maul, had wiped his face with great deliberation, just on the stroke of five. The decks had been swept, the windlass oiled and made ready to heave up the anchor ; the big tow-rope lay in long bights along one side of the main deck, with one end carried up and hung over the bows, in readiness for the tug that would come

paddling and hissing noisily, hot and smoky, in the limpid, cool quietness of the early morning. The captain was ashore, where he had been engaging some new hands to make up his full crew; and, the work of the day over, the ship's officers had kept out of the way, glad of a little breathing-time. Soon after dark, the few liberty-men and the new hands began to arrive in shore-boats rowed by white-clad Asiatics, who clamoured fiercely for payment before coming alongside the gangway-ladder. The feverish and shrill babble of Eastern language struggled against the masterful tones of tipsy seamen, who argued against brazen claims and dishonest hopes by profane shouts. The resplendent and bestarred peace of the East was torn into squalid tatters by howls of rage and shrieks of lament raised over sums ranging from five annas to half a rupee; and every soul afloat in Bombay Harbour became aware that the new hands were joining the *Narcissus*.

Gradually the distracting noise had subsided. The boats came no longer in splashing clusters of three or four together, but dropped alongside singly, in a subdued buzz of expostulation cut short by a "Not a pice more! You go to the devil!" from some man staggering up the accommodation-ladder—a dark figure, with a long bag poised on the shoulder. In the forecastle the newcomers, upright and swaying amongst corded boxes and bundles of bedding, made friends with the old hands, who sat one above another in the two tiers of bunks, gazing at their future shipmates with glances critical but friendly. The two forecastle lamps were turned up high, and shed an intense hard glare; shore-going hard hats were pushed far on the backs of heads, or rolled about on the deck amongst the chain-cables; white collars, undone stuck out on each side of red faces; big arms in white sleeves gesticulated; the growling voices hummed steady amongst bursts of laughter and hoarse calls. "Here, sonny, take that bunk! . . . Don't you do it! . . . What's your last ship? . . . I know her. . . . Three years ago, in Puget Sound. . . . This here berth leaks, I tell you! . . . Come on; give us a chance to swing that chest! . . . Did you bring a bottle, any of you shore toffs? . . . Give us a bit of 'baccy. . . . I know her; her skipper drank himself to death. . . . He was a dandy boy! . . . Liked his lotion inside, he did! . . . No! . . . Hold your row, you chaps! . . . I tell you, you came on board a hooker, where they get their money's worth out of poor Jack, by —! . . ."

A little fellow, called Craik and nicknamed Belfast, abused the ship violently, romancing on principle, just to give the new hands something

to think over. Archie, sitting aslant on his sea-chest, kept his knees out of the way, and pushed the needle steadily through a white patch in a pair of blue trousers. Men in black jackets and stand-up collars, mixed with men bare-footed, bare-armed, with coloured shirts open on hairy chests, pushed against one another in the middle of the fore-castle. The group swayed, reeled, turning upon itself with the motion of a scrimmage, in a haze of tobacco-smoke. All were speaking together, swearing at every second word. A Russian Finn, wearing a yellow shirt with pink stripes, stared upwards, dreamy-eyed, from under a mop of tumbled hair. Two young giants with smooth, baby faces—two Scandinavians—helped each other to spread their bedding, silent, and smiling placidly at the tempest of good-humoured and meaningless curses. Old Singleton, the oldest able seaman in the ship, sat apart on the deck right under the lamps, stripped to the waist, tattooed like a cannibal chief all over his powerful chest and enormous biceps. Between the blue and red patterns his white skin gleamed like satin; his bare back was propped against the heel of the bowsprit, and he held a book at arm's length before his big, sunburnt face. With his spectacles and a venerable white beard, he resembled a learned and savage patriarch, the incarnation of barbarian wisdom serene in the blasphemous turmoil of the world. He was intensely absorbed, and, as he turned the pages an expression of grave surprise would pass over his rugged features. He was reading *Pelham*. The popularity of Bulwer Lytton in the fore-castles of Southern-going ships is a wonderful and bizarre phenomenon. What ideas do his polished and so curiously insincere sentences awaken in the simple minds of the big children who people those dark and wandering places of the earth? What meaning their rough, inexperienced souls can find in the elegant verbiage of his pages? What excitement?—what forgetfulness?—what appeasement? Mystery! Is it the fascination of the incomprehensible?—is it the charm of the impossible? Or are those beings who exist beyond the pale of life stirred by his tales as by an enigmatical disclosure of a resplendent world that exists within the frontier of infamy and filth, within that border of dirt and hunger, of misery and dissipation, that comes down on all sides to the water's edge of the incorruptible ocean, and is the only thing they know of life, the only thing they see of surrounding land—those life-long prisoners of the sea? Mystery!

Singleton, who had sailed to the southward since the age of twelve, who in the last forty-five years had lived (as we had calculated from

his papers) no more than forty months ashore,—old Singleton, who boasted, with the mild composure of long years well spent, that generally from the day he was paid off from one ship till the day he shipped in another he seldom was in a condition to distinguish daylight,—old Singleton sat unmoved in the clash of voices and cries, spelling through *Pelham* with slow labour, and lost in an absorption profound enough to resemble a trance. He breathed regularly. Every time he turned the book in his enormous and blackened hands the muscles of his big white arms rolled slightly under the smooth skin. Hidden by the white moustache, his lips, stained with tobacco-juice that trickled down the long beard, moved in inward whisper. His bleared eyes gazed fixedly from behind the glitter of black-rimmed glasses. Opposite to him, and on a level with his face, the ship's cat sat on the barrel of the windlass in the pose of a crouching chimera, blinking its green eyes at its old friend. It seemed to meditate a leap on to the old man's lap over the bent back of the ordinary seaman who sat at Singleton's feet. Young Charley was lean and long-necked. The ridge of his backbone made a chain of small hills under the old shirt. His face of a street-boy—a face precocious, sagacious, and ironic, with deep downward folds on each side of the thin, wide mouth—hung low over his bony knees. He was learning to make a lanyard knot with a bit of an old rope. Small drops of perspiration stood out on his bulging forehead; he sniffed strongly from time to time, glancing out of the corners of his restless eyes at the old seaman, who took no notice of the puzzled youngster muttering at his work.

The noise increased. Little Belfast seemed, in the heavy heat of the fore-castle, to boil with facetious fury. His eyes danced; in the crimson of his face, comical as a mask, the mouth yawned black, with strange grimaces. Facing him, a half-undressed man held his sides, and, throwing his head back, laughed with wet eyelashes. Others stared with amazed eyes. Men sitting doubled up in the upper bunks smoked short pipes, swinging bare brown feet above the heads of those who, sprawling below on sea-chests, listened, smiling stupidly or scornfully. Over the white rims of berths stuck out heads with blinking eyes; but the bodies were lost in the gloom of those places, that resembled narrow niches for coffins in a whitewashed and lighted mortuary. Voices buzzed louder. Archie, with compressed lips, drew himself in, seemed to shrink into a smaller space, and sewed steadily, industrious and dumb. Belfast shrieked like an inspired Dervish:—

" . . . So I seez to him, boys, seez I, 'Beggin' yer pardon, sorr,' seez I to that second mate of that steamer—'beggin' your-r-r pardon, sorr, the Board of Trade must 'ave been drunk when they granted you your certificate!' 'What do you say, you ——!' seez he, comin' at me like a mad bull . . . all in his white clothes; and I up with my tar-pot and capsizes it all over his blamed lovely face and his lovely jacket. . . . 'Take that!' seez I. 'I am a sailor, anyhow, you nosing, skipper-licking, useless, sooperfloos bridge-stanchion, you!' 'That's the kind of man I am!' shouts I. . . . You should have seed him skip, boys! Drowned, blind with tar, he was! So . . ."

"Don't 'ee believe him! He never upset no tar; I was there!" shouted somebody. The two Norwegians sat on a chest side by side, alike and placid, resembling a pair of love-birds on a perch, and with round eyes stared innocently; but the Russian Finn, in the racket of explosive shouts and rolling laughter, remained motionless, limp, and dull, like a deaf man without a backbone. Near him Archie smiled at his needle. A broad-chested, slow-eyed newcomer spoke deliberately to Belfast during an exhausted lull in the noise:—"I wonder any of the mates here are alive yet with such a chap as you on board! I conclooder they ain't that bad now, if you had the taming of them, sonny."

"Not bad! Not bad!" screamed Belfast. "If it wasn't for us sticking together. . . . Not bad! They ain't never bad when they ain't got a chawnce, blast their black 'arts. . . ." He foamed, whirling his arms, then suddenly grinned and, taking a tablet of black tobacco out of his pocket, bit a piece off with a funny show of ferocity. Another new hand—a man with shifty eyes and a yellow hatchet face, who had been listening open-mouthed in the shadow of the midship locker—observed in a squeaky voice:—"Well, it's a 'omeward trip, anyhow. Bad or good I can do it hall on my 'ed—s'long as I get 'ome. And I can look after my rights! I will show 'em!" All the heads turned towards him. Only the ordinary seaman and the cat took no notice. He stood with arms akimbo, a little fellow with white eyelashes. He looked as if he had known all the degradations and all the furies. He looked as if he had been cuffed, kicked, rolled in the mud; he looked as if he had been scratched, spat upon, pelted with unmentionable filth . . . and he smiled with a sense of security at the faces around. His ears were bending down under the weight of his battered hard hat. The torn tails of his black coat flapped in fringes about the calves of his legs.

He unbuttoned the only two buttons that remained and every one saw he had no shirt under it. It was his deserved misfortune that those rags which nobody could possibly be supposed to own looked on him as if they had been stolen. His neck was long and thin ; his eyelids were red ; rare hairs hung about his jaws ; his shoulders were peaked and drooped like the broken wings of a bird ; all his left side was caked with mud which showed that he had lately slept in a wet ditch. He had saved his inefficient carcass from violent destruction by running away from an American ship where, in a moment of forgetful folly, he had dared to engage himself ; and he had knocked about for a fortnight ashore in the native quarter, cadging for drinks, starving, sleeping on rubbish heaps, wandering in sunshine : a startling visitor from a world of nightmares. He stood repulsive and smiling in the sudden silence. This clean white forecastle was his refuge ; the place where he could be lazy ; where he could wallow, and lie, and eat—and curse the food he ate ; where he could display his talents for shirking work, for cheating, for cadging ; where he could find surely some one to wheedle and some one to bully—and where he would be paid for doing all this. They all knew him. Is there a spot on earth where such a man is unknown, an ominous survival testifying to the eternal fitness of lies and impudence ? A taciturn long-armed shell back, with hooked fingers, who had been lying on his back smoking, turned in his bed to examine his dispassionately, then, over his head, sent a long jet of clear saliva towards the door. They all knew him ! He was the man that cannot steer, that cannot splice, that dodges the work on dark nights ; that, aloft, holds on frantically with both arms and legs, and swears at the wind, the sleet, the darkness ; the man who curses the sea while others work. The man who is the last out and the first in when all hands are called. The man who can't do most things and won't do the rest. The pet of philanthropists and self-seeking landlubbers. The sympathetic and deserving creature that knows all about his rights, but knows nothing of courage, of endurance, and of the unexpressed faith, of the unspoken loyalty that knits together a ship's company. The independent offspring of the ignoble freedom of the slums full of disdain and hate for the austere servitude of the sea.

Some one cried at him :—"What's your name ?" "Donkin," he said, looking round with cheerful effrontery. "What are you ?" asked another voice. "Why, a sailor like you, old man," he replied, in a tone that meant to be hearty but was impudent. "Blamme if you don't

look a dam sight worse than a broken-down fireman," was the comment, in a convinced mutter. Charley lifted his head and piped in a cheeky voice:—"He is a man and a sailor"—then wiping his nose with the back of his hand bent down industriously over his bit of rope. A few laughed. Others stared doubtfully. The ragged newcomer was indignant. "That's a fine way to welcome a chap into a foc'sle," he snarled. "Are you men or a lot of 'artless cannybals." "Don't take your shirt off for a word, shipmate," called out Belfast, jumping up in front, fiery, menacing, and friendly at the same time. "Is that 'ere bloke blind?" asked the indomitable scarecrow, looking right and left with affected surprise. "Can't 'ee see I 'aven't got no shirt?"

He held both his arms out crosswise and shook the rags that hung over his bones with dramatic effect.

"'Cos why?" he continued very loud. "The bloody Yankees been tryin' to jump my guts hout 'cos I stood hup for my rights like a good 'un. I ham a Henglishman, I ham. They set upon me an' I 'ad to run. That's why. A'n't yer never seed a man 'ard hup? Yah! What kind of blamed ship is this? I'm dead broke. I 'aven't got nothink. No bag, no bed, no blanket, no shirt—not a bloomin' rag but what I stand in. But I 'ad the 'art to stand hup agin' them Yankees. 'As any of you 'art enough to spare a pair of old pants for a chum?"

He knew how to conquer the naïve instincts of that crowd. In a moment they gave him their compassion, jocularly, contemptuously, or surlily; and at first it took the shape of a blanket thrown at him as he stood there with the white skin of his limbs showing his human kinship through the black phantasy of his rags. Then a pair of old shoes fell at his muddy feet. With a cry:—"From under," a rolled up pair of trousers, heavy with tar stains, struck him on the shoulder. The gust of their benevolence sent a wave of sentimental pity through their doubting hearts. They were touched by their own readiness to alleviate a shipmate's misery. Voices cried:—"We will fit you out, old man." Murmurs:—"Never seed seech a hard case. . . . Poor beggar. . . . I've got an old singlet. . . . Will that be of any use to you? . . . Take it, matey. . . ." Those friendly murmurs filled the forecastle. He pawed around with his naked foot, gathering the things in a heap, and looked about for more. Unemotional Archie perfunctorily contributed to the pile an old cloth cap with the peak torn off. Old Singleton, lost in the serene regions of fiction, read on unheeding. Charley, pitiless with the wisdom of youth, squeaked:—"If you want

brass buttons for your new unyforms I've got two for you." The filthy object of universal charity shook his fist at the youngster. "I'll make you keep this 'ere foc'sle clean, young feller," he snarled viciously. "Never you fear. I will learn you to be civil to an able seaman, you hignorant hass." He glared harmfully, but saw Singleton shut his book, and his little beady eyes began to roam from berth to berth. "Take that bunk by the door there—it's pretty fair," suggested Belfast. So advised, he gathered the gifts at his feet, pressed them in a bundle against his breast, then looked cautiously at the Russian Finn, who stood on one side with an unconscious gaze, contemplating, perhaps, one of those weird visions that haunt the men of his race. "Get out of my road, Dutchy," said the victim of Yankee brutality. The Finn did not move—did not hear. "Get out, blast ye," shouted the other, shoving him aside with his elbow. "Get out, you blanked deaf and dumb fool. Get out." The man staggered, recovered himself, and gazed at the speaker in silence. "Those damned furriners should be kept hunder," opined the amiable Donkin to the forecandle. "If you don't teach 'em their place they put on you like hanythink." He flung all his worldly possessions into the empty bed-place, gauged with another shrewd look the risks of the proceeding, then leaped up to the Finn, who stood pensive and dull. "I'll teach you to swell around," he yelled. "I'll plug your eyes for you, you blooming square-head." Most of the men were now in their bunks and the two had the forecandle clear to themselves. The development of the destitute Donkin aroused interest. He danced all in tatters before the amazed Finn, squaring from a distance at the heavy, unmoved face. One or two men cried encouragingly, "Go it, Whitechapel!" settling themselves luxuriously in their beds to survey the fight. Others shouted, "Shut yer row! . . . Go an' put yer 'ed in a bag! . . ." The hubbub was recommencing. Suddenly many heavy blows struck with a handspike on the deck above boomed like discharges of small cannon through the forecandle. Then the boatswain's voice rose outside the door with an authoritative note in its drawl:—"D'ye hear, below there? Lay aft! Lay aft to muster all hands!"

There was a moment of surprised stillness. Then the forecandle floor disappeared under men whose bare feet flopped on the planks as they sprang clear out of their berths. Caps were rooted for amongst tumbled blankets. Some, yawning, buttoned waistbands. Half-smoked pipes were knocked hurriedly against woodwork and stuffed under

pillows. Voices growled :—"What's up. . . . Is there no rest for us?" Donkin yelled:—"If that's the way of this ship we'll 'ave to change hall that. . . . You leave me alone. . . . I will soon. . . ." None of the crowd noticed him. They were lurching in twos and threes through the doors, after the manner of merchant Jacks who cannot go out of a door fairly, like mere landsmen. The votary of change followed them. Singleton, struggling into his jacket, came last, tall and fatherly, bearing high his head of a weatherbeaten sage on the body of an old athlete. Only Charley remained alone in the white glare of the empty place, sitting between the two rows of iron links that stretched into the narrow gloom forward. He pulled hard at the strands in a hurried endeavour to finish his knot. Suddenly he started up, flung the rope at the cat, and skipped after the black tom that went off leaping sedately over chain compressors, with the tail carried up stiff and upright, like a small flag pole.

Outside the glare of the steaming fore-castle the serene purity of the night enveloped the seamen with its soothing breath, with its tepid breath flowing under the stars that hung countless above the mastheads in a thin cloud of luminous dust. On the town side the blackness of the water was streaked with trails of light which undulated gently on slight ripples, similar to filaments that float rooted to the shore. Rows of other lights stood away in straight lines as if drawn up on parade between towering buildings; but on the other side of the harbour sombre hills arched high their black spines on which, here and there, the point of a star resembled a spark fallen from the sky. Far off, Byculla way, the electric lamps at the dock gates shone on the end of lofty standards with a glow blinding and frigid like captive ghosts of some evil moons. Scattered all over the dark polish of the roadstead, the ships at anchor floated in perfect stillness under the feeble gleam of their riding lights, looming up, opaque and bulky, like strange and monumental structures abandoned by men to an everlasting repose.

Before the cabin door Mr. Baker was mustering the crew. As they stumbled and lurched along past the mainmast, they could see aft his round, broad face with a white paper before it, and beside his shoulder the sleepy head, with dropped eyelids, of the boy, who held, suspended at the end of his raised arm, the luminous globe of a lamp. Even before the shuffle of naked soles had ceased along the decks, the mate began to call over the names. He called distinctly in a serious tone befitting this roll-call to unquiet loneliness, to inglorious and obscure

struggle, or to the more trying endurance of small privations and wearisome duties. As the chief mate read out a name, one of the men would answer: "Yes, sir!" or "Here!" and, detaching himself from the shadowy mob of heads visible above the blackness of starboard bulwarks, would step barefooted into the circle of light, and in two noiseless strides pass into the shadows on the port side of the quarter-deck. They answered in divers tones: in thick mutters, in clear, ringing voices, and some, as if the whole thing had been an outrage on their feelings, used an injured intonation; for discipline is not ceremonious in merchant ships, where the sense of hierarchy is weak, and where all feel themselves equal before the unconcerned immensity of the sea and the exacting appeal of the work.

Mr. Baker read on steadily:—"Hanssen—Campbell—Smith—Wamibo. Now, then, Wamibo. Why don't you answer? Always got to call your name twice." The Finn emitted at last an uncouth grunt, and, stepping out, passed through the patch of light, weird and gaudy, with the face of a man marching through a dream. The mate went on faster:—"Craik—Singleton—Donkin. . . . O, Lord!" he involuntarily ejaculated as the incredibly dilapidated figure appeared in the light. It stopped; it uncovered pale gums and long, upper teeth in a malevolent grin. "Is there anythink wrong with me, Mister Mate?" it asked, with a flavour of insolence in the forced simplicity of its tone. On both sides of the deck subdued titters were heard. "That'll do. Go over," growled Mr. Baker, fixing the new hand with steady blue eyes. And Donkin vanished suddenly out of the light into the dark group of mustered men, to be slapped on the back and to hear flattering whispers. Round him men muttered to one another:—"He ain't afeard, he'll give sport to 'em, see if he don't Reg'lar Punch and Judy show. . . . Did ye see the mate start at him? Well! Damme, if I ever!"

The last man had gone over, and there was a moment of silence while the mate peered at his list. "Sixteen, seventeen," he muttered. "I am one hand short, bo'sen," he said aloud. The big west-countryman at his elbow, swarthy and bearded like a gigantic Spaniard, said in a rumbling bass:—"There's no one left forward, sir. I had a look round. He ain't aboard, but he may turn up before daylight." "Aye. He may or he may not," commented the mate. "Can't make out that last name. It's all a smudge. . . . That will do, men. Go below."

The indistinct and motionless group stirred, broke up, began to move forward.

"Wait!" cried a deep, ringing voice.

All stood still. Mr. Baker, who had turned away yawning, spun round open-mouthed. At last, furious, he blurted out:—"What's this? Who said wait? What . . ."

But he saw a tall figure standing on the rail. It came down and pushed through the crowd, marching with a heavy tread towards the light on the quarter-deck. Then again the sonorous voice said with insistence:—"Wait!" The lamplight lit up the man's body. He was tall. His head was away up in the shadows of lifeboats that stood on skids above the deck. The whites of his eyes and his teeth gleamed distinctly, but the face was indistinguishable. His hands were big and seemed gloved.

Mr. Baker advanced intrepidly. "Who are you?" How dare you . . ." he began.

The boy, amazed like the rest, raised the light to the man's face. It was black. A surprised hum—a faint hum that sounded like the suppressed mutter of the word "Nigger"—ran along the deck and escaped out into the night. The nigger seemed not to hear. He balanced himself where he stood in a swagger that marked time. After a moment he said calmly:—"My name is Wait—James Wait."

"Oh!" said Mr. Baker. Then, after a few seconds of smouldering silence, his temper blazed out. "Ah! Your name is Wait. What of that? What do you want? What do you mean, coming shouting here?"

The nigger was calm, cool, towering, superb. The men had approached and stood behind him in a body. He overtopped the tallest by half a head. He said:—"I belong to the ship." He enunciated distinctly, with soft precision. The deep, rolling tones of his voice filled the deck without effort. He was naturally scornful, unaffectedly condescending, as if from his height of six foot three he had surveyed all the vastness of human folly and had made up his mind not to be too hard on it. He went on:—"The captain shipped me this morning. I couldn't get aboard sooner. I saw you all aft as I came up the ladder, and could see directly you were mustering the crew. Naturally I called out my name. I thought you had it on your list, and would understand. You misapprehended." He stopped short. The folly around him was confounded. He was right as ever,

and as ever ready to forgive. The disdainful tones had ceased, and, breathing heavily, he stood still, surrounded by all these white men. He held his head up in the glare of the lamp—a head vigorously modelled into deep shadows and shining lights—a head powerful and misshapen with a tormented and flattened face—a face pathetic and brutal: the tragic, the mysterious, and repulsive mask of a nigger's soul.

Mr. Baker, recovering his composure, looked at the paper close. "O, yes; that's so. All right, Wait. Take your gear forward," he said.

Suddenly the nigger's eyes rolled wildly, became all whites. He put his hand to his side and coughed twice, a cough metallic, hollow, and tremendously loud; it resounded like two explosions in a vault; the dome of the sky rang to it, and the iron plates of the ship's bulwarks seemed to vibrate in unison; then he marched off forward with the others. The officers lingering by the cabin door could hear him say:—"Won't some of you chaps lend a hand with my dunnage? I've got a chest and a bag." The words, spoken sonorously, with an even intonation, were heard all over the ship, and the question was put in a manner that made refusal impossible. The short, quick shuffle of men carrying something heavy went away forward, but the tall figure of the nigger lingered by the main hatch in a knot of smaller shapes. Again he was heard asking:—"Is your cook a coloured gentleman?" Then a disappointed and disapproving "Ah! h'm!" was his comment upon the information that the cook happened to be a mere white man. Yet, as they went all together towards the forecastle, he condescended to put his head through the galley door and boom out inside a magnificent "Good evening, doctor!" that made all the saucepans ring. In the dim light the cook dozed on the coal locker in front of the captain's supper. He jumped up as if he had been cut with a whip, and dashed wildly on deck to see the backs of several men going away laughing. Afterwards, when talking about that voyage, he used to say:—"The poor fellow had scared me. I thought I had seen the devil." The cook had been seven years in the ship with the same captain. He was a serious-minded man with a wife and three children, whose society he enjoyed on an average one month out of twelve. When on shore he took his family to church twice every Sunday. At sea he went to sleep every evening with his lamp turned up full, a pipe in his mouth, and an open Bible in his hand. Some one had always to go during the night to put out the light, take the book from his hand, and the

pipe from between his teeth. "For"—Belfast used to say, irritated and complaining—"some night, you stupid cookie, you'll swallow your ould clay, and we will have no cook." "Ah! sonny, I am ready for my Maker's call wish you all were," the other would answer with a benign serenity that was altogether imbecile and touching. Belfast outside the galley door danced with vexation. "You holy fool! I don't want you to die," he howled, looking up with furious, quivering face and tender eyes. "What's the hurry? You blessed wooden-headed ould heretic, the divvle will have you soon enough. Think of Us of Us of Us!" And he would go away, stamping, spitting aside, disgusted and worried; while the other, stepping out, saucepan in hand, hot, begrimed, and placid, watched with a superior, cock-sure smile the back of his "queer little man" reeling in a rage. They were great friends.

Mr. Baker, lounging over the after-hatch, sniffed the humid night in the company of the second mate. "Those West India niggers run fine and large—some of them Ough! Don't they? A fine, big man that, Mr. Creighton. Feel him on a rope. Hey? Ough! I will take him into my watch, I think." The second mate, a fair, gentlemanly young fellow, with a resolute face and a splendid physique, observed quietly that it was just about what he expected. There could be felt in his tone just a little bitterness which Mr. Baker, very kindly set himself to argue away. "Come, come, young man," he said, grunting between the words. "Come! Don't be too greedy. You had that big Finn in your watch all the voyage. I will do what's fair. You may have those two young Scandinavians and I Ough! I get the nigger, and will take that Ough! that cheeky costermonger chap in a black frock-coat. I'll make him Ough! make him toe the mark, or my Ough! name isn't Baker. Ough! Ough! Ough!"

He grunted thrice—ferociously. He had that trick of grunting so between his words and at the end of sentences. It was a fine, effective grunt that went well with his menacing utterance, with his heavy, bull-necked frame, his jerky, rolling gait, with his big, seamed face, his steady eyes, and sardonic mouth. But its effect had been long ago discounted by the men. They liked him; Belfast—who was a favourite, and knew it—mimicked him, not quite behind his back. Charley—but with greater caution—imitated his walk. Some of his sayings became established, daily quotations in the forecabin. Popu-

larity can go no further ! Besides, all hands were ready to admit that on a fitting occasion the mate could "jump down a fellow's throat in a reg'lar Western Ocean style."

Now he was giving his last orders. "Ough ! You, Knowles Call all hands at four. I want Ough ! to heave short before the tug comes. Look out for the captain. I am going to lay down in my clothes. Ough ! Call me when you see the boat coming. Ough ! Ough ! The old man is sure to have something to say when he comes aboard," he remarked to Creighton. "Well, good-night. Ough ! A long day before us to-morrow. Ough ! Better turn in now. Ough ! Ough !"

Upon the dark deck a band of light flashed, then a door banged, and Mr. Baker was gone into his neat cabin. Young Creighton stood leaning over the rail, and looked dreamily into the night of the East. And he saw in it a long country lane, a lane of waving leaves and dancing sunshine. He saw stirring boughs of old trees outspread, and framing in their arch the tender, the caressing blueness of an English sky. And through the arch a girl in a clear dress, smiling under a sunshade, seemed to be stepping out of the tender sky.

At the other end of the ship the forecabin, with only one lamp burning now, was going to sleep in a dim emptiness traversed by loud breathings, by sudden short sighs. The double row of berths yawned black, like graves tenanted by uneasy corpses. Here and there a curtain of gaudy chintz, half drawn, marked the resting place of a sybarite. A leg hung over the edge very white and lifeless. An arm stuck straight out with a dark palm turned up, and thick fingers half closed. Two light snores, that did not synchronise, quarrelled in funny dialogue. Singleton stripped again—the old man suffered much from prickly heat—stood cooling his back in the doorway, with his arms crossed on his bare and adorned chest. His head touched the beam of the deck above. The nigger, half undressed, was busy casting adrift the lashing of his box, and spreading his bedding in an upper berth. He moved about in his socks, tall and noiseless, with a pair of braces beating about his heels. Amongst the shadows of stanchions and bowsprit, Donkin munched a piece of hard ship's bread, sitting on the deck with upturned feet and restless eyes ; he held the biscuit up before his mouth in the whole fist, and snapped his jaws at it with a raging face. Crumbs fell between his outspread legs. Then he got up.

"Where's our water cask ?" he asked in a contained voice.

Singleton, without a word, pointed with a big hand that held a short smouldering pipe. Donkin bent over the cask, drank out of the tin, splashing the water, turned round and noticed the nigger looking at him over the shoulder with calm loftiness. He moved up sideways.

"There's a bloomin' supper for a man," he whispered bitterly. "My dorg at 'ome wouldn't 'ave it. It's fit enouf for you an' me. 'Ere's a big ship's foc'sle! . . . Not a bloomin' scrap of meat in the kids. I've looked in all the lockers. . . ."

The nigger stared like a man addressed unexpectedly in a foreign language. Donkin changed his tone:—"Giv'us a bit of 'baccy, mate," he breathed out confidentially, "I 'aven't 'ad smoke or chew for the last month. I am rampin' mad for it. Come on, old man!"

"Don't be familiar," said the nigger. Donkin started and sat down on a chest near by, out of sheer surprise. "We haven't kept pigs together," continued James Wait in a deep undertone. "Here's your tobacco." Then, after a pause, he asked:—"What ship?" "*Golden State*," muttered Donkin indistinctly, biting the tobacco. The nigger whistled low. "Ran?" he said curtly. Donkin nodded: one of his cheeks bulged out. "In course I ran," he mumbled. "They booted the life hout of one Dago chap on the passage 'ere, then started on me. I cleared hout 'ere." "Left your dunnage behind?" "Yes, dunnage and money," answered Donkin, raising his voice a little; "I got nothink. No clothes, no bed. A bandy-legged little Hirish chap 'ere 'as give me a blanket. . . . Think I'll go an' sleep in the fore topmast staysail to-night."

He went on deck trailing behind his back a corner of the blanket. Singleton, without a glance, moved slightly aside to let him pass. The nigger put away his shore togs and sat in clean working clothes on his box, one arm stretched over his knees. After staring at Singleton for some time he asked without emphasis:—"What kind of ship is this? Pretty fair? Eh?"

Singleton didn't stir. A long while after he said, with unmoved face:—"Ship! . . . Ships are all right. It is the men in them!"

He went on smoking in the profound silence. The wisdom of half a century spent in listening to the thunder of the waves had spoken unconsciously through his old lips. The cat purred on the windlass. Then James Wait had a fit of roaring, rattling cough, that shook him, tossed him like a hurricane, and flung him panting with staring eyes headlong on his sea-chest. Several men woke up. One said sleepily

out of his bunk, "'Struth! what a blamed row!" "I have a cold on my chest," gasped Wait. "Cold! you call it," grumbled the man; "should think 'twas something more. . . ." "O! you think so," said the nigger upright and loftily scornful again. He climbed into his berth and began coughing persistently while he put his head out to glare all round the forecastle. There was no further protest. He fell back on the pillow, and could be heard there wheezing regularly like a man oppressed in his sleep.

Singleton stood at the door with his face to the light and his back to the darkness. And alone in the dim emptiness of the sleeping forecastle he appeared bigger, colossal, very old; old as Father Time himself, who should have come there into this place as quiet as a sepulchre to contemplate with patient eyes the short victory of sleep, the consoler. Yet he was only a child of time, a lonely relic of a devoured and forgotten generation. He stood, still strong, as ever unthinking; a ready man with a vast empty past and with no future, with his childlike impulses and his man's passions already dead within his tattooed breast. The men who could understand his silence were gone—those men who knew how to exist beyond the pale of life and within sight of eternity. They had been strong, as those are strong who know neither doubts nor hopes. They had been impatient and enduring, turbulent and devoted, unruly and faithful. Well-meaning people had tried to represent those men as whining over every mouthful of their food; as going about their work in fear of their lives. But in truth they had been men who knew toil, privation, violence, debauchery—but knew not fear, and had no desire of spite in their hearts. Men hard to manage, but easy to inspire; voiceless men—but men enough to scorn in their hearts the sentimental voices that bewailed the hardness of their fate. It was a fate unique and their own; the capacity to bear it appeared to them the privilege of the chosen: their generation lived inarticulate and indispensable, without knowing the sweetness of affections or the refuge of a home; and died free from the dark menace of a narrow grave. They were the everlasting children of the mysterious sea. Their successors are the grown-up children of a discontented earth: they are less naughty, but less innocent; less profane, but perhaps also less believing; if they had learned how to speak they have also learned how to whine. But the others were strong and mute; they were effaced, bowed and enduring, like stone cariatyds that hold up in the night the lighted halls of a resplendent and glorious edifice. They are gone now

—and it does not matter. The sea and the earth are unfaithful to their children: a truth, a faith, a generation of men goes—and is forgotten, and it does not matter! Except, perhaps, to the few of those who believed the truth, confessed the faith—or loved the men.

A breeze was coming. The ship that had been lying tide-rod swung to a heavier puff; and suddenly the slack of the chain cable between the windlass and the hawse-pipe clinked, slipped forward an inch, and rose gently off the deck with a startling suggestion as of unsuspected life that had been lurking stealthily in the iron. In the hawse-pipe the grinding links sent through the ship a sound like a low groan of a man sighing under a burden. The strain came on the windlass, the chain tautened like a string, vibrated—and the handle of the screw-brake moved in slight jerks. Singleton stepped forward.

Till then he had been standing meditative and unthinking, reposeful and hopeless, with a face grim and blank—a sixty-year-old child of the mysterious sea. The thoughts of all his lifetime could have been expressed in six words, but the stir of those things that were as much part of his existence as his beating heart called up a gleam of alert understanding upon the sternness of his aged face. The flame of the lamp swayed, and the old man, with knitted and bushy eyebrows, stood over the brake, watchful and motionless in the wild saraband of dancing shadows. Then the ship, obedient to the call of her anchor, forged ahead slightly and eased the strain. The cable relieved, hung down, and after swaying imperceptibly to and fro dropped with a loud tap on the hard-wood planks. Singleton seized the high lever, and, by a violent throw forward of his body, wrung out another half-turn from the brake. He recovered himself, breathed largely, and remained for awhile glaring down at the powerful and compact engine that squatted on the deck at his feet, like some quiet monster—a creature amazing and tame.

"You . . . hold!" he growled at it masterfully, in the incult tangle of his white beard.

II.

Next morning, at daylight, the *Narcissus* went to sea.

A slight haze blurred the horizon. Outside the harbour the measureless expanse of smooth water lay sparkling like a floor of jewels, and as empty as the sky. The short black tug gave a pluck to windward, in the usual way, then let go the rope, and hovered for

a moment on the quarter with her engines stopped ; while the slim, long hull of the ship moved ahead slowly under lower topsails. The loose upper canvas blew out in the breeze with soft round contours, resembling small white clouds snared in the maze of ropes. Then the sheets were hauled home, the yards hoisted, and the ship became a high and lonely pyramid gliding, all shining and white, through the sunlit mist. The tug turned short round and went away towards the land. Twenty-six pairs of eyes watched her low broad stern crawling languidly over the smooth swell between the two paddle-wheels that turned fast, beating the water with fierce hurry. She resembled an enormous and aquatic blackbeetle, surprised by the light, overwhelmed by the sunshine, trying to escape with ineffectual effort into the distant gloom of the land. She left a lingering smudge of smoke on the sky, and two vanishing trails of foam on the water. On the place where she had stopped a round black patch of soot remained undulating on the swell—an unclean mark of the creature's rest.

The *Narcissus* left alone, heading south, seemed to stand resplendent and still upon the restless sea, under the moving sun. Flakes of foam swept past her sides ; the water struck her with flashing blows ; the land glided away, slowly fading ; a few birds screamed on motionless wings over the swaying mastheads. But soon the land disappeared, the birds went away ; and to the west the pointed sail of an Arab dhow running for Bombay rose triangular and upright above the sharp edge of the horizon, lingered, and vanished like an illusion : then the ship's wake, long and straight, stretched itself out through a day of immense solitude. The setting sun, burning on the level of the water, flamed crimson below the blackness of heavy rain clouds. The sunset squall, coming up from behind, dissolved itself into the short deluge of a hissing shower. It left the ship glistening from trucks to waterline, and with darkened sails. She ran easily before a fair monsoon, with her decks cleared for the night ; and, moving along with her, was heard the sustained and monotonous swishing of the waves, mingled with the low whispers of men mustered aft for the setting of watches ; the short plaint of some block aloft ; or, now and then, a loud sigh of wind.

Mr. Baker, coming out of his cabin, called out the first name sharply before closing the door behind him. He was going to take charge of the deck. On the homeward trip, according to an old

custom of the sea, the chief officer takes the first night-watch—from eight till midnight. So Mr. Baker, after he had heard the last "Yes, sir!" said moodily, "Relieve the wheel and look-out"; and climbed with heavy feet the poop ladder to windward. Soon after Mr. Creighton came down, whistling softly, and went into the cabin. On the door-step the steward lounged, in slippers, meditative, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the armpits. On the main deck the cook, locking up the galley doors, had an altercation with young Charley about a pair of socks. He could be heard saying impressively, in the darkness amidships:—"You don't deserve a kindness. I've been drying them for you, and now you complain about the holes—and you swear, too! Right in front of me! If I hadn't been a Christian—which you ain't, you young ruffian—I would give you a clout on the head. . . . Go away!" Men in couples or threes stood pensive or moved silently along the bulwarks in the waist. The first busy day of a homeward passage was sinking into the dull peace of resumed routine. Aft, on the high poop, Mr. Baker walked shuffling; grunting to himself in the pauses of his thoughts. Forward, the look-out man, erect between the flukes of the two anchors, hummed an endless tune, keeping his eyes fixed dutifully ahead in a vacant stare. A multitude of stars coming out into the clear night peopled the emptiness of the sky. They glittered, as if alive above the sea; they surrounded the running ship on all sides: more intense than the eyes of a staring crowd, and as inscrutable as the souls of men.

The passage had begun; and the ship, a fragment detached from the earth, went on lonely and swift like a small planet. Round her the abysses of sky and sea met in an unattainable frontier. A great circular solitude moved with her, ever changing and ever the same, always monotonous and always imposing. Now and then another wandering white speck, burdened with life, appeared far off—disappeared; intent on its own destiny. The sun looked upon her all day, and every morning rose with a burning, round stare of undying curiosity. She had her own future; she was alive with the lives of those beings who trod her decks; like that earth which had given her up to the sea, she had an intolerable load of regrets and hopes. On her lived timid truth and audacious lies; and, like the earth, she was unconscious, fair to see—and condemned by men to an ignoble fate. The august loneliness of her path lent dignity to the sordid inspiration of her pilgrimage. She drove foaming to the southward, as if guided

by the courage of a high endeavour. The smiling greatness of the sea dwarfed the extent of time. The days raced after one another, brilliant and quick like the flashes of a lighthouse, and the nights, eventful and short, resembled fleeting dreams.

The men had shaken into their places, and the half-hourly voice of the bells ruled their life of unceasing care. Night and day the head and shoulders of a seaman could be seen aft by the wheel, outlined high against sunshine or starlight, very steady above the stir of revolving spokes. The faces changed, passing in rotation. Youthful faces, bearded faces, dark faces; faces serene, or faces moody, but all akin with the brotherhood of the sea; all with the same attentive expression of eyes, carefully watching the compass or the sails. Captain Allistoun, grave, and with an old red muffler round his throat, all day long pervaded the poop. At night, many times he rose out of the darkness of the companion, such as a phantom above a grave, and stood watchful and mute under the stars, his night-shirt fluttering like a flag—then, without a sound, sank down again. He was born on the shores of the Pentland Firth. In his youth he attained the rank of harpooner in Peterhead whalers. When he spoke of that time his restless blue eyes became still and cold, like the loom of ice. Afterwards he went into the East India trade for the sake of change. He had commanded the *Narcissus* since she was built. He loved his ship, and drove her unmercifully; for his secret ambition was to make her accomplish some day a brilliantly quick passage which would be mentioned in nautical papers. He pronounced his owner's name with a sardonic smile, spoke but seldom to his officers, and reproofed errors in a gentle voice, with words that cut to the quick. His hair was iron-grey, his face hard and of the colour of pump-leather. He shaved every morning of his life—at six—but once (being caught in a fierce hurricane eighty miles south-west of Mauritius) he had missed three consecutive days. He feared naught but an unforgiving God, and wished to end his days in a little house, with a plot of ground, far in the country—out of sight of the sea.

He, the ruler of that minute world, seldom descended from the Olympian heights of his poop. Below him—at his feet, so to speak—common mortals led their busy and insignificant lives. Along the main deck Mr. Baker grunted in a manner bloodthirsty and innocuous; and kept all our noses to the grindstone, being—as he once remarked—paid for doing that very thing. The men working about the deck

were healthy and contented—as most seamen are, when once well out to sea. The true peace of God begins at any spot a thousand miles from the nearest land ; and when He sends there the messengers of His might it is not in terrible wrath against crime, presumption, and folly, but paternally, to chasten simple hearts—ignorant hearts that know nothing of life, and beat undisturbed by envy or greed.

In the evening the cleared decks had a reposeful aspect like the autumn of the earth. The sun was sinking to rest, wrapped in a mantle of warm clouds. Forward, on the end of the spare spars, the boatswain and the carpenter sat together with crossed arms ; two men friendly, powerful, and deep-chested. Beside them the short, dumpy sailmaker—who had been in the Navy—invented, between the whiffs of his pipe, impossible stories about Admirals. Couples tramped backwards and forwards, keeping step and balance without effort, in a confined space. Pigs grunted in the big pigstye. Belfast, leaning thoughtfully on his elbow, above the bars, communed with them through the silence of his meditation. Fellows with shirts open wide on sunburnt breasts sat upon the mooring bits, and all up the steps of the forecastle ladders. By the foremast a few discussed in a circle the characteristics of a gentleman. One said :—"It's money as does it." Another maintained :—"No, it's the way they speak." Lame Knowles stumped up with an unwashed face (he had the distinction of being the dirty man of the forecastle), and, showing a few yellow fangs in a shrewd smile, explained craftily that he "had seen some of their pants." The backsides of them—he had observed—were thinner than paper from constant sitting down in offices, yet otherwise they looked first-rate and would last for years. It was all appearance. "It was," he said, "bloomin' easy to be a gentleman when you had a clean job for life." They disputed endlessly, obstinate and childish ; they repeated in shouts and with inflamed faces their amazing arguments ; while the soft breeze, eddying down the enormous cavity of the foresail, that stood out distended above their bare heads, stirred the tumbled hair with a touch passing and light like an indulgent caress.

They were forgetting their toil, they were forgetting themselves. The cook approached to hear, and stood by, beaming with the inward consciousness of his faith, like a conceited saint unable to forget his glorious reward ; Donkin, solitary and brooding over his wrongs on the forecastle-head, moved closer to catch the drift of the discussion below him ; he turned his sallow face to the sea, and his thin nostrils moved,

sniffing the breeze, as he lounged negligently by the rail. In the glow of sunset faces shone with interest, teeth flashed, eyes sparkled. The walking couples stood still suddenly, with broad grins; a man, bending over a washtub, sat up, entranced, with the soapsuds flecking his wet arms. Even the three petty officers listened leaning back, comfortably propped, and with superior smiles. Belfast left off scratching the ear of his favourite pig, and, open mouthed, tried with eager eyes to have his say. He lifted his arms, grimacing and baffled. From a distance Charley screamed at the ring:—"I know about gentlemen morn'n any of you. I've been hintymate with 'em . . . I've blacked their boots." The cook, craning his neck to hear better, was scandalised. "Keep your mouth shut when your elders speak, you impudent young heathen—you." "All right, old Hallelujah, I'm done," answered Charley, soothingly. At some opinion of dirty Knowles, delivered with an air of supernatural cunning, a ripple of laughter ran along, rose like a wave, burst with a startling roar. They stamped with both feet; they turned their shouting faces to the sky; many, spluttering, slapped their thighs; while one or two, bent double, gasped, hugging themselves with both arms like men in pain. The carpenter and boatswain, without changing their attitude, shook with laughter where they sat; the sailmaker, charged with an anecdote about a Commodore, looked sulky; the cook was wiping his eyes with a greasy rag: and lame Knowles, astonished at his own success, stood in their midst showing a slow smile.

Suddenly the face of Donkin leaning high-shouldered over the after-rail became grave. Something like a weak rattle was heard through the forecastle door. It became a murmur; it ended in a sighing groan. The washerman plunged both his arms into his tub abruptly; the cook became more crestfallen than an exposed backslider; the boatswain moved his shoulders uneasily; the carpenter got up with a spring and walked away—while the sailmaker seemed mentally to give his story up, and began to puff at his pipe with sombre determination. In the blackness of the doorway a pair of eyes glimmered white, and big, and staring. Then James Wait's head protruding, became visible, as if suspended between the two hands that grasped a doorpost on each side of the face. The tassel of his blue woollen nightcap, cocked forward, danced gaily over his left eyelid. He stepped out in a tottering stride. He looked powerful as ever, but showed a strange and affected unsteadiness in his gait; his face was

perhaps a trifle thinner, and his eyes appeared rather startlingly prominent. He seemed to hasten the retreat of departing light by his very presence; the setting sun dipped sharply, as though fleeing before our nigger; a black mist emanated from him; a subtle and dismal influence; a something cold and gloomy that floated out and settled on all the faces like a mourning veil. The circle broke up. The joy of laughter died on stiffened lips. There was not a smile left among all the ship's company. Not a word was spoken. Many turned their backs, trying to look unconcerned; others, with averted heads, sent half-reluctant glances out of the corners of their eyes. They resembled criminals conscious of misdeeds more than honest men distracted by doubt; only two or three stared frankly, but stupidly, with lips slightly open. All expected James Wait to say something, and, at the same time, had the air of knowing beforehand what he would say. He leaned his back against the doorpost, and with heavy eyes swept over us a glance domineering and pained, like a sick tyrant overawing a crowd of abject but untrustworthy slaves.

No one went away. They waited in fascinated dread. He said ironically, with gasps between the words:—

"Thank you chaps. You are nice and quiet You are! Yelling so before the door"

He made a longer pause, during which he worked his ribs in an exaggerated labour of breathing. It was intolerable. Feet were shuffled. Belfast let out a groan; but Donkin above blinked his red eyelids with invisible eyelashes, and smiled bitterly over the nigger's head.

The nigger went on again with surprising ease. He gasped no more, and his voice rang, hollow and loud, as though he had been talking in an empty cavern. He was contemptuously angry.

"I tried to get a wink of sleep. You know I can't sleep o' nights. And you come jabbering near the door here like a blooming lot of old women. You think yourselves good shipmates. Do you? Much you care for a dying man!"

Belfast spun away from the pigstye. "Jimmy," he cried tremulously, "if you hadn't been sick I would——"

He stopped. The nigger waited awhile, then said, in a gloomy tone:—"You would. . . . What? Go an' fight another such one as yourself. Leave me alone. It won't be for long. I'll soon die. . . . It's coming right enough!"

Men stood around very still, breathing lightly, and with exasperated eyes. It was just what they had expected, and hated to hear, that idea of a stalking death, thrust at them many times a day like a boast and like a menace by this obnoxious nigger. He seemed to take a pride in that death which, so far, had attended only upon the ease of his life; he was overbearing about it, as if no one else in the world had ever been intimate with such a companion; he paraded him unceasingly before us with an affectionate persistence that made his presence indubitable, and at the same time incredible. No man could be suspected of such monstrous friendship! Was he a reality—or was he a sham—this ever-expected visitor of Jimmy's? We hesitated between pity and mistrust, while, on the slightest provocation, he shook before our eyes the bones of his bothersome and infamous skeleton. He was for ever trotting him out. He would talk of that coming death as though it had been already there, as if it had been walking the deck outside, as if it would presently come in to sleep in the only empty bunk; as if it had sat by his side at every meal. It interfered daily with our occupations, with our leisure, with our amusements. We had no songs and no music in the evening, because Jimmy (we all lovingly called him Jimmy, to conceal our hate of his accomplice) had managed, with that prospective decease of his, to disturb even Archie's mental balance. Archie was the owner of the concertina; but after a couple of stinging lectures from Jimmy he refused to play any more. He said:—"Yon's an uncanny joker. I dinna ken what's wrang wi' him, but there's something verra wrang, verra wrang. It's nae manner of use asking me. I won't play." Our singers became mute because Jimmy was a dying man. For the same reason no chap—as Knowles remarked—could "drive in a nail to hang his few poor rags upon," without being made aware of the enormity he committed in disturbing Jimmy's interminable last moments. At night, instead of the cheerful yell, "Turn out! Do you hear there? Turn out!" the watches were called man by man, in whispers, so as not to interfere with Jimmy's, possibly, last slumber on earth. True, he was always awake, and managed, as we sneaked out on deck, to plant in our backs some cutting remark that, for the moment, made us feel as if we had been brutes, and afterwards made us suspect ourselves of being fools. We spoke in low tones within that foc'sle as though it had been a church. We ate our meals in silence and dread, for Jimmy was capricious with his food, and railed

bitterly at the salt meat, at the biscuits, at the tea, as at articles unfit for human consumption—"let alone for a dying man!" He would say:—"Can't you find a better slice of meat for a sick man who's trying to get home to be cured—or buried. But there! If I had a chance, you fellows would do away with it. You would poison me. Look at what you have given me!" We served him in his bed with rage and humility, as though we had been the base courtiers of a hated prince; and he rewarded us by his unconciliating criticism. He had found the secret of keeping for ever on the run the fundamental imbecility of mankind; he had the secret of life, that confounded dying man, and he made himself master of every moment of our existence. We grew desperate, and remained submissive. Emotional little Belfast was for ever on the verge of assault or on the verge of tears. One evening he confided to Archie:—"For a ha'penny I would knock his ugly black head off—the skulking dodger!" And the straightforward Archie pretended to be shocked! Such was the infernal spell which that casual St. Kitts nigger had cast upon our guileless manhood! But the same night Belfast stole from the galley the officers' Sunday fruit pie, to tempt the fastidious appetite of Jimmy. He endangered not only his long friendship with the cook but also—as it appeared—his eternal welfare. The cook was overwhelmed with grief; he did not know the culprit, but he knew that wickedness flourished; he knew that Satan was abroad amongst those men, whom he looked upon as in some way under his spiritual care. Whenever he saw three or four of us standing together he would leave his stove, to run out and preach. We fled from him; only Charley (who knew the thief) affronted the cook with a candid gaze which irritated the good man. "It's you, I believe," he groaned, sorrowful, and with a patch of soot on his chin. "It's you. You are a brand for the burning! No more of YOUR socks in my galley." Soon, unofficially, the information was spread about that, should there be another case of stealing, our marmalade (an extra allowance: half a pound per man) would be stopped. Mr. Baker ceased to heap jocular abuse upon his favourites, and grunted suspiciously at all. The captain's cold eyes, high up on the poop, glittered mistrustful, as he surveyed us trooping in a small mob from halyards to braces for the usual evening pull at all the ropes. Such stealing in a merchant ship is difficult to check, and may be taken as a declaration by men of their dislike for their officers. It is a bad symptom. It may end

in God knows what trouble. The *Narcissus* was still a peaceful ship, but mutual confidence was shaken. Donkin did not conceal his delight. We were dismayed.

Then illogical Belfast reproached our nigger with great fury. James Wait, with his elbow on the pillow, choked, gasped out:—"Did I ask you to bone the dratted thing? Blow your blamed pie. It has made me worse—you little Irish lunatic, you!" Belfast, with scarlet face and trembling lips, made a dash at him. Every man in the forecastle rose with a shout. There was a moment of wild tumult. Some one shrieked piercingly:—"Easy, Belfast! Easy!" We expected Belfast to strangle Wait without more ado. Dust flew. We heard through it the nigger's cough, metallic and explosive like a gong. Next moment we saw Belfast hanging over him. He was saying plaintively:—"Don't! Don't, Jimmy! Don't be like that. An angel couldn't put up with ye—sick as ye are." He looked round at us from Jimmy's bedside, his comical mouth twitching, and through tearful eyes; then he tried to put straight the disarranged blankets. The unceasing whisper of the sea filled the forecastle. Was James Wait frightened, or touched, or repentant? He lay on his back with a hand to his side, and as motionless as if his expected visitor had come at last. Belfast fumbled about his feet, repeating with emotion:—"Yes. We know. Ye are bad, but Just say what ye want done, and We all know ye are bad—very bad." No! Decidedly James Wait was not touched or repentant. Truth to say, he seemed rather startled. He sat up with incredible suddenness and ease. "Ah! You think I am bad, do you?" he said gloomily, in his clearest baritone voice (to hear him speak sometimes you would never think there was anything wrong with that man). "Do you? Well, act according! Some of you haven't sense enough to put a blanket ship-shape over a sick man. There! Leave it alone! I can die anyhow!" Belfast turned away limply with a gesture of discouragement. In the silence of the forecastle, full of interested men, Donkin pronounced distinctly:—"Well, I'm blown!" and sniggered. Wait looked at him. He looked at him in a quite friendly manner. Nobody could tell what would please our incomprehensible invalid: but for us the scorn of that snigger was hard to bear.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

(*To be continued.*)

COLONIAL EMPIRES

THAT destiny has made England the colonising Power of modern times is beyond dispute. The fact was presented and brought home to us the other day in terms of unparalleled magnificence and force ; and the world itself has, at last, begun to resent it, and to acknowledge that, on no other grounds, can her success be fully explained. Rivals, whose greatness is unquestioned as her own, try to run in the same race, but Aphrodite has denied her golden apples to them, and their supremest efforts end only in failure. Moreover, their designs to check the growth of Anglo-Saxon dominion work by the rule of contrary ; while European enterprise, as if obeying an irresistible tendency, acts to the same end, so that the fruits of the daring of Portuguese navigators, the romantic courage of Spanish adventurers, the colonising capacity of the Dutch, the magnificent plans of French soldiers and administrators, have all been poured into the lap of England. In the sweat of their brows other nations toil and strive to win what she accepts with the sovereign grace of one born in the purple. They sigh for it as the Jews in Egypt sighed for the Promised Land. All the energies of their greatest statesmen and diplomatists are exhausted in futile endeavours to attain even a sight of it. Yet their record consists but in the conquest of immense tracts of tropical territory, which offer no inducements to settlement, and are a constant drain on the exchequer of the parent State. England, on the other hand, moves on her Imperial way without effort. The glorious Empire, for the possession of which she is envied by the whole world, has been given to her by successive generations of adventurous sons. So easily has it come to her, indeed, that she has hitherto regarded it with the cool indifference of a man who wins the love of a handsome woman unsought. Never were Colonies brought into being of a Mother Country with less travail ; and, instead of admitting it with gratitude, she has merely grumbled that the effect is so great. Not a hair on the heads of her statesmen is grey with anxiety on behalf of the Empire, whether in whole or in part. The Colonial Secretary

who passes harassed days and sleepless nights with the cares of office has yet to be. As for English diplomacy, it is thus far chiefly known for its generosity. It has done little to enlarge the limits of the Empire, but a great deal to make them less.

In these days Colonies are either exotic or a natural development. To the former class belong the Colonies of Continental Europe; to the latter the Colonies of England. In the one case sickly dependencies are born of, and sustained by, the brilliant policy of the Home Government. In the other States grow and flourish by means of forces generated within themselves. France and Germany have Colonies because they are resolved that Colonies they will have; England has Colonies because she cannot help herself. That is to say, Continental statesmanship encourages the growth of Empire, Downing Street restrains it. The possessions of every other country represent years of patient diplomacy, the exercise of consummate skill in dealing with men and affairs, and a vast outlay of blood and treasure. Their feeble steps are guided with infinite care, and they are never self-supporting. Beside these pampered offshoots of Continental Europe the origin of British communities is somewhat rude. Their own Government has ever refused to recognise them until they have struggled into a position to demand recognition, and has received them very coldly then. They must pay their own way, or find themselves in disfavour; and, at the best, they have been regarded by the great majority of the British public as new and inferior Englands. For the difference is that between national destiny working through the spontaneous efforts of individuals, and national vanity working through a Government.

In such circumstances it is passing strange how England comes by her almost universal reputation for selfishness. Surely no country ever deserved it less! Yet no foreigner can be induced to profess faith in English disinterestedness. For over three hundred years this little Isle has been the sheet-anchor of Europe: the light of the moral, social, and intellectual world. Here, alone, was the beacon of liberty kept burning, when all the Continental nations were groaning under a military despotism, and, by its steady glow, they were led to work out their own redemption. Since then England has been the foe of no country but Russia. On the contrary, she has showered benefits on every people except those luckless enough to be of her own flesh and blood. And herein lies the rock of her offence. An old saying warns one that the surest way to make an enemy is to do him a

kindness, and so it has come about that England has enemies by scores. Then, too, she has everything which her rivals desire. Moreover, she has been eminently successful where they have failed. That it can be due to force of character and physical vitality the vanity of these rivals will not allow them to believe. No, it must be the result of pure luck, or of perfidy, greed, and selfishness combined. Selfish England may be, but not any more than a nation must, and not any more than self-preservation requires. As for the charge of greed and perfidy, it comes with a bad grace from France and Germany in particular, as they, of all countries, have profited most by the exercise of these same qualities: the former in Tunis, the New Hebrides, and Madagascar, the latter in Samoa, Zanzibar, and Central Africa. Can one historical instance be adduced to show that England has profited to the same extent in a similar way? But so important are statecraft and diplomacy—chiefly statecraft—in laying the foundations of Continental Colonial Empires, that Germany and France cannot so much as conceive the conditions which render them unnecessary. Thus they clothe themselves with the delusion that, if their frankness, justice, and noble disinterestedness, could only be corrupted into the characteristics with which they associate England, a world-wide dominion would be theirs. Even so, Napoleon dreamed he might rival the achievements of Alexander!

That our reputation abroad is unmerited may be proved in a variety of ways. True once, perhaps, it is now a fiction of the imagination. To begin with, the British Government exists as much for the benefit of other countries as for its own. How it fulfils its dual responsibilities may be discovered in the history of the Empire during the past eighty years, and particularly since the death of Lord Palmerston. From practically giving territory away, as in the case of Delagoa Bay, to going fast asleep until just too late for decisive action, as in the case of the Cameroons, there is nothing it will not do to help our rivals to attain the summit of their ambition. It has even gone so far as to acquiesce in an outrage on Australia by its action in the matter of the escaped convicts from New Caledonia, and to order an English official, whose whole career had been spent in strengthening British influence at the Court of Zanzibar, to face about and promote the interests of Germany. Whoever heard of a foreign Government doing its best to help England in any of *her* colonial or commercial schemes, or of giving *her* a solid advantage for which it did not

receive ample compensation? Even more significant is the attitude of a large proportion of the Press. Not only does it almost invariably take the side of the foreigner in a dispute involving British interests, but it strenuously denies that there can be another. Indeed, so zealous is it on behalf of oppressed races, or nations at enmity with this country, as to entirely forget its duty nearer home. The responsible foreign journal which would advocate a policy favourable to England at the national expense does not exist, nor has one ever existed. The Liberal Party, too, plays its part in opposition by paralysing the Government, and in power by sacrificing, for the sake of peace, the interests of the more distant portions of the Empire, which it regards as an encumbrance rather than a glorious heritage. Whoever heard of a political party in any country but our own deliberately adopting a creed whose principles tend to sap the foundations of the national strength and the national fame?

Yes, says the Intelligent Foreigner, but these are signs of England's growing impotence, not of her magnanimity. As successive British Cabinets have done their best to create such an impression abroad, its vitality is no matter for wonder. To France, Germany, and Russia, which have an interest in believing it, the very hint is enough. But if they are wise they will not rely on it too implicitly. In a contest with Great Britain an enemy has to reckon not only with her visible power as shown in her Army and Navy, and her commercial and Colonial supremacy, but with those latent forces, which are hidden now by the noxious mists of luxury and wealth. And even so, admitting that the generosity of England has of late years been the result of weakness, how about the past? The memories of our captious critics may be trusted to go as far back as the Seven Years' War at least. During that time Frederick the Great received enormous subsidies from the elder Pitt to aid him in his single-handed contest with the allied forces of France and Austria: since when there is not a single Continental country, with the exception of France and Russia, which has not been liberally subsidised at one time or another by British gold. To this the National Debt bears witness. Yet even here, though Europe as a whole has benefited to an incalculable extent, our generosity is not admitted. If we were generous, it was because it suited our interest to be so. No doubt, and this was the view of English statesmen. Not every people, however, can make present sacrifices for the sake of a great idea, whose fruit can only be plucked

in the distant future ; nor is every people endowed with the political insight and staying power to persist until the end. And since magnanimity and hysterics, reform and wisdom learned at the ballot box, have become the order of the day, Englishmen have become even as others, and no expedient is too cheap, no abandonment of principle too complete, to purchase the ease of the moment. "Take no thought for the morrow"—that has been long the governing rule of British policy.

Again, after the Battle of Waterloo, which crowned her long and heroic struggle with Napoleon, England, alone of the nations, gained, practically, no territory by the Treaty of Paris. She was in a position to get anything she chose to ask, and she asked nothing. Is there so splendid an instance of self-abnegation in the whole domain of history ? France, all broken and helpless as she was, regained Guadeloupe, Martinique, Senegal, Bourbon, Isle de France, Guiana, Pondicherry, and the minor settlements on the coast of India, all captured by Great Britain during the war. With the exception of Madagascar and Tunis—added to the French dominions in defiance of the most sacred treaty obligations—these to-day form the most considerable part of Colonial France. Yet the French, though they have profited thus by England's generosity, are ever the first to accuse her of selfishness and perfidy. Suppose the conditions reversed, would France have treated Great Britain in the same magnanimous spirit ? Neither she nor any other of the Great Powers has ever had the opportunity ; but, judging by the general character of their diplomacy, the occasion would, certainly, find them wanting. England, however, has done thus splendidly not once, nor twice, but many times.

Unfortunately, our foreign censors belong to the difficult class of persons who decline to be convinced by evidence. Hence, our restraint during the negotiations which preceded the Treaty of Paris is attributed, not to the genius of Wellington, but to the vanity of Lord Castlereagh. No doubt there is something to be said for the point of view ; but it is so restricted as to include nothing but the Congress of Vienna. The attitude of the English people is conveniently forgotten. It was as well known to them as it was to the Allies that British interests had been sacrificed, but the knowledge called forth no bitterness of feeling, no burst of popular resentment. The United States would, promptly, repudiate such a bargain. In France it would provoke the most violent irritation, and be magnified into a wrong,

which would be aired in the Press every time the national passions were excited. In Germany the effect would be the same, with something less of effervescence. In both countries the resolution to recover the ground that had been lost would be equally intense, and, until that was done, all the patience and diplomatic ability of their statesmen would be taxed to the utmost. In England a bad treaty only serves to bring into relief the greatness of the national character. It may rouse a momentary outburst of indignation, but it soon subsides, and is entirely forgotten by the average man. It never awakens rancour, nor does it form a part of the stock-in-trade of the Jingo journalist. Not one Englishman in a thousand is acquainted with the details of the Treaty of Paris, nor could he name a single one of the Colonies which Lord Castlereagh ceded by it to the French. He can give a fair idea of the Anglo-German Agreement, and has even a vague remembrance of the Geneva Award ; but, as he is their contemporary, the reason is patent. It is just this spirit which, carried to excess, accounts for the anomalies in our treatment of Imperial affairs.

A sneer at British diplomacy, too, is not in the best taste. On its weakness the French and German Colonial Empires have been raised, and the Colonial Possessions of Spain and Holland preserved to them. The civilised world must indeed have studied England to little purpose if it is still in ignorance of the true function of English diplomacy. That function is to act as a check on the triumphant progress of Anglo-Saxon dominion. It is a merciful dispensation of Providence for the benefit of other nations less liberally endowed with the forces that make for pre-eminence. By its means England has lost an empire—perhaps the strongest evidence which can be advanced to prove her power and might. This sounds a paradox, but it is a truth. To Assyria, Persia, Rome, Spain, Holland, loss of territory meant loss of prestige. It was the unmistakable sign of decay. To England, alone, of the great Empires of the world, it bears no such sinister meaning. The possessions she has lost were given away by treaty, not wrested from her by war and rebellion. America is an exception. But, though the secession of the Thirteen Colonies was a great blow to the Mother Country, it left her as strong as she was before. So vast are the extent and resources of her world-wide dominion that the fair provinces she has lost have never cost her a pang. Has there ever been, since Time began, another Empire, whose glory and might and riches were on so magnificent a scale, that it could afford to part

with territories equal in area to the whole of Europe, and hardly know it, much less feel it? Even Rome in her palmyest days never rivalled such an imperial sway. Yet this is the same England, which is accused of unparalleled perfidy, selfishness, and greed.

Not a single British Colony of any importance has ever fallen into the hands of an enemy in time of war, and the Empire has never sustained a loss of territory except through Downing Street. These should be curious and instructive facts to those who maintain that our scattered provinces are incapable of defence. Again, for the past two hundred years England has ever emerged from war, if not with glory, at any rate with honour. But from the dire consequences of this almost unbroken good fortune she has been saved by a diplomacy, which, so far as the Colonies are concerned, displayed ability, decision, and tenacity of purpose for the last time in the Treaty of Ryswick. The Eastern Question, for which our possession of India is largely responsible, has called forth the best energies of such able and subtle statesmen as Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Beaconsfield, Sir Robert Morier, and Lord Salisbury. But during the latter half of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth, diplomacy made a shuttlecock of the Colonies in the game it played with France and Spain. By the Treaty of Paris, negotiated with a greater regard for peace than for honour, it restored to those countries the conquests England had made in 1762. On the renewal of war, in 1778, the French Colonies were all retaken, and, with the exception of St. Vincent and St. Lucia, were ceded again when peace was declared; so that France was given in Martinique an excellent base for offensive operations against British commerce, of which she availed herself during the American Revolutionary War. The same may be said of the two Islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, on the coast of Newfoundland, the only possession left to France in North America by the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht. By the Treaty of Paris (1783), England gave to the United States the northern half of the Valley of the Mississippi, absolutely without compensation, together with those rights in the Fisheries, which the Americans and French have been exercising ever since to the great injury of Canada and Newfoundland. Well has it been said of English diplomacy that it gives what English soldiers and sailors take! During the Napoleonic Wars Bourbon and Isle de France (Mauritius) were converted into naval stations for the purpose of harassing British trade in the East, and, so daring

were the privateers, who issued from the ports of St. Louis and St. Denis that, in one year, they captured over five hundred British vessels. Before their depredations were closed by the vigorous expeditions organised by Lord Minto, they had cost the English Merchant seven millions sterling. But English diplomacy, true to the object of its existence, disdained to profit by the reverses of an enemy; and the Islands were restored to France by the Peace of 1815. If any reliance can be placed on results, Paris must be regarded as the Capua of the British diplomatist. At least five Treaties, involving Imperial interests, have now been negotiated in that gay city, and all are magnanimous on the same magnificent scale. From 1762 to 1815 the idea underlying the terms of every Treaty takes the form of what is practically a reproof to English soldiers and sailors for robbing Spain, France, and Holland, of their Colonies. Promptly returned on the declaration of peace, those Colonies were as promptly retaken in war-time. In this way Senegal was captured and ceded three times; Guiana once; Guadeloupe three times; Pondicherry and the Minor East Indian Settlements four times; Martinique three times; and St. Pierre and Miquelon three times. In the event of another war these latter will no doubt play, with the same signal success, the part they have already played in history, and no doubt, when their privateers have done English commerce the necessary amount of damage, they will be captured by an English naval and military force. Possibly, also, they will be returned to France for the fourth time, in accordance with time-honoured principles. Since 1832 English statesmanship has gradually developed a similar spirit, but not by a dispensation of Providence.

This England, then, whose perfidy and selfishness are so shocking to the high moral sense of the Continental Powers, being in the proud position of mistress of the seas, and the triumphant conqueror of the greatest military genius of modern times, did of her own free will give back for the last time to the foe, whose efforts to ruin her had been unceasing for over a century and a half, the Colonies she had taken during the struggle, as fifty years earlier she had given back to Spain—which had wantonly taken part in the war with the certainty that England's day was done—Cuba and the Philippines. To Holland she restored Java, Celebes, the Moluccas, and part of Sumatra. Besides these, she has, at one time or another, ceded Tangier, Minorca, Corsica, the Ionian Islands, and Curaçao. To remember that at least half the

present area of the British Empire is the result of peaceful occupation since 1815, is to form a certain idea of her generosity. To America she gave up the territory between the Ohio and the Mississippi, Washington Territory, and part of Maine. Since '70 she has declined to annex Hawaii, Samoa, the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and tracts of country in Africa too numerous for mention. Among her strayed possessions are the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres. Furthermore, she has made quite desperate efforts to restrain her adventurous sons from extending her boundaries. Can it be said of any other country in the world that it has suffered, or is suffering, in a similar way?

English Colonies are neither monuments of national vanity, nor vents for national enmity: they are as much a part of Great Britain as Scotland before the Union. The surplus population of these Islands must find an outlet somewhere, and it is to be found in those regions in the Temperate Zone, which the genius of Chatham and Cook, Wolfe and Livingstone, opened up to the enterprise of the race. The Empire is not an accident, but the inevitable result of forces generated by centuries of effort. Unlike the great Empires of the Old World, it is not aggressive, nor is its glory nourished by the degradation of toiling and suffering millions. It exercises the most beneficent influence on mankind ever exercised by a temporal power. England civilises, not with hide-whips and gunboats, but by means of peaceful settlers and traders. Her treatment of aboriginal populations may not be all that Christianity demands, but it rarely falls so far short as to fail in common-sense humanity. In the long roll of soldiers and administrators, who have done their part in building up the Empire, not one has been found guilty of cruelty or rapacity. Never has race worked out its own political and social salvation so completely as the Anglo-Saxon, and never has race used its opportunities for promoting peace and good-will among the nations to such noble purpose.

True as the term "inevitableness" is in describing the British Empire, it is meaningless in connexion with the Colonial Empires of Germany and France. The hopeless incapacity of the former is written in Central Africa, and in the records of Leist, Wehlan, Peters, Schroeder, and others of the same class. Emigrants are as little attracted to her Colonies as Englishmen to Sierra Leone, and she has the mortification of knowing that not one of the thousands of sturdy sons and buxom daughters, who yearly leave her shores, will seek a home under the German flag. It is

another of England's many sins that she makes the great divisions of her Empire as agreeable to settlers from foreign countries as to children of her own. It cannot be denied that the motives, which have driven the Fatherland into rivalry in the Colonial field, are natural, and that her efforts are worthy of better success. Unfortunately, however, a thriving Colony is not built up on good intentions, nor by the methods of the bureaucrat and the martinet. And so, unless there is a miraculous change in the Official-German character, Australia and the United States will continue to benefit indefinitely by the influx of Teutonic aliens.

The Colonial policy of France, on the contrary, is largely actuated by hostility towards England. This has been recognised in Australia for many years, and has done more to advance Federation than any other political factor. In the English sense of the word France has no Colonies. Nor has she need of any, one of her most pressing problems being a decreasing population. Her settlements are a standing menace to us—are strategic points destined, in the event of war, to play a most important part in crippling British trade and harassing British Colonies. With admirable skill the French flag has been planted directly in the path of all our great trade routes, and the French imagination sees us swept from the Mediterranean by the cruisers of Tunis and Algeria; the Red Sea closed to our commerce by Obock; our China Trade paralysed by the fleets of Tonquin and Siam; the Indian Ocean, as at the end of the last century, dominated by the privateers of Réunion and Madagascar; the Colonies of the Pacific menaced from Tahiti and New Caledonia, and our West Indian Colonies and the North Atlantic Coast by Martinique and Guadeloupe; the African trade destroyed by gunboats from Gaboon. This is a dream, of course: but the dreams of Dupleix and Montcalm were far wilder and more magnificent, and they came to pass. Only it is England, and not France, that is profiting by them! In the same way the schemes of Admiral Aube, M. Hanotaux, and scores of other patriotic Frenchmen will all come to naught: £150,000,000 of treasure will have been sunk in Algeria in vain; half a million of money will have been spent on Obock only to give us two ports at the entrance of the Red Sea; and Madagascar will have proved itself a grave to the French soldier, and a drain on the French exchequer, for nothing more solid than the indulgence of an hereditary enmity. But before history repeats itself in the capture of every French Colony by British squadrons, incalculable

damage will have been done to our mercantile marine. And for this we shall have to thank our diplomatists, the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office, whose supineness and whose lack of foresight will have made it possible.

In her commercial relations with the world, too, England is liberal to foolishness. At home she has abandoned all trade restrictions, except those imposed on her own people: elsewhere in the Empire she permits foreigners, without distinction, to enjoy the same privileges as herself. Her reward is a bristling wall of tariffs wherever she sets her face. The two countries which owe most to her—Belgium and America—are hampering the operations of her merchants and manufacturers by bounties and high import duties, and so driving her out of her own markets. France and Germany go further, and not only favour a Protectionist policy at home, but make a strict monopoly of the trade with their Colonies and Protectorates abroad.

It will thus be seen how enormous are the benefits which England has conferred on those very countries, which never lose an opportunity of doing her an unfriendly turn, or of insulting her through the Press. The truth is, envy has distorted their mental vision to such an extent that they cannot think clearly, and so they have come to the conclusion that, as greed and a total disregard of international honour have been the chief agents in raising the shaky fabric of Continental Colonial power, so they must have been the chief agents in raising the solid fabric of Anglo-Saxon dominion. The difference in effect is to be accounted for by the difference between English callousness and Continental sensibility. That the British Empire is founded on character and not on the genius of statesmen or the sagacity of diplomatists, is impossible for the Average Foreigner to conceive. Therefore it is only too likely that he will go on misunderstanding our Imperial policy until the end of Time, the obsequiousness of the English statesman notwithstanding. His temperament is a bar to the just comprehension of the principles on which Britain's supremacy rests, and his vanity chooses to assume that it is the crown of her selfishness, rather than the proof of her superiority. The thinking minority, not having the wide sympathies essential to a fruitful study of a great question in a foreign country, ascribes it to her good luck: which is not an unnatural deduction for men who have watched the wobbling of the Colonial Office since the rise of the Manchester School. When science gave us the boon of cheap and easy communication, we were

confidently told that it would lead to the removal of the chief cause of friction among the nations—ignorance, to wit. It was a cheap way of putting an end to the horrors of war ; but a cheap theory is as unsatisfactory as a cheap article, and the nations are as widely sundered in thought and feeling as they were a hundred years ago. At no period of her history has England been so vilified and misrepresented abroad as now, and never with less reason. But if the inventions of Stephenson and Watt have not modified the attitude of the world towards us, they have considerably modified our attitude towards the world. The most marked individuality in Europe is toning down to insipidity, and to a cosmopolitanism as unhealthy as it is childish. A thousand years of aristocratic government placed England in the van of the nations : fifty years of middle-class rule have left her naked to her enemies.

C. DE THIERRY.

O'SULLIVAN THE RED UPON HIS WANDERINGS

[*"Gulleon's place of pride" is the mountain now called "The Fews," and once called "Sleive Fua." It is fabled to be his tomb, and was doubtless the place of his worship, for Gulleon was Cullain, a god of the underworld. The "pale deer" were certain deer, hunted once by Cuchullain in his battle fury, and, as I understand them, symbols of night and shadow.*]

O where is our Mother of Peace
Nodding her purple hood ?
For the winds that awakened the stars
Are blowing through my blood.
I would the pale deer had come
From Gulleon's place of pride,
And trampled the mountains away,
And drunk up the murmuring tide ;
For the winds that awakened the stars
Are blowing through my blood,
And our Mother of Peace has forgot me
Under her purple hood.

W. B. YEATS.

PETER THE GREAT

MASTERPIECES of biography do not greatly abound, nor does M. Kazimierz Waliszewski pretend to have added to their number; but it must be admitted that in his *Peter the Great* (London: Heinemann) he has rendered the founder of the Russian Empire in terms of uncommon force and picturesqueness. The exploit is considerable, for to give the tale of Peter's life is to trace the history of a period compact of the most intricate circumstance. Further, it involves the impartial scrutiny of a paradoxical character, which rises, dragging reluctant millions in its train, from savagery to a civilised estate: to such effect that organised administration supplants anarchy at the behest of a single man, who approves himself among the greatest rulers and among the most replenished villains in the world. To accomplish this portraiture without a flaw is more than can be asked of mortals; and, in truth, detached criticism is not precisely the distinction of the Slav genius. But to have amassed the materials which aid to the comprehension of this imperial portent—Falstaff, Sade, Napoleon, and so much more—is to have rendered excellent service. M. Waliszewski has done so well as to leave little for his successors; and, if Peter be unknown to us now, it may be feared that he will remain a puzzle to all time.

He was a puzzle to himself. The putative son of the Tsar Alexis Mihailovitch, he never knew his own father; and the same diseased curiosity which led him, in the name of chastity, to dissect his sister-in-law, teased him concerning the virtue of the mother who bore him in 1672. Once in an orgy, overtaken by wine, he abandoned his astute reserve and bade a boor who had known the Tsarina to choose—so to say—between death and an affiliation order:—"Whose son am I? Yours, Tihon Streshnief?" The candid answer put him to confusion:—"Little father, mercy! I know not what to say: I was not the only one!" Nor is his birth-place certain. Legend presents him as a precocious infant, commanding regiments at three, studying strategy at eleven: the historic Peter is a backward boy, slow to find his feet,

unweaned from his nurse's breast at four, innocent of his alphabet at eleven. Fatherless at three, proclaimed Tsar at ten, superseded as the result of the *coup d'état* organised by his half-sister Sophia and her lover Vassili Galitzin, Peter Aleksiéievitch was dragged through the blood of his uncle Ivan Naryshkin, thankful to be left alive. His youth was passed at Préobrajenskoïé with scullions, ostlers, potmen, for playfellows; and the stamp of base associations never quitted him. At sixteen he spelled like a child, and found multiplication beyond him; his intelligence manifested itself in smashing watches, in asking dull questions about the astrolabe, in lunging at his fellows with rakes and pitchforks, in playing at soldiers with the lecs of the rabble; in all seriousness, he was raised from the gutter to the throne. Such training (or want of it) had ruined most lads: it made Peter's fortune, developing his unmatched physique, dowering him with stores of health that no excess could ruin, and affording him an insight into the kennel he was to rule. And he bettered his opportunities. He learned to labour, to know men for what they were, to recognise ability in rags, to appreciate the political value of envy, and to pick the instruments he needed. There was none to hinder him. His mother, Nathalia Kirillovna Naryshkin, a Tartar bred in a Scotch atmosphere, was a mere loose woman, content to satisfy her lovers as they came. And her son was verily his mother's child: hard, dissolute, drunken, brutal, with the manners of a gorilla, the heart of a tiger, and the morals of a he-goat.

So he lived till 1689, when he married Eudoxia Lapouhin, from whom he parted within three months. Sophia, Vassili Galitzin, and their democratic clique, fell before the aristocrats' counter-revolution, headed by the favourite's cousin, Boris Galitzin. By a caustic stroke of irony, Peter rose upon the shoulders of the order whose privileges and authority he was to ruin. But, dissimulation apart, he bore no share in the movement that established his position; a passive instrument in the hands of a horde of turbulent Boyards, he profited by their intrepid enterprise. In the moment of danger the future hero of Poltava cut a sorry figure: he fled to the stables in his shirt, mounted, and—deserting his wife and mother—took refuge with the Archimandrite Vincent, whom he implored with tears, and sobs, and the yells of a beast in terror. So Peter enters upon the stage of history: blubbing and screaming when in peril; knouting, torturing, slaying his opponents with the frenzied cruelty of the triumphing coward. His inner mind

was still set on the old English boat which he had found at Ismailot and removed to Péréiaslavl, on his toy regiments, and his compasses and fireworks ; and he departed, leaving the government to the hands of men like the fanatical Patriarch, Joachim ; the Catholic Scotsman, Gordon ; the debauched Calvinist, Lefort ; and knaves like unto these. For seven years he prepared himself for the task of regenerating his people by what he called amusement : bomb-throwing, buffooneries with court-dwarfs, singing in church, working in the shipyard at Péréiaslavl, incredible saturnalia. But his very idleness is energetic, save when he takes his sleep, using a lackey's stomach as a pillow. At last his passion seized upon his soul once more : that passion for the sea that dwelt with him. Lying rumour tells that, as a child, Peter blanched and shuddered at sight of a brook ; the man was far other—boating in midwinter on a space cut out with axes in the frozen Neva, enchanted to hit upon an unexpected pond, clapping his hands for ecstasy when the town was flooded and two feet of water poured into his private rooms. So, the first of Russian Tsars to see the ocean, he made for Archangel to await the *John Flamm* with its cargo of guns and apes and wine, to hobnob with Dutch pilots, to swagger in the dress of a Dutch captain, to adopt the Dutch flag, and to develop that liking for all Hollandry which moved him to build St. Petersburg like a second Amsterdam. Thus matters stood when Lefort, for private motives, suggested a foreign tour. To obtain some personal distinction in the eyes of Europe, Peter proceeded to attack Azof, which was carried after repeated failures and several shameful exhibitions of the Tsar's poltroonery. And with these wan laurels the conquering hero started for Europe, as Peter Miharloff, corporal in the Préobrajenski Regiment, in the suite of his ambassador, Lefort.

The tradition of good manners has not yet utterly perished ; yet this uncouth barbarian intrudes upon the most polished company of Europe with his dirty, horny hands, his warty face, his grotesque grimaces, his vast bulk of some six feet nine inches, unwigging masters of ceremonies, hiccupping for his pipe, his grog, and a girl, chasing women in the street, priggish watches, squeezing courtiers by the windpipe till their tongues turn black, dancing and protesting—conceiving corsets to be a natural growth—that “the German ladies' backs are devilish hard !” At Amsterdam he becomes besotted with a clown, whom he would fain carry back to Russia ; at Copenhagen

he punches the heads of the courtiers who barred his way to the King's presence ; at Dresden he wants to steal the tapestries of his room, lent by the Saxon Court ; at Dantzic Cathedral, finding himself in a draught, he hauls off the burgomaster's wig and claps it on his own pate ; at Berlin he pounces upon the Margravine of Baireuth and slobbers her with kisses, while the furious lady kicks his shins and slaps his face ; at Magdeburg, as Pöllnitz relates, he receives a State deputation the while he " leans on two Russian women, caressing them in the freest manner." In every detail he stands out unmistakably as the vilest savage, panic-stricken at trifles. At Königsberg, upon the chance fall of a plate, he draws and lays about him, till the culprit is thrashed before his eyes. Timidity gripped him again at the prospect of meeting the Electresses of Brandenburg and Hanover, and he could only cover his face with both hands and stammer :—*Ich kann nicht sprechen*. As " Carpenter Peter of Zaandam," he requires the States-General at the Hague to turn their faces to the wall. At Vienna the stately ceremonial and grand air of immemorial etiquette overpower him : he sees himself for the graceless varlet that he is, loses his head, strives to kiss the Emperor's hand, dares not air his paltry stock of German, and, like an uneasy lackey, uncovers his head when Leopold addresses him. His English experiences are familiar. Orange William nearly fainted when he entered the room off the Strand which Peter shared with four servants. At Deptford, while working in Dean's shipyard, Peter lived at John Evelyn's house, Sayes Court, and left it like Hugoumont after Waterloo. In Paris, at a much later date, he took on airs of relative decency. He had insisted on his hosts at Koppenbrügge drinking for four hours on end : in Holland he was picked up in the drains, and in London, the Marquess of Caermarthen, the heaviest drinker in all England, confessed that Peter was his match. Even so, the Parisians criticised the revised edition. The Princes of the Blood refused to call upon Peter, who so comported himself to the Duchesse de Rohan as to force her to complain to her husband. " Why, Madame," said the Duke, " why did you dream of expecting any civility from that brute ? " And a brute Peter remained.

Still, his journeys were not all dedicated to coarse debauchery. They afforded him a liberal education. His curiosity almost brought about his mutilation in a sawmill, his death in a silk-factory. He dabbled in architecture, fortification, mechanics, and what not ; a patent screw-jack, new methods for raising water delighted him. The

Royal Printing Works, the Mint, the Observatory in Paris, were heavenly visions: best sight of all was that of the English surgeon, Woolhouse, operating for cataract. Peter piqued himself on his anatomical knowledge, and loved to practise the dentistry that he had picked up from a mountebank at a fair. A sure way to his heart was to let him wrench a grinder from your jaw; and if he tapped an unwilling patient for dropsy, he never failed to attend the funeral. His thirst for "useful knowledge" was morbid, and he scanned all Europe for his Museum specimens. Greyhounds, a two-headed calf, chimpanzees, carpenters' tools, an "elephant man," stuffed crocodiles, the "pig-faced lady," monsters and malformations, filled him with undiscerning enthusiasm, and he insisted on others sharing his pleasure. To cure the disgust of those who revolted at a post-mortem, Peter—who fainted in presence of a cockroach—made them bite into the corpse. Years later, when his mistress, Mary Hamilton, was executed (for stealing Catherine's jewels and—more horrible—for saying that the Tsarina's nose was red and her face pimply), Peter picked up the bloody head, gave onlookers a demonstration on the sterno-cleido-mastoid, kissed the dead woman's lips, and, tossing the head away, departed, crossing himself piously. His zest for knowledge was purely utilitarian; thinking letters and the arts "foolery," he said so with his usual clearness; and, though his agents secured him a few good paintings, he ordered them as he would nuts or apples. Leibnitz, who fawned upon him, whimpered that he hated knowledge *per se*; and doubtless it is hard to conceive him spending laborious nights and days on the polemic against Spinoza, *De Ipsa Natura sive de vi insita actionibusque creaturarum*. It is also a fact that Peter showed an icy coldness to the Polish philosopher, whom he held for an ass and a bore, and he was no less indifferent to Possoshkoff: rating the pair of them below the two Dutch carpenters at Péteraslavl, who had first taught him to sail a boat in the teeth of God's wind.

For ideas, as such, Peter had no weakness: his was a keen practical mind, which absorbed ideas from without, and judged them exactly. He allowed no fatuous patriotism to blind him to his country's defects, and he was determined to cure her ills—by the actual cautery. His virtue—his devotion to duty as he saw it—matched his vices. He took his instruments from the slums and sewers, and, if they were men, he transformed a waiter to a Field-Marshal, a scavenger to a Chancellor. Take his favourites, omnipotent in their hour. Menchikoff was a

baker's boy ; Pavlovitch, a petty tradesman ; Demidoff, á blacksmith ; and Iagoujinski, a shoeblack. Peter honestly liked low company, and his patience with inferiors was a marvel. His body-servants adored him, and, when he bantered Catherine's cook on the poor devil's conjugal misfortunes, he smiled at the blows of the frantic cuckold. He saw things in their just perspective, and was quick to pardon a momentary excess. He was not magnanimous ; he was merely indifferent to things that drive most men crazy. Thus, when Villebois ravished the Tsarina (Catherine), Peter remarked that "the fellow must have been drunk," and released the Breton after a few months' imprisonment. To him it was nothing that you were his friend or relative. He was, indeed, more than common kind to his demented half-brother, Alexis ; but he saw to it that Alexis remained a disfigured figurehead. He thought Catherine's old lover, Menchikoff—with whom his personal relations were infamously Hellenic—a rascal of genius ; but, when Menchikoff peculated too far, he rolled in the dust. In his own strange way, the autocrat loved his Catherine from the hour he first saw the wench cleaning windows—while she was still attached to the general camp ; but she, too, knew her place, and her back often ached under Peter's rattan. Yet his love-letters to her are as pathetic as his strange gifts of trinkets, a fox, lace, a pair of doves, and—he was a charming sentimentalist—a lock of his hair ! He suffered her relatives with more patience than he ever showed to kings : her brother, Féodor, the postillion, her sister, Anne, the shoemaker's wife. And, if he placed his remaining sister-in-law, the street-walker, Martha, under restraint, who shall blame him ? Parsimony was second nature with him : he was frugal in his loves and fixed a tariff—a *copeck* for three kisses, a ducat for the favour. He weighed the cheese, and, when he commanded his friends to picnics, charged them so much a head. A pilot who saved the Tsar's life in a White Sea hurricane received thirty roubles, and the memory of this Neronian extravagance embittered Peter's dreams. But he could be generous in Russia's name, and, on his foreign journeys, he spent like a Nabob. Yet his awkwardness spoiled his gifts of all graciousness. He bestowed a huge diamond on Dutch William and—the trait is capital—wrapped it up in dirty paper. Another story tells that he wished to present a ruby to the Electress of Brandenburg ; so he took it out of his pocket, and chucked it across the table into her capacious bosom. At Paris he spent one hundred and ten thousand *livres* in gifts, and made presents innumerable besides ; but the faubourgs

knew that he had a battle royal as to the price of his wig with his barber: a misunderstood genius.

What did he for Russia? He did everything. The aristocracy, the Church, the people opposed him. He held on his way unswervingly, and lent to others something of his vigilant and savage perseverance. The Boyards, by whose aid he rose, were swamped in fresh creations of buffoons, dwarfs, court fools, singers, deformities, whom he ennobled because their antics tickled him. But he used the powers of aristocrats like Tolstoï, whose skull he once tapped, saying:—"O, head, head! were you not so clever, I had shorn you long ago!" The peasants feared him because of his heavy hand, his taxes in money, in kind, in blood. But he understood them from his *Préobrajenskoïé* days, and knew how to appeal to their lowest instincts. They rejoiced to perceive that the nobles must obey, even as themselves, and it pleased their fancy to see the Diplomatic Corps trailed through the streets in grotesque procession; the Saxon Minister, garbed as a burgomaster, turning a hurdy-gurdy; the Austrian President, as a shepherd with a bagpipe; the Chancellor, as a pigtailed Chinaman, tootling on a flute, while Peter himself gave the time on the big drum. They were enraptured, too, to know that the big-boned Tsar thrashed his wife like any *moujik* of them all, that he made her kiss the statue of Priapus in public, that he flung his plate at Princess Galitzin's head, that his idea of hospitality was to send his guests home drunk in wheelbarrows, and that, if ladies refused a twentieth toast, he dragged them by the ear or thumped their backs and stomachs. His sense of humour was essentially popular. The story ran from Archangel to Astrakhan that jesting Peter, at a State dinner, had two pasties on the table, from one of which sallied a naked dwarf and from the other a naked woman; and every black-guard in the country guffawed at this quick venew of wit. The mob was quick to see the joke of forcing vinegar and cheese down reluctant throats, and it blessed the thrifty Tsar for wedding from the kitchen a common woman who stinted her guests in food. Who shall deny that Peter knew how to govern the Russian people, or that he was an imperial demagogue of the first magnitude, using vulgarity and excess as means of government? Himself a *moujik* of genius, he captured the people's sympathy as the incarnation of the Sausage-Seller on the throne. He was that; and he was more.

To the stealthy enmity of the Church he opposed the forces of ridicule and sacrilege. Yet was he pious in a sort, and after a night's

carouse he never failed of Mass on Sundays and Feasts of Obligation. He fined those who dozed in church, and, if they lolled, he fastened them to the wall with iron collars. He massacred a Catholic monastery whose Prior had called the Orthodox "schismatics," and tortured an epileptic who durst disturb the service with unpunctual fits. He showed punctilio in confessing his sins, in kissing the pope's hand after Mass—and tweaked the holy man's nose five minutes later! He had his touch of superstition, and esteemed a magpie's entrails above all the drowsy syrups of the pharmacopœia. But he was free from puritanical cant and the grocer's prejudice. Catholics like Gordon, Calvinists like Lefort, Jews like Meyer: he used them all. He flirted impartially with Lutherans and Jesuits, and was curious concerning Quakerism and Catholic ritual. He revelled in a theological discussion, egged on the disputants to fisticuffs, and punished doctrinal slips with bumpers of brandy. What ruined the Church with him was her championship of ignorance. He grew distracted on learning that his people were pestered with questions about the Trinity (one school holding that it consisted of *four* Persons!), and that they were perplexed concerning that first writing of Christ's "given to the Apostle Caiaphas." He shaved his chin, and was denounced for tampering with God's image: for did not all orthodox icons represent God the Father and Christ as hairy? He replied by an ukase making shaving compulsory. He seized upon his foe's church-bells and melted them for gun-metal; he named an obscene drunkard to the Patriarchate, and forced the clergy to march the streets in extravagant costumes, grimacing at the crowd the while. Even Peter shrank from adopting the Gregorian Calendar, but he caused the official year to begin on the 1st January instead of the 1st September, the presumed date of the Creation. And men murmured, asking "if it were possible that God made the world in winter?" Why not, when Peter built St. Petersburg the year round? He steadily refused to persecute for conscience sake, and contemptuously asked, when pressed to put down the *Raskolniks*:—"Why make martyrs of them? They are too absurd." Derisive tolerance is Peter's typical posture in religious matters. He never complained, good workman that he was, of his tools. He used a subservient Church, and he cut the claws and drew the fangs of any Patriarch who called his soul his own. Finally, he abolished the Patriarchate as lightly as he discharged a superfluous sweep, and made the Church a mere Government department. M.

Waliszewski sums up the position thus:—"The Abbot flogged his monks, the Bishop his Abbots, the Government the Bishop." The clergy learned their lesson: that Peter was the Head of the Church as of all else in Russia, that they must render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's and—that Cæsar owned everything.

Drink, superstition, and espionage did not exhaust Peter's resources. He excelled in violence and cruelty, being himself a physical coward. In the face of peril he sprinted with the fleetness of a Greek Crown Prince on the Thessalian Plain. Before Azof he scuttled at sight of the Turkish armada. Learning that Charles XII was within a day's march of Narva, he made over his command to the Prince de Croy, decamped in the night, and was observed by General Hallart tossing down one jorum upon another between his paroxysms of panic; and when the battle was lost, he scrambled into a peasant's clothes and wept tears of terror as he ran, and ran, and ran. At Iassy he slunk into his tent, and sobbed like a craven. Lastly, when he lay a-dying, Campredon reports to the French Foreign Office that the Tsar showed "great cowardice." Yet at Poltava he was conspicuous for reckless valour, and some thirty attempts upon his life unnerved him not a whit. He could even jest upon them. To one would-be assassin who declared himself the messenger of God, Peter drily said:—"Be off! nobody hurts envoys." He could steel himself by force of will to do his duty at the head of his troops or in civil life; but a physical dastard he remained at bottom. It was inevitable that, with his enemy in his grasp, he should reveal himself the Asiatic despot, with an inherited belief in the efficacy of pain. His cruelties are transcendent. He had one victim worried by a mastiff; he hacked away the breasts of certain women who had chanced to see him kill a priest; a peasant whose salutation was unseemly, was tortured till his bowels gushed out; he knouted his wife, Eudoxia, with his unskilful, blistering hand; one of her relatives he burnt alive; he impaled her lover, Glebof, and jeered till the dying man spat in his face; he flogged fifty nuns for connivance in her intrigue; he beheaded his second wife's lover, William Mons (brother of his own mistress), and placed the dead man's head, in spirits of wine, plain to see in Catherine's room. Doubtless, had he lived, his vengeance on Catherine had been immortal. It was death for the clerk who reached his office late; death for the soldier who "charged with cries," or who stooped to pick up a wounded comrade. But his masterpiece is his treatment of his son,

Alexis, a feeble youth, given over to fornication and a maudlin piety. The hope of the Church, Alexis proved himself his father's pallid shadow by observing fast-days and hauling at his confessor's beard. A bad husband, he was the worst of sons in the eyes of Peter, whose filial conduct is above reproach. What his real offence was is beyond guessing. It sufficed the terrible father that his son shirked work and hated soldiering. Alexis himself makes the pathetic confession of a vagrant :—"I am not a born fool, but I am incapable of exertion." There could be no deadlier sin for Peter, who never spared himself. The shirker had his property confiscated, and was forbidden to marry lest he should beget fools like himself. "The State," says an ukase, "has no need of such." Lastly, Alexis was the figurehead of the Opposition. That sufficed. He fled from his pursuer to Vienna, to Naples. His aunt's words came true :—"Where dost thou think to hide thyself? *He* will find thee everywhere." In less than four months the foredoomed wretch was marched back to Moscow like a heifer to the sacrifice, with Peter as high-priest. He revealed the names of his partisans, and was forced to watch them being knouted, tortured, broken on the wheel, to see their noses slit and their tongues cut out. He was betrayed by his red-headed mistress, Euphrosine, and his own turn came. Peter called in the clergy, who steered a masterly course between Isaac and the Prodigal. But did not Joab, in the wood of Ephraim, thrust three darts "through the heart of Absalom, while he was yet alive in the midst of the oak?" Peter acted on the Biblical precedent. On June 19th, 1718, Alexis was tortured, and received twenty-five strokes of the knout (most victims succumbed at fifteen); three days later the tough young pietist was again tortured, and was knouted fifteen times; and on June 26th he died, probably done to death by Peter's own too heavy hand. It is strange to read that on June 28th was launched the *Liesna*, "constructed after His Majesty's plans. His Majesty and all his Ministers were present, and *there was great merrymaking.*" Thus the grim humorist (doubtless Peter) who redacted an official account. These monstrous proceedings struck Peter as normal; and, when a hubbub arose among foreign busybodies, he showed his good faith by circulating the notes of the trial over Europe.

He must be judged by the standard of his time and country. So judged his defence was valid. How were you to deal with a Russian Opposition? Was Peter to stand by, and see his life's work undone by

a common dullard? And that such was Alexis's purpose admits of no doubt. He had vowed that the fleet should be burnt, and that St. Petersburg should sink into its marshes. He had desired his father's death, perhaps plotted for it. Being deep in the Deity's confidence, he had sneeringly said:—"My father does as he pleases, and God does as he wills." Peter had warned him repeatedly:—"Thou wilt do nothing and learn nothing; *I* spare not my own life nor the lives of my subjects; *I* make no exception for thee." And this witness was true. Peter did his duty unfalteringly; and it is a fact that he met his death through saving the lives of some Finnish sailors. Alexis was deaf to all remonstrances: rather than work he fired a pistol into his right hand. That was the end. If God cursed Peter with such a son, that son must die. He was no common enemy; for he was the rallying point of all reactionaries, and the fact that he was Peter's son was an additional reason for exemplary punishment. His powers of future mischief were like to be unbounded. He must be crushed in the torture-chamber, as Charles XII had been annihilated at Poltava. Peter's work must be preserved.

As for that work, it overshadows all other exploits in the kind. Peter began official life as little more than a mere Khan of Muscovy; he quitted it as Emperor of All the Russias. He did more than "open a window on to Europe": he placed his country on a level with the proudest kingdoms of the Continent. He found an assembly of ragamuffins wearing cuirasses and carrying cudgels; he laid hands upon a Court groom, and enlisted him as the first soldier in the renowned Préobrajenski Guards. He laboured, drilled, and manœuvred for years till he converted his motley into a disciplined force, a match for any enemy; he was rewarded at Poltava. The first Tsar to reach the sea, he realised the national aspiration by opening it to Russian traffic. His own hands caulked the ships which he taught his subjects to build, and he endowed Russia with a navy. A Saxon military *attaché* had reported of the Russians that they had "no more courage than a frog has hair on his belly." That reproach also Peter removed. He learned to school himself, and he schooled his people in small things as in great. He reformed the land laws, and sought to better the serfs' estate. The first military hospital in Moscow was his doing; he set up schools, dispensaries, and foundling homes. He stayed corruption at its worst, and made over to the State the vast fortunes of his father and his grandfather. He revolutionised the position of

Russian women, and brought them from the *terem* to society (not even he could hinder them from blacking their teeth). He reformed the courts of justice, and his is the famous aphorism:—"Better that six guilty men go free than that one innocent suffer." He covered the land with factories, and was the first to welcome the foreigner. As Russia is to-day, as she may be in the future, she springs direct from Peter's brain. She marches in the path he hewed for her. Upon millions of savages, upon an ancient nobility and a venerable Church, he imposed his will, and transformed a nation in its own despite. His perseverance and determination survived all shocks and disasters. He matched himself against the greatest captain of his age, and, though his ally, Mazeppa, failed him, he shattered the finest army in Europe. (Therefore on Anathema Sunday, the first in Lent, Mazeppa is solemnly cursed in all Orthodox Churches, while countless generations call Peter blessed.) His fleets rode the Baltic, and his warships anchored off the Golden Horn. He opened up the East, and penetrated as far as Khiva; his envoys met Hajji Baba in Ispahan; he dreamed of making Madagascar a Russian possession. He broke the might of Sweden, he checked Turkey, he humbled Poland, he was feared by Austria, his alliance was courted by England, France, Holland, and Denmark. He shed blood in torrents, as Cromwell and as Robespierre shed it; and his country has grown great by his methods. She has never paused to count the cost in labour, money, and life. With Peter, she has thought it better to rank the race above the individual. What he accomplished might well have taken three hundred years; and he took but twenty! He redeemed his people by his sole endeavour. He was a ruffian, no doubt: but a supremely great one. His work endures and—one must repeat it—alone he did it.

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE HOME CIVIL SERVICE

ALTHOUGH the essential principles upon which the Civil Service of this country should be administered were clearly and authoritatively laid down, as long ago as 1855, by Sir Charles Trevelyan and Sir Stafford Northcote (afterwards Earl of Iddesleigh), no Government, no Royal Commission, no Secretary to the Treasury, has yet succeeded in giving satisfactory effect to them. Briefly stated, these principles were:—(a) The separation, as far as possible, of the superior kinds of work and duties in the Government Offices from those of an inferior and purely routine order; (b) the corresponding division of the official staff into superior and inferior classes; and (c) the adoption of open competition as the only mode of securing admission either to the superior or to the inferior branch of the Public Service. The soundness of these principles has never been seriously questioned; and the difficulty of applying them has been due, not to any inherent impracticability in the principles themselves, but to the timidity, the short-sightedness, the unbusinesslike methods, or the official inexperience of those responsible for their proper application. At the time of their enunciation, they were so novel, and threatened, if adopted, to interfere with so many vested interests, that the Government of the day were unwilling to apply them. This policy of hesitation was continued by successive Governments until 1870, when Orders in Council were issued directing the universal adoption of the principle of open competition, and classifying, not the work of each Department, but the Departments themselves, as superior and inferior. This bold but most crude scheme had one excellent result—it established, once and for all, the principle of open competition. And the very crudity of its other provisions set all the Departments so thoroughly by the ears that further steps in the direction of classifying the work and the staff, and of properly recruiting the latter, became immediately necessary. In 1874, a Parliamentary inquiry into the condition of affairs in the Civil Service was held, which led to the appointment in 1875 of a Commission of Inquiry presided over by Dr. Lyon Playfair (now

Lord Playfair). This Commission showed conclusively that the Civil Service could be satisfactorily governed only by being treated as a whole, instead of as a number of independent Departments, and by the thorough application to such a unified Service of the principles laid down in 1855. Unfortunately, however, in detailing the methods by which effect should be given to their recommendations, the Commissioners, every one of whom was himself an official, showed a sad lack of business experience and of knowledge of human nature. The result was that the subordinate officials (the "Lower Division" Clerks) who entered under this scheme soon showed signs of discontent, which became so pronounced that, in 1886, a fresh Royal Commission, under the presidency of Sir M. W. Ridley, was appointed, to inquire into the working of the Playfair scheme. The Ridley Commission emphatically endorsed the general conclusions of the Playfair Commission, but admitted the unwisdom of some of the Playfair methods. As it was thus agreed that the Playfair Commissioners had satisfactorily settled the principles of government, the Ridley Commissioners had only to adjust the administrative machinery in the light of the experience gained by the Playfair experiment. In endeavouring to do this, the fact that not one of the Ridley Commissioners was an official told heavily against them, as they were, in consequence, unable to understand the real position of affairs in the Civil Service; and their revised scheme, under which the Service is now administered, has, consequently, in many respects, simply tended to make "confusion worse confounded."

It would, in fact, be difficult to imagine a more colossal administrative blunder than that which experience shows to have been perpetrated by the Ridley Commission. The "reforms" which followed upon the adoption of their Report will entail an extra charge upon the public of some £6,000,000 on account of additional pay and pension for a single generation of the Lower (or, as they are now called, "Second") Division Clerks. Yet those who know the Civil Service best see all too clearly that this vast additional expenditure was decided upon under a misapprehension of the real facts and wants of the Service; that the old (Playfair) scales of pay, if slightly re-arranged, were more than sufficient to attract men of the type required to fill the large number of subordinate posts in the Service; that no increase of efficiency has followed, or is likely to follow, the increased outlay; and that, year by year, as the Board School and the coaching systems turn out an ever-increasing number of "crammed" competitors, men

of a lower and lower type are obtained for the Public Service at rates of pay which they could not obtain in the open market, and which are out of all proportion to the quality of the work which they are called upon to perform. Those who have at heart the best interests of the Service see also, with keen regret, that the tendency of the present system is to crowd out of the Public Service the finest type of British youth, boys from grammar and public schools who do not proceed to the Universities, sons of clergymen, solicitors, medical men, old Civil Servants, &c., whose education has not been restricted to the subjects of the Second Division examination. Such youths, on leaving school, where they have received the education necessary to enable them to take their position in the world as gentlemen, cannot compete in commercial subjects with boys who have been steadily "coached" in these subjects, and in nothing else, from the age of thirteen or fourteen, at Board Schools, private schools, and "coaching" establishments. Nor, on the other hand, can they hope to succeed in the higher examination against men who have come straight from the Universities. By their absence the general tone of the Service will be distinctly lowered; and the prospect of a Civil Service composed ultimately of some six thousand officials of "Seventh Standard" attainments, and of some four hundred moderately successful University men, is not one which can be looked forward to with very great complacency. The Ridley Commissioners appear to have failed to understand, not only the conditions of official life, but also the general tendency of things educational. Much mischief has already been done under their scheme of "reform." It would be well to see where both they and the Playfair Commissioners were at fault, and to apply a remedy before matters grow worse.

In legislating for the Civil Service it must always be borne in mind that the number of persons employed in the several grades, and their rates of remuneration, must depend upon the quantity and quality of the work to be done. Now it is undoubtedly the fact that a very large proportion of the work of the Public Departments is of the simplest routine character, which requires for its performance men of very ordinary attainments, and which is best done by those who, by long practice, have become able to do it with machine-like regularity. It is also the fact, as was well pointed out by the Playfair Commission, that the mechanical and monotonous labour on which the subordinate officials must thus be so long and continuously employed

does not, by any means, as a matter of course, fit them for discharging the duties of those higher posts in the Service which involve responsibility, discretion, and power to direct work, and to deal with the outside public in such a manner as to uphold the credit and efficiency of their Departments; and that, having regard to the limited number of these higher posts, it would be a great waste of power to require that all the clerks employed in the Service should have received a sufficiently liberal education to fit them to fill such posts with efficiency. Even those so fitted in the first instance, unless, from some exceptional circumstances, they have, at an early period of their career, had work given to them which develops their powers, are apt to degenerate into mere machines and become incapable of the exercise of higher qualities. The inevitable result is that a very large number of the general body of the subordinate officials become yearly less and less qualified to fill efficiently the higher posts in the Civil Service. The Playfair Commission recognised this fully, and proposed, accordingly, to separate this large lowest class of work from the superior kinds, and to form for its performance a Lower Division of Clerks, composed of men to whom security of tenure, an ultimate *maximum* rate of pay of £200 a year, and the usual pension rights, would be an attractive prospect. These clerks were to make the due performance of their routine duties their sole object in life, and were to look for no advancement, except in very special cases, though they might get a little extra pay for work of supervision and so forth. This scheme was an essentially reasonable one, and, had it been properly carried out, would have settled there and then the position of the subordinate establishment of the Civil Service. Unfortunately, the Playfair Commissioners made the great mistake of fixing the initial salary of this class at the disproportionate figure of £80 a year, obtainable by a boy of seventeen years of age. This single blunder, magnified and extended by the Treasury and the Civil Service Commission, completely spoiled the Playfair scheme, and has been at the bottom of all the subsequent trouble. The Treasury made the initial salary £95 a year and the *maximum* salary £250 a year; and the Civil Service Commission, in advertising the situations, led every candidate to imagine that, in a year or two, he would be sure to get extra pay of nearly £100 a year, and that in ten years he might reckon on promotion to the Higher Division of the Service. The natural result was that a fair number of the men secured for the performance of the lowest order of duties were much superior to those

whom the Playfair Commissioners had in mind. When these men had learned by experience what were their real prospects, they at once began to agitate for a reform, and finally, as already stated, brought about the appointment of the Ridley Commission of Inquiry in 1886. The members of this Commission failed to see the real significance of the Playfair idea of isolating the lowest order of duties; they failed to realise that what was mainly required was a rectification of the methods by which better men were obtained for the Lower Division than were wanted; they failed also to see that it was necessary to improve the prospects only of those superior men who ought never to have been attracted to the Lower Division, and that the rest were already amply remunerated by the Playfair-Treasury scale. Impressed by the persistence of the malcontents, they framed a new scale of pay, ranging from £70 to a *maximum* of £350 a year, which they made applicable, not merely to all the existing Lower Division clerks, but to all future entrants. Except in the case of the best of the Playfair clerks, practically all of whom are now employed on superior duties, the quality of the work does not justify the grant of such a scale of pay, while the continued cheapening of clerical labour makes the extravagance of the grant become more apparent every year. This is gradually being realised by some of the Public Departments, which, instead of employing Ridley clerks, are now establishing a new class of "abstractors" or "assistant clerks," with rates of pay ranging from £50 to £150 a year. The common sense of some of the Departments is thus at last helping to bring about the adoption of the original Playfair scheme, and steps should be taken without delay to apply that scheme generally throughout the Service, with, of course, such modifications in details as experience has shown to be necessary. It should be provided that, as the places of the 5,000 or so subordinate officials become vacant, they should be filled by men whose salaries should ordinarily range from (say) £60 to £200 a year, with the usual rights as to pension. It is only fair to the public that this should be done. Work such as that of posting up Savings Bank Accounts would be amply remunerated at this rate, and the merely routine work of the Public Departments generally is all on the same level. No higher rate would be paid for the performance of such work outside the Service, while the Service man has the added advantages of short hours, security of tenure, and superannuation. To secure efficiency, the clerks should, of course, be properly graded; and it would probably be necessary to employ some

300 or 400 of them on work of supervision. The pay of such men might be increased to £250 or £300 a year. But it should be made clear to all candidates for employment that only in very exceptional cases would anything beyond the £200 limit be obtained. Even so, it is certain that a plentiful supply of men, little, if at all, inferior to those now entering as Second Division clerks, would be forthcoming; for there is no doubt that, even with such prospects, the Government would at present be able to secure the pick of the ordinary clerical labour market. And, with the growth of education, they would every year have a larger field to select from.

So much for the great body of Civil Service Clerks whose duty it is to perform the simple routine work of the Public Departments. It remains to consider the position of those who are responsible for the proper discharge of the higher duties of those Departments. Between the lowest and the highest order of work in the Service there is, as might be expected, a regular gradation. Much work exists which clearly does not belong either to the lowest or the highest class. There are, in fact, three main groups of work, and there should, therefore, be three main groups of clerks—first-class, second-class, and third-class. The Playfair Commission rightly considered that, for the proper performance of the duties above those of the third-class, it was by no means essential that those called upon to execute them should have undergone a long course of drudgery on the inferior work with which all the superior work is connected. A comparatively brief apprenticeship at routine work is sufficient for the average man of intelligence; and, having learned what there is to learn, the sooner he gets away from such work the better. The Playfair Commission also very wisely suggested that the 1,400 or 1,500 men necessary for the performance of the first and second class duties should be drawn from the public schools and Universities by means of such an examination as would secure some of the best men from those places. But, before their scheme as regards the Higher Division could be fairly applied, the Ridley Commission was appointed; Higher Division appointments were suspended pending their report; and, when they did report, it was to suggest that the second-class duties should be handed over to the best men of the Second Division, only the 400 or so first-class posts being reserved for outside competition, under conditions which will give none but men from the Universities a chance of success. Now, if this Ridley plan were intended to be of temporary application only, and

merely to provide an outlet for those good men of the old Lower Division who were induced to enter that Division under a false impression as to their prospects, there would be little to say against it—except that it is doubtful whether a sufficient number of the old Lower Division clerks are now, after all these years of routine drudgery, qualified to perform the second-class duties properly. Unfortunately, however, the Ridley plan has been adopted as part of the permanent organization of the Civil Service. The Commissioners seem to have formed an entirely mistaken estimate of the general ability of the subordinate officials. They saw and took evidence from about 100 of these, who had, of course, been carefully selected by their fellows as the best men of the class, and who had not been sufficiently long in the Service to have their youthful energies damped by the hopeless monotony of official life in the lower ranks. The Commissioners seem to have thought that all the rest of the Lower Division clerks were like unto those who came before them, and that, in spite of the downward spread of education, the subordinate staff was likely to continue always to be made up of such men. On no other supposition can their action be justified. In point of fact, the number of really superior Lower Division clerks was limited, and, as has already been pointed out, the growing inferiority of the class becomes more marked year by year, with the growth of the Board School element. By all means let such good men as are in the Service, and every subordinate official who might hereafter be fully qualified, be promoted to the second-class. But every year it will become more difficult to find men really fit for such promotion. And if, in common fairness to the public as paymaster, the third-class were organized as suggested above, probably not more than about 100 men in a generation of third-class clerks would proceed into the second-class. When the competent men now in the Lower (or Second) Division had been promoted, it would become necessary, therefore, specially to fill up, not merely the first-class, but the second-class also, by introducing men of liberal education from outside the Service. And this is the more necessary, because experience shows that the limited First Division of 400 men contemplated by the Ridley Commission would not furnish a sufficiently wide field for selecting those who are to fill all the highest and most important posts in the official world. We should, in fact, get back to the excellent plan of the Playfair Commission, and should fill up the majority of the 1,400 or 1,500 superior posts in the Service directly from the public schools and the Universities. In such

case, the examination for admission should be such as would give the best boys from the leading grammar and public schools a fair chance of success in competing against University men. All successful candidates should enter as second-class clerks, with a salary ranging from (say) £100 to £400, and should, after a strict probation, be eligible for promotion *by selection* to the 400 first-class clerkships and to the highest "staff" positions in the Service.

If, on the one hand, the Civil Service is to maintain the high reputation which it has so well earned, and is to cope successfully with its ever-growing responsibilities; and if, on the other hand, the right of the public to have its work paid for at something like the market rate of wages is to be respected, it is of the utmost importance that a scheme such as I have suggested in this article should take the place of the present faulty organization. The present tendency is to have a body of about 5,000 absurdly overpaid minor officials of Board School attainments; a middle class (1,000 strong) drawn from these when their originally defective educational acquirements have been still further blunted by years of devotion to routine duties; and a small body of 400 superior officials, drawn from the Universities, many of whom experience shows to be merely scholars and not men of affairs, but upon whom would practically fall the enormous responsibility of properly managing all the State Departments. If this scheme be allowed to ripen and become fully established, it is easy to see how disastrous would be the results. Fortunately, it has only been in operation for about seven years, so that the mischief is as yet only commencing, and there is time to put matters right if prompt measures are taken. The Playfair Commission consisted entirely of officials; and their scheme failed, so far as it did fail, by reason of the business element being absent from some of their detailed proposals and from the method in which these were carried out. The Ridley Commission included, on the contrary, no officials and only one ex-official; and their scheme failed because they were unable to get at the whole truth as regards Service requirements. A small Commission consisting partly of experienced officials and partly of shrewd men of business would probably be more successful. And the Government should be urged to appoint such a Commission, to consider in what respects the Orders in Council which at present regulate the Service should be revised, with a view to putting the Service on a really business-like and satisfactory footing.

A CIVIL SERVANT.

THE CRITIC IN THE FARMYARD

THE interesting articles under the title of "The Foreigner in the Farmyard" have been collected and republished, with some additions, in a volume which is dedicated to "all who are interested in the prosperity in the United Kingdom of the Queen of Industries." That category properly includes the whole of the forty million inhabitants of these islands, though the vast majority—being as Carlyle described them—do not in the least degree realise it. As a matter of fact, the public at large appears to care very little indeed for the prosperity or adversity of Agriculture. This at any rate is a fair conclusion to draw from the small amount of attention which the Press gives to agricultural affairs, unless such "a visitation of god" as that which has afflicted unfortunate Essex induces them to devote to it for a few days about a tenth of the space which they would give a sensational robbery. This attitude of indifference among the leaders of public opinion extends to periodical literature, and it is therefore a cause for appreciation when THE NEW REVIEW affords the opportunity for something like a general review of the agricultural situation by a writer so able and friendly as Mr. Ernest Williams.

It is because the publication of these articles and of this book by one who—in connexion with Agriculture—may be termed without offence a "new" writer, is an event of interest and importance to all who are concerned in the subject with which they deal that I am glad to have an opportunity of making a few remarks which appear to me not wholly unnecessary with regard to them.

Mr. Disraeli once said of Lord Palmerston that he made a speech "not so much in support of, as about, the Reform Bill." It would be unfair to apply the saying to Mr. Williams, who has certainly written in support of Agriculture, but it may also be said that he has written a good deal "about" it. If one may be allowed the remark, there is a great deal about the Foreigner and a little about the Farmyard in his book. He has indicated without much ambiguity his attitude towards British Agriculture, but his views about the British Farmers are not very clear. It is somewhat uncertain whether he attributes their

present plight mainly to their fault or to their misfortune. It is probably fair to assume that he considers it to be due partly to both causes. In that case it is hardly necessary to observe that the causes, though they may, of course, exist side by side, are in some degree mutually destructive; in other words, the more their condition is due to their fault the less it must be due to their misfortune, and the more it is due to their misfortune the less it must be due to their fault.

That, in the opinion of Mr. Williams, the British farmer is much at fault is very apparent. One or two extracts will exemplify this:—

“The apathy of the British Farmer is especially maddening to those of us who advocate State Assistance for Agriculture. We are constantly having his stupidity thrown in our teeth when we advocate needful measures of Protection; and the uphill struggle against Cobdenite prejudice is not lightened by having to sit silent under the retort, ‘What is the good of trying to help men who will not help themselves?’ We may—and we should—allow something for the hopelessness engendered by the transference of taxation from the successful foreign importer to the unsuccessful Home Producer; but having made this allowance there still remains enough gratuitous and obstinate inertia to spoil the temper of the most benignant among the well-wishers to English Agriculture” (p. 65 *).

In another place he speaks of “conservative individualism of the most unprofitable and insensate kind” among dairy farmers, and he takes passages from one or two speeches delivered at a certain meeting of the Farmers’ Club to support this view. It should be incidentally remarked, however, that the statement of “a practical gentleman from Yorkshire,” that “co-operative production” is, and is likely to be, “a failure,” is misapprehended by Mr. Williams. As I happened to be the originator of the discussion on the occasion referred to, I may be allowed to say that the phrase “co-operative production” was used in a definite sense as applying to actual farming. It is a simple fact that co-operative farming has been frequently tried and has almost invariably failed, and Mr. Williams makes no attempt to show anything to the contrary.

The most clearly-defined count in the indictment against the intelligence of the British farmer is that which is fairly set forth in the following passage (p. 48):—

* The references are to the book (London: Heinemann).

"The butter-maker has a by-product—the separated milk—where-with he may feed his young stock and rear pigs at a minimum of expense. This is a point of economy which too often glances aside from the hard head of the British farmer. He prefers—good, easy man—to sell his milk whole, whereby he gets no cream for butter, nor milk for cheese, nor separated milk for calves and pigs; but a big bill to pay for foodstuffs. He also gets a price for his milk which leaves a very unsatisfactory margin of profit, and in consequence he fills the air at the market ordinary with vehement remarks concerning hard times. No one doubts that hard times are there; assuredly I do not. Nor (as my readers are aware) do I desire to cast the whole burden upon the farmer. Still, it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the truth that, so far as dairy farmers are concerned, their devotion to milk is certainly the cause of much of the trouble. Butter (to say nothing of dairy-fed bacon) is a much surer way of salvation."

Again (p. 72):—"The English farmer . . . is in bondage to milk: not realising that consumers used butter as well as milk, and that the butter supply of England, which is enriching the rest of the world, might, if the manufacture and distribution were properly conducted, be a source of revenue to himself."

On the question of fact the English farmer is bound, with all due contrition, to plead guilty. He has notoriously supplied his countrymen with more and more milk to drink, and he has also unquestionably sold milk in this way which he would otherwise have made into butter or cheese. But it may perhaps surprise his critics to know that he has not done this from mere cussedness, nor from crass stupidity, nor even from simple laziness. He has many faults, no doubt, but he is really not quite such a fool as he looks to those who observe him through spectacles of imperfect information. The explanation of his preferring milk-selling to either butter-making or cheese-making is deplorably crude, being the plain fact that, as a rule, it pays better. It does not require much technical knowledge to grasp this, for the proof lies in a very elementary arithmetical exercise. It takes from two and a half to three gallons of average milk to make one pound of butter, and it takes one gallon of milk to make one pound of cheese. An average of 1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d. per pound for butter is a moderate estimate for the year. This gives a return of, say, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per gallon for the milk—the Irish farmers obtain less than 4d. by their creameries. Cheese at its best makes say, 6d. to 7d. per pound, or a return of 6d. to 7d. per gallon

for milk, but the price is uncertain, and of course it is only possible to make cheese in the summer months. But notwithstanding the present surplus of town milk, owing to a supply temporarily exceeding demand—which may be expected soon to readjust itself—there are very few milk-selling farmers who cannot rely upon an average for the year of $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $8d.$ per gallon. Under normal conditions, if a farmer is within the milk-supply radius of a large town, it may be taken as an axiom that he will make more for his milk by disposing of it as it is than by turning it into butter or cheese. But even if this were not so the criticism seems particularly inconsistent. Milk is the one article in which the English farmer has succeeded in keeping out the foreigner. Yet he is deliberately advised to lessen his supply, with the result, of course (as it is hardly to be supposed that the demand will diminish), that foreign milk must come in to supply the deficiency. If he were to relinquish the milk trade, and allow the foreigner to “capture” it, what a howl would be raised against his stupidity!

And this brings us to what is really the main ground of complaint which Mr. Williams takes up against the British farmer. His argument is largely based on the pleasant assumption that the farmer systematically and perversely does those things which he ought not to do and leaves undone those things which he ought to do. He persists in selling milk—when he can—which he ought not to do, while the things which he ought to do are many and magnificent. I deduce from Mr. Williams that farmers to begin with ought to grow 8,000,000 acres of wheat instead of the miserable 1,700,000 which they now grow, though it must be admitted that this obligation is not pressed unless a duty is placed on foreign wheat. Whether the farmer “ought” to grow all the oats and barley and produce all the meat consumed in this country is not quite clear, though it seems to be suggested; but it is certainly imputed to him for unrighteousness that he does not monopolise the supply of butter, cheese, poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and hops to his own countrymen. Mr. Williams appears to have some doubts as to whether the whole of the corn, meat, dairy produce, &c., now imported could be produced at home, for he observes:—“If British agriculture were free of foreign competition, and as flourishing as it is now desperate, it is *more than likely*, particularly having regard to its manufacturing interests, that England would require a certain amount of imported food.”

I desire to refrain, as far as possible, from statistical detail, but

making a very rough calculation I think I should be safe in saying that the suggestion that all farm produce now imported should be produced at home would necessitate an addition of at least 25,000,000 acres to our cultivated area. Now the aggregate area of the United Kingdom, including not only land in the ordinary sense of the term, but also lakes, rivers, towns, railways, &c., is in round figures not quite 78,000,000 acres, and of this 48,000,000 acres are cultivated at the present moment. The most inveterate doctrinaire will admit that some land, even though unoccupied, is not capable of being cultivated. A few years ago one or two ingenious members of Parliament projected a Bill which, if I remember rightly, proposed to fine every landlord who allowed land to remain uncultivated, but it is hardly necessary to labour the point that this was absurd. It need only be added that the greater part of the land which is not described in the Returns as cultivated is classed as "mountain and heath land used for grazing," and is to a certain extent productive. Moreover, the breadth of cultivated land does slowly increase notwithstanding the steady encroachment of the towns which swallow year by year many acres of the richest and most highly cultivated land. It is probably true—though dogmatism on the point is risky owing to the defectiveness of early statistics—that there is now as much land under cultivation in the United Kingdom as at any previous time. About 70 years ago, as I gather from a paper read before the Royal Statistical Society in 1883 by Major Craigie, the cultivated area of the United Kingdom was estimated at 46,000,000 acres. In fact, to put it quite curtly, any idea of increasing to a large extent the cultivated area is utterly impracticable, especially in view of the constant demand for land for residential purposes.

But it may be, and often is, said that the same area might produce more. That is quite true. But it does not follow that the incompetence of the farmers, as their critics are prone to assume, explains the present limit of productiveness. The British farmer, for example, grows on an average 30 bushels of wheat per acre, while the American farmer grows about 12, but it does not follow that the former is more than twice as competent as the latter. It is not the business of the farmer to grow the biggest crop, but to grow the crop which pays him best. After a certain point every additional bushel per acre costs more in labour and manure to grow than its total value. Farmers may not be profound political economists, but every one of them understands the practical application of the "Law of Diminishing Return."

I do not assert that the output of every farm in this country reaches the maximum of profitable production any more than I maintain that every farmer is a paragon of wisdom and skill. There are no doubt many cases in which the gross returns might be increased with advantage. Two points, however, are worth remembering; first, that farm production, acre for acre, is probably higher all round now than at any previous period, and, secondly, that the results attained by British farmers are, on the whole, better than those in any other country. Now neither of these statements is capable of actual demonstration, because of the plentiful lack of complete and reliable statistics of agricultural production in this, and still more in other countries. It may be added that many of the assertions made about production, especially in other countries, are the merest guesses. There is a little real evidence on either of the points mentioned above. First, as to increased output, Major Craigie's paper above referred to enables us to arrive at some comparison with regard to corn. Calculations of the yield per acre of wheat, barley, and oats in each country were carefully made by McCulloch for the period 1800-16, based on the data collected at that time by the old Board of Agriculture. A comparison of a few of the figures of that period with those now officially collected is interesting. Take the important corn-growing county of Suffolk. In the early part of the century the average yields per acre were—Wheat, 20; Barley, 22; and Oats, 36 bushels. The figures for the present time show—Wheat, 29·05; Barley, 32·81; and Oats, 40·86 bushels. Without going into the other detailed figures it is quite clear that over England and Wales generally the yield per acre of cereal crops has greatly increased. As regards the second point, superiority over the foreigners, the average yield of wheat in the United Kingdom is higher, with the possible exception of Denmark—for which statistics are rarely collected—than that in any other country in the world. This is not, as Mr. Williams curiously imagines, because "nature backs the English farmer," for wheat is not native to these islands, and the climate and conditions are less favourable to it than those of many other parts of the world. The average production per acre of barley and oats is higher in the United Kingdom than in any other country except, possibly, Belgium and Holland, for both of which the yields for individual years exceed the ten years' average for this country.

So far, then, as they go, these figures establish the two points—as to which corroborative evidence of a less definite character might easily

be accumulated—viz., that the present-day British farmer produces more per acre than his predecessors, and more also than the vast majority of his foreign competitors.

Then as to quality of produce. It is self-evident that this country cannot be equally well suited for the production of every article, and it is hardly surprising if certain produce from abroad should be better than corresponding home produce. Nature cannot back the English farmer in everything, as Mr. Williams erroneously supposes she does in wheat. Yet it would be difficult to name a single ordinary article of farm production for which the actual highest price in the market is not made by British produce. Take Meat, for example. No one will deny that the best Meat in the world is produced in this country; and the fact that all the world comes to British farmers for the stock wherewith to improve their flocks and herds is a practical vindication of their skill and knowledge in this important branch of agriculture.

Then as to Cheese and Butter. British farmers are always being told to go to the Dane, or the Norman, or the Swede, or the Dutchman, to learn the rudiments of dairying. Those nations have been—by the wisdom and enterprise of their Governments, and of merchants—dragooned and disciplined into methods which are perfectly well known and practised in this country, but are often described as though they were new inventions or discoveries. But what is the true test? Does any kind of Cheese or any make of Butter stand higher in the market than the best English? Except in one or two cases where climatic conditions handicap him unduly, the best produce of the British farmer will, nine times out of ten, beat the best produce of all comers.

That last statement is not mere bombast, but is founded on the results of some little inquiry into and knowledge of the subject. Having delivered one's self of it with an appropriate fervour of patriotism, it would be hardly surprising if some cold-blooded reader should say:—"Then if the British farmer produces more and produces better than his foreign rivals, is it to say that he is faultless?" It is not to say anything of the kind. All that I have said up to now goes to prove, first, that he is not so black as he is painted, and secondly, that you cannot explain foreign competition by accusing him of incompetence. If that is admitted, it goes far enough for my purpose.

The prescriptions offered by Mr. Williams for the rehabilitation of British Agriculture are two: Protection and Co-operation. He

incidentally makes a number of other suggestions (including, in his book, as a sort of afterthought, such a trifle as the establishment of Land Courts for fixing rents—a proposal which, at any rate, opens up questions of greater magnitude than from the sixteen lines which he devotes to it he appears to realise); but these are his two main propositions. I am certainly not, here and now, prepared to discuss either the arguments for “Protection with a capital P” or our system of Land Tenure, each of which would require an article of greater length than this one to deal with their bare rudiments. But one remark I will venture upon in regard to the actual suggestion of a duty of 5s. per quarter on Imported Wheat; because when a definite proposal is made in precise terms, it merits some consideration. Mr. Williams says:—“A five-shilling rise in Wheat means a halfpenny rise in a quatern loaf, and a five-shilling impost on Foreign Corn would go far to stay the ebbing life of English tillage. It is the amount usually, and I think rightly, advocated. I am here admitting the unsupported assumption that the duty would mean an increased price all round to the same amount.” Further he says of a five-shilling duty:—“It is a piece of Protection, the smallest conceivable; yet not only would it save a great national industry from gradual extinction; it would also restore its prosperity, and it would indirectly enhance the prosperity of others. Moreover, the heightened price could doubtless be reduced as time went on.” The argument therefore is, that a five-shilling duty would increase the price of English Wheat by not more than the amount of the duty, viz., 5s. per quarter, and that the increase might be less, and would “doubtless be reduced as time went on,” and the assertion is that it would “stay the ebbing life of English tillage,” and “save a great national industry from gradual extinction.” But do the known facts warrant the assertion that such an increase of price would have such a result? We have seen a rise in price of more than 5s. within the past few months; but it would be unsafe to take this as a guide, as we do not know its effect on the acreage, and, if we did, it might reasonably be argued that it was too spasmodic and uncertain to have a permanent influence. Let us go back to the statistical history of recent years. Taking the mean of the five years 1891–95, the average price of Wheat per quarter was 28s.; taking the mean of the five years 1881–85, it was 40s., or a difference of 12s. per quarter. But the average extent of land under Wheat each year in Great Britain was, in 1891–95, 1,954,000 acres, and in 1881–85, 2,715,000 acres. If

a difference in price of 12s. per quarter affects the acreage to the extent of 700,000 acres, it can scarcely be argued that a difference of 5s. per quarter would increase the acreage by more than, say, 300,000 acres : which is no more than the variation which may take place between one year and another. It certainly throws doubt upon the assertion that a five-shilling duty would suffice to save the industry of agriculture from gradual extinction, or stay the ebbing tide of English tillage.

Then as to Co-operation. I may, perhaps, venture to claim to have shown practical sympathy with the principle of Co-operation in agriculture and to have tried in some small degree to promote its extension. But I have never argued or admitted that it is applicable under all circumstances and to all farmers. In one form or another I believe British farmers might make more use of it than they do ; but local conditions affect the situation so much, and vary to so great a degree, that every case must be treated on its merits. To advocate a universal application of the butter-factory or creamery system, for example, is in my judgment impracticable and unwise ; but I believe also that in some districts farmers would be well advised to start a co-operative creamery, and would do better by its help than they are now able to do. I base this opinion more on the fact that they have already done so with advantage in some districts, than on the fact that the Danes, for instance, under entirely diverse conditions and with State assistance, have found the system answer. Each country presents its own special problems, and in no country probably are the agricultural problems so varied and complex as here.

There is one special point to which I should like to refer in conclusion. It is the subject to which Mr. Williams devotes his chapter on "Transport." With much of what he says most people will agree ; but, like many others who have not perhaps followed the subject through all its ramifications, he is too much drawn away from the main issue by the ingenious argument of large consignments and "good loading." It is a sound argument, as far as it goes ; but it did not cover the whole Southampton Docks Case, and it does not cover the whole question now.

It is commonly argued as if it were greatly to the credit of the foreign or colonial farmer that he sends his produce here in large regular consignments and substantial packages. It does not seem to occur to any one that, if he is to send it at all, this is the only way he can do so. All the combination in the world will not enable English

produce to be handed to the railway companies in shiploads, and packed as if for ocean transit. Take package for instance. Is it reasonable to ask that English produce, intended to travel, say, 50 miles, should be as substantially packed as foreign produce intended to travel, say, 5,000 miles? Yet unless it is presented in identically the same way the railway companies claim to justify a large difference in the rates. I do not deny that something may be done by combination to meet the necessary and obvious conditions of transport; but unless railway companies are willing to assist the farmer a little more practically than by merely scoffing at him for his lack of combination, they cannot claim much gratitude. Happily, following the enlightened lead of the Great Eastern Company, some of them have latterly shown a willingness to provide facilities for the conveyance of agricultural produce without accompanying them with impossible conditions. They have, quite rightly, received great public credit for the new attitude which they have taken up towards farmers. But the fact that a small reduction of rates and a little rearrangement of conditions should have aroused so much surprise and gratitude is a cynical commentary upon their previous attitude. The true cause for rejoicing is the evidence afforded that the companies are realising that their public responsibilities are as great as their private rights. The ability with which the railway interest of this country is controlled is undeniable; but the most able men may be mistaken in policy, and throughout the long struggle over the railway rates question the companies have, in my humble judgment, adopted a mistaken and short-sighted policy. They have engaged all the best legal talent of the country to fight inch by inch, with the utmost tenacity and ingenuity, every single point; to concede nothing, to admit nothing, until actually compelled. It ill lies with railway companies to preach combination to farmers, when there is nothing which they have so much resented as the combination with which farmers and traders have now and again met them in the railway rates controversy. That combination I, as the Secretary of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, must be foremost to admit was inadequate; but, nevertheless, it achieved important results. It secured the Railway and Canal Traffic Acts of 1888 and 1894; and but for the passing of those measures we should never have seen the introduction of the new agricultural rates.

The companies, with sweet ingenuousness, deprecate opposition, and put forward their recent action as showing how much more may be

gained by concession than by legal proceedings—as if that were not a commonplace in all transactions of life. But neither farmers nor traders have forgotten their unwarrantable action in 1892, from which, though it was severely censured by a Select Committee, and was practically admitted to be indefensible, they are still reaping a large pecuniary benefit. In the light of history it is not unfair to presume that the passing of the two Acts just mentioned, the exposure and condemnation of the methods of the companies by the Select Committee on Railway Rates of 1892, and the certainty that vigorous measures were sure to be advocated on behalf of Agriculture in the new Parliament, were the motive-power which stirred them, or at any rate some of them, into a new departure. None will rejoice more than farmers if this amended policy should be maintained and permanently followed up: although the recent action of the companies, in endeavouring to suppress the only maps by which traders and farmers could possibly check railway distances with accuracy, is a straw which shows that the old plan of secrecy and distrust—justifiable enough in an ordinary commercial firm, but unjustifiable in great public monopolists—has not been entirely abandoned. But every one who desires to promote the interests of Agriculture—and may it not be also said the interests of the railway companies?—will hope for the further development of the new system of “agricultural rates.” Personally I know instances of the advantage which, on the Great Eastern Railway, they have been to producers in enabling them to supply town consumers direct: a system which after all is better than any plan of Co-operation, although it is obviously limited in its possible application.

There is no doubt that by the application of the principle of Co-operation—in buying farm requisites, in selling and distributing farm produce, in making certain farm products, or in all these ways—the farmers may in some districts at least be benefited. But they must be convinced, not coerced. It is a mistake to attempt to bully them into it. They have a not unnatural aversion from being constantly told that they do not know their business: the more so as it is on the whole not true. But the world does move; and slowly, quietly, and unostentatiously attempts are being made in various parts of the country to apply the principle of Co-operation to Agriculture. And on its natural, and perhaps gradual, growth we must rely for such benefits as are to be obtainable from it. As for Protection, there is one other remark to

make. Farmers, I believe, ask of their countrymen, before everything else, Fair Play. At present they do not consider that they get it. When Parliament, in its tardy wisdom, ceases to place heavier burdens of taxation upon Agriculture than upon other industries; when it compels all foreign produce to be sold honestly for what it is; when it prevents such frauds upon producers and consumers alike as still flourish in the adulteration of Butter, Milk, and other articles; and when it provides some effectual and ready means of redress for the man who is shut out from his market by the excessive cost of transit—then, and not till then, it may claim to have given the British Farmer a fair field and no favour in his competition with the world.

R. HENRY REW.

THE DECLINE OF WOMAN

HE who should assert that Woman in our time has hardly yet regained the honour and importance which were hers among civilised people thousands of years ago could not expect a patient hearing. I do not challenge the public common sense with that proposition, yet the bold mortal who asserted it would not lack arguments or facts. In the course of desultory reading I have noted some of these, and if they do not lead me to the same conviction it is only because unmarried girls apparently did not share the high *status* of matrons. Our forefathers cherished a pleasing belief that the Teutonic races showed their inherent superiority to all others by treating the sex with reverence. The famous words of Tacitus:—"They hold that there is something divine in Woman":—were expanded into a basis for theories which defied the prosaic records of history. Sentimental legends like this are not worth discussion. If it be true that the Germans revered womanhood whilst dwelling in their primeval forests, we see nothing of the virtue when they emerge; for, had ever negro tribe such hideous annals as the Most Noble Nation of the Franks or the Burgundians?

Mr. Gladstone asserts that "it would be hard to discover any period of history or country of the world, not being Christian, in which Woman stood so high as with the Greeks of the Heroic Age." Yet when Mr. Gladstone wrote *Juventus Mundi* he might have filled shelves of his library with translations from the Demotic Script, and the Cuneiform, showing periods of history and countries where Woman stood infinitely higher. Upon the proposition as it stands, ingenuous readers should consult Professor Mahaffy in *Greek Life and Thought*. And even if Mr. Gladstone's scholarship be preferred, his argument does not come to much. The Homeric Greeks did not practise polygamy. The relations of husband and wife were affectionate and mutually respectful. Maidens were pure, youths manly and modest. There is but one allusion to an unfaithful wife—besides Helen—and she, Mr. Gladstone has satisfied himself, was a foreigner. The story of

Briseis proves, unfortunately, that a girl might be abducted ; but her ravisher would sometimes call her his wife, and she on her part might confidently expect him to marry her. Penelope remained constant for twenty years. The array of facts is not imposing. Still, so far as they go, they demonstrate that Woman received more honour in the dawn of Greek civilisation than afterwards.

A word of the Northmen, whose ethics in this branch have been extolled. Certain it is at least that they merit all the commendation which is allowed to the Greeks of the Heroic Age—perhaps for the same reason. In fact, the testimony of Homer and that of the Sagas show a great resemblance. I do not recall a Nausicaa in Scandinavian epic. It is too earnest, too much preoccupied with grave events, to sketch the portrait of a maiden who plays no part in the story. But there is an abundance of spirited and charming girls, devoted wives, tender lovers, true-hearted men and women. In the North, antique codes of law survive which give a thousand details unnecessary and unsuited for a poetic narrative. Nothing therein weakens the impression which the Sagas leave. For many centuries after Christianity was introduced, the Northern woman might look back with envy to the status of the sex in the Viking era. If she had no longer cause to fear that a Berserk might challenge her husband to Holmganga, herself the prize of victory, she was subject to outrage from her feudal lord and his retainers which the Berserk never conceived. But the rights of Woman did not begin till after marriage. A girl could not choose her husband ; we often hear that she disliked the man whom her father or guardian proposed, but very seldom that she resisted. It may well be that the "Shield-Maidens" were recruited from the most daring and reckless of those who would not submit, but I do not recall any evidence—incidentally it may be remarked that the Sagas are curiously reticent, so far as my reading goes, about this most interesting class. The Amazons spring to sight—perhaps attended by a "great host of champions," perhaps as standard-bearers to the King himself, like Vebjorg and Visma at the battle of Bravöll. They play a part in many tremendous dramas. But we seldom hear of their personal story. Is it because the moral bard disapproved them, in spite of their glorious achievements?—This is a digression. Resuming, a girl without property had no rights at law. The severe enactment against kissing her could be set in motion only by a father or guardian : the "moral and intellectual damage" was done to him. It was illegal to strike a wife—

and very foolish, as Gudrun's husband found, and many another. But a man might do it three times if for that gratification he were willing to pay the fine he would have incurred by assaulting a male of his own rank. A fourth blow entailed divorce, and we are told how a wife sometimes provoked her husband with this object.

The *Vedas* give similar evidence, as every one knows. We could not have stronger proof of a high regard for Woman than that displayed by equality in religious exercises; even our Nonconformists have not quite reached that point generally, and the Established Church is still far below. But the Vedic Hymns show it at the fullest. For instance:—"O ye Gods! We, the married pair who join in this drink-offering, who purify the Soma juice and mix it with milk, Grant us food to eat together and together to offer sacrifice! May we never lack food! We do not make vain promises of offerings to the Gods nor stint their praises. We worship you with our best! Grant us children, babes and boys and young men! Grant us wealth! May we reach a venerable age! The Gods love the worship of such a couple, who sacrifice and offer grateful food to them. Their race is multiplied and they worship the Gods." An honest prayer: those who do their duty by the Gods expect that the Gods will do their duty by them.

The wife's share is not distinguished from the husband's in this ceremony. She assisted in preparing the sacrifice and in offering it; in singing the hymn, too, assuredly, for it may well be that she composed it. In several cases we are told that the author was a woman. Feminine *Rishis* are named; and the word did not mean a hypochondriacal recluse, but a learned devotee who might be the counsellor of kings. One of the *Upanishads*, which are of later date, tells how Janaka, King of the Videhahs, assembled all the wisest Brahmans of his time for a grand disputation. And among the sages thus collected was one woman at least. For when the illustrious Yajnavalkya was carrying all before him, a lady rose. "Take two man-piercing arrows in thy hand," she said, "and prepare for battle. I am about to try thee with two questions." Now, the rules of Art enact that a person who comes forward, at the last moment, to challenge a victor, should overthrow him. But possibly this narrative dealt with plain facts. Yajnavalkya answered the two questions mildly but triumphantly, and the lady resumed her seat. Thus it appears that women were admitted to an assembly of Brahmans, and took part in the discussion without embarrassment.

Parents received money or money's worth for a daughter whom they gave in marriage, but she evidently had a voice in the matter. "Many a maiden," we read, "is attracted by a suitor's wealth ; but she who is gentle and well-shaped chooses among many the one she loves." The combination "gentle and well-shaped" is significant : it would imply pure Aryan birth. And a girl remained single if she chose ; at least we find daughters claiming and receiving a share of the paternal estate. They could not do so if they were married.

The *Code of Manu* is later far, but much of the old feeling survives. Mark a passage in Chapter III, on Marriage :—"Where women find honour the Gods are pleased ; where they are ill-treated acts of worship avail nothing. The issue of a man who makes his woman-folk unhappy is soon cut short ; but where they are content sons abound. Where the husband loves the wife and the wife the husband, from that house assuredly Luck will not depart." This shows an excellent spirit. But Woman no longer stands on an equal footing with man. It is his duty to treat her with kindness, and the Gods will requite him for performing it. But she has no remedy on earth if he fail.

In the earliest civilisations of which we have record, the Accadian and the Egyptian, a very different state of things prevailed. Every one knows that in the morning twilight of history a race akin to the modern Turk is seen occupying great cities in the country betwixt Tigris and Euphrates. In the year 3800 B.C.—for the date is certain—it was already civilised and cultured to a degree which Christian Europe did not approach fifty centuries later ; we are free to speculate how many ages of progress were necessary to raise primeval man to that level. In course of time Semitic emigrants overwhelmed these peaceful and industrious Turanians, but adopted their religion and science and culture, as barbarous tribes are apt to do, when they dispossess a people superior to themselves. Though speaking another language, they piously studied the Accadian books, translated them for the use of the vulgar, and preserved them most carefully for our reading. These belong to all classes of literature—history, religion, morals, law, astronomy, medical practice—of a sort—fables, and so on. But all allusions show that Woman was regarded as man's equal. In fact, says Professor Sayce, "She ranked before the husband in all matters relating to the family." There is striking testimony in the Accadian practice of writing "Woman and Man" wherever the sexes are mentioned. This might be due to some eccentricity of grammatic rules. But the explanation will not fit ; for the

Accadian language had no distinction of gender. And, to complete the proof, wherever this form occurs, the Semitic translator has reversed it—substituting “Man and Woman.” He had an intense reverence for the antique text. But he would not allow the minds of his women-folk to be disturbed by such revolutionary doctrine in books which they esteemed as Holy Writ.

These translators, of course, were the Assyrians. Much of the old system would remain in practice, no doubt; but equality had vanished. An Assyrian bride was commonly purchased from her father; not a few such contracts have been discovered (in one the price is as low as £2 16s.). But among rich families the father might give a dowry. There is a case in which the bridegroom neither gave nor received: the damsel was a “musician,” and that possibly accounts for several unusual features of the contract. One clause stipulates that if the gentleman repudiate his wife for the purpose of taking another, he shall pay six *manas* of silver—say £54. We may imagine that this was inserted by the bride’s parents, whose experience of the world made them suspect that a wealthy young man who insisted on marrying a chorus girl would probably repent his bargain before long. But another odd clause follows, and in this we may recognise a counter-stroke framed by the youth’s family lawyer. It lays down that, if the wife misconduct herself, he may put her to death. Now, Assyrian custom was lenient to this offence, whatever the law might enjoin: a guilty wife was stripped, and turned out of her house. To substitute death for this mild punishment is a very singular condition; but it becomes intelligible when we recall the former stipulation. The husband, eager for divorce, might charge his wife with unfaithfulness; and she, to escape death, would consent to forego her claim to the six *manas* of silver. Let us hope that it was a crafty old solicitor who devised this trick, and that the bridegroom never dreamed of taking advantage of it. In yet another agreement, the bride’s father undertakes to pay six *manas* cash as dowry, together with a field; also to provide a trousseau, three slaves, and a quantity of furniture. But, whatever the conditions, a wife was her husband’s chattel. Her parents might insist on a separation; but they must pay a price, and a heavy one. The amount is sometimes fixed in the marriage contract; it may be as high as ten *manas* (= £90). There is no need to say more: so far had the next heirs of the Accads deteriorated! But we must remember that there was a change of race Semitic for Turanian.

The records of the great Egibi banking firm give many hints upon the status of Woman ; when all have been translated we shall have much more evidence. They cover a period of four centuries, beginning in the Assyrian empire and ending in the Persian. Already it is clear that a married woman at Babylon conducted all sorts of business on her own account, and borrowed money from Egibi and Sons for her purpose ; sometimes the husband is named as her agent, but often as a mere witness to the loan ; or, again, they are registered as partners. English law is not yet so liberal ; very few years ago it did not recognise a wife's property at all unless settled before marriage. In Babylon a wife's dower was her own, without settlement. One tablet—broken, unfortunately—shows that a widow carried not her dower only, but all her first husband's property, to his successor, though she had a family. It is provided that the dower shall be shared equally at her death among the children of both marriages. Another stipulation refers to the children of the first marriage, but here the fracture occurs ; we may suppose that it gave them all the property of the first husband, their father. That portion of the Egibi muniments, so to call them, which relates to the Persian era will be specially interesting, for it should fill a blank. From allusions in Greek history it is clear enough, however, that the Persian woman was no slave. The Zendavista is always respectful to her. For instance, the customary law lays down that if a man "deny" his wife—that is, apparently refuse the conjugal rights—he shall return her dowry and pay her a half *mana* of silver ; that "if a man so ill-treat his wife that she denies him, in the river they shall place him." The expression is vague. It may signify that he was drowned, or perhaps simply "ducked," or anything betwixt those extremes. We are to suppose that it was an unpleasant operation, anyhow. Again, contrast the Christian view of these matters—its hideous "restitution of conjugal rights," not yet repealed.

It is not to be supposed that, when Mr. Gladstone exalted the Greeks of the Heroic Age above all other ancient peoples for their treatment of Woman, he had forgotten what Herodotus and Diodorus and so many others report of the Egyptians. One unacquainted with the modern discoveries which confirm them might well think their assertions nonsense. But it is certainly true, as they allege, that Woman enjoyed such a position in Egypt as was incredible even to Romans. Diodorus says that the supremacy of the wife was a standing condition in contracts of marriage : the husband agreeing to obey her in all things.

In later times at least, when antique custom was giving way, this statement was regarded as a humorous exaggeration. But M. Revillout has collected and translated a great number of family records which support the bearing of it—though there is no such positive stipulation as, indeed, we should expect. A married woman makes contracts in her own name and holds property without either reference to her husband or mention of him. In one instance we see a man settling all his possessions upon his wife under the single condition that she maintain him living and bury him in a proper manner. In after times the women always abuse their trust. It would not necessarily be so in Egypt, where freedom and dignity, enjoyed for countless generations, had taught them to respect themselves. But this state of things must have annoyed the Greeks, though they thought it funny, and Ptolemy Philopater put an end to it. He issued a decree making the husband's consent necessary for any legal act of the wife.

The address of a father, commending his old wife to their eldest son just married, suggests a delightful picture :—" It is God Himself who gave her to thee. From the beginning she bore a heavy burden with thee, in which I could not help her. Verily when thou wast born she made herself thy slave. For three years she nursed thee at her breast, and as thou grewest bigger her heart never once allowed her to complain, 'Why should I bear this?' She went with thee to school, and while thou wast learning thy letters she placed herself near thy master every day with bread and beer from thy house. And now that thou hast a wife and a house of thine own, remember always thy helpless infancy and the care thy mother lavished on thee, that she may never have occasion for reproach, to raise her hands to Heaven against thee. For God would fulfil her curse." Professor Maspéro concludes that Woman was more respected and more independent in the Egypt of 1400 B.C. than at any era of the world's history, among the middle and the lower classes at least (in the "upper circles," apparently, she was apt to abuse her freedom). As a daughter, she inherited an equal share of the paternal estate with her brothers; as a wife, she was the real mistress of the house, *nobit pi*. It may be said that the husband was her privileged guest therein. She went and came as she liked, spoke with whom she would unquestioned, walked abroad among men unveiled. As with some savages to this day a father takes the name of his eldest son with a distinguishing prefix, so in Egypt children took their name from the mother. This practice was assigned to the Gods themselves: as, for

instance, Horus was called Hari-isit, the son of Isis, without reference to Osiris.

A significant touch of evidence in the palmy days of Greece has not commonly received the attention it deserves. Plato remarks in *Cratylus* that good women at Athens spoke in a dialect unfamiliar to the men: it was learned from the nurse, and they never outgrew it. This shows the division of the sexes, and the dull seclusion of Woman's life, as completely as volumes of description. Such a trick would have been dropped unconsciously had girls associated with boys, attended public amusements, or "gone into society." But it was more than a sign: in fact it would be a cause of disunion. There are men in abundance at the present day whose love for their wives would be sorely strained by a bad accent when the honeymoon was over. The ear of a cultured Athenian was refined to the utmost. This would not be least among the influences which drove him to consort with Hetairæ. Observe that it is the good women who spoke thus: the bad ones, we know, were specially trained to converse with elegance. Woman's legal status at Rome was far lower than at Athens—in fact, she had none, whilst the antique ideas prevailed. But the Romans treated her at least with humanity and decency, and this conduct of the Greeks shocked them. Sir Gardner Wilkinson cites an indignant outburst:—"Which of us is ashamed to bring his wife to an entertainment, and what mistress of a family can be shown who does not occupy the chief and most frequented part of the house? But in Greece she never appears at a social gathering, except one to which kinsfolk only are invited. Eternally she lives in the women's apartments . . . to which no man is admitted unless a near relation."

How and why did it come to pass that the Sex was thus abased? Mr. Gladstone believes that the pleasant state of things suggested by Homer among the Greeks was broken up by the Doric Invasion. But there is the same decline of respect for womanhood elsewhere. There is no apparent reason why the Dorians should not have maintained the antique code of ethics: one would have thought, indeed, from their character, as displayed in the Historic Era, that they were likely to keep it purest. If it could be shown that Semitic influence mastered them during their "exile," that would be a tempting explanation, since it applies to the Assyrians also. In Egypt the supremacy of woman was checked by the Ptolemies, and slowly perished under Greek and Roman rule. But no Semitic

barbarism corrupted the Indian Aryans. The general use of iron presents itself: by promoting war it would multiply the number of household slaves, and thus destroy the cheerful communion of husband and wife and the sanctity of the marriage bond. But, if iron was rare among the champions of *The Iliad*, the Accads used it freely as far back as we can trace them. And they were a conquering people then.

Upon the whole, it seems likely that all these pristine races learned their respect for Woman at one source, and gradually lost it as time went by—wandering further and further from that common centre. Only those who carry the agreeable theories of the late Professor Drummond to their logical issue can imagine that the equality of the sexes is an idea natural to the Animal Man. The savage world has been studied very carefully in these days—all its records have been examined; but everywhere the woman is more or less a slave, except among some races of America at the conquest, and for them the evidence is questionable. Assuredly it is not impossible that all the peoples I have named, Egyptian, Indo-Aryan, early Greeks, even Northmen, felt the gentle influence of the Accad. It may very well be that Egypt developed her own ideas, and taught the Archaic Greeks at first-hand. If so, there were two sources. But already there are savants who incline to trace the beginning of civilisation, in Egypt on the one hand and in China on the other, to that wondrous nation which dwelt in Chaldea.

FREDERICK BOYLE.

THE GATE-KEEPER

ROUGH gown, stuff gown, my love hath noble raiment,
Silk robes and scarlet robes, pearls of great price :
If a man kiss her hand, Death is his payment—
"Nay, but I keep the gates of Paradise."

Brown hand, brown hand, my love has fingers whiter
Than swan on the pool or lily on the lake :
If a man kiss her hands, Death falls the lighter—
"She sends you sleeping fast? I bid you wake."

Bare head, fair head, my love's head on her pillow
Black as a bird's wing lies, circled with gold :
If a man touch it, he swings from a willow—
"Doth her love burn thee so? My breast is cold."

Torn wings, shorn wings, my love goeth wingless ;
She is wind and water, fire that upward springs.
Ere I died praising her, I left my harp all stringless—
"From my stripped pinions my children make them wings."

End me or mend me : heavy is my burden.
Years ago I died, and her sins are heaped on mine :
So she walks Heaven's paths Hell shall be my guerdon—
"I who ope the gate to thee was once that love of thine."

NORA HOPPER.

AN ANCIENT CRITIC

BORN in Syria, educated, maybe, in Rome, a citizen of the great empire, familiar with the men and countries of the known world, Lucian remained until his death a devout Athenian. Though it pleased him to lecture through the length and breadth of Macedonia, though he carried culture to far-distant Gaul, he never forgot that—as a man of letters—he owed his allegiance to that miraculous city of the sea, which centuries ago had closed her book of glory. For to Lucian Athens was still an *alma mater*, who with splendour undimmed cherished the destinies of literature, and imposed her laws upon all the world. Never once does he hint at decline; never once does he suggest that the age of Pericles is past. With an admirable dogmatism he suppresses the intervening years, and pictures you a city which, still the home of Thucydides, listens awe-struck to the wisdom of Socrates. The eminence of Rome avails not to turn him from his loyalty; though he never loses an occasion to quote a tag from the poets, though the lightest of his essays is embellished with a literary allusion, he knows naught of Virgil or Horace, and, what is still stranger, professes no acquaintance with Plautus or Terence. In brief, he chose his home and he chose his period, and there is little beyond a handful of references to prove that Rome had passed its Augustan age a hundred years before Lucian's birth, and that she was throughout his career the undisputed mistress of three continents.

He describes himself somewhere as one who lived with the ancients, and for all his ceaseless questing after new ideas, for all his valiant curiosity and research, for all his reckless destruction of idols, he was in literature as in life a staunch Conservative. His fancy wandered far back into the past, and that for which he had no appreciation was neither good nor bad: it was condemned to silence. History can hardly show a more violent paradox than this hard, sceptical, modern philosopher for whom nothing seemed real save the remote, and who, though a professed critic, had no word of praise or blame for the dominant literature of his time. He would conquer for his craft

a whole kingdom of new material ; but meanwhile he knew no other classics than Homer and Thucydides, than Herodotus and Æschylus. Sculpture for him meant the masterpieces of Phidias, of Polycletus, of Myron and Alcamenes, while Zeuxis and Apelles, the only painters worthy of admiration, might perchance be living yet. Wherefore it is not surprising that he wrote Greek with the austere suavity of the ancients. Though separated from his models by some five centuries, by as wide a lapse as divides Tennyson and Chaucer, he cultivated a style which Plato or Sophron would have understood, and he achieved this marvel without betraying the smallest trace of archaism. Could there be found a better example of tradition's tyranny ? Lucian was a writer of delicate taste, to whom the extremes of affectation and artificiality were repugnant ; yet so strong a hold had the Greek tongue kept upon the world, that his language would have appeared not only correct but admirable to the generation which heard Sophocles in the theatre of Dionysius. Imagine Mr. Pater apeing the style of Wycliffe and escaping notice ! And Lucian's achievement is even stranger, for he was a foreigner dwelling in foreign cities, who chose Greek as Apuleius chose Latin, by a whimsical preference. Moreover, he never spoke it without an accent. "I talk Greek," he confesses himself, "like a barbarian" ; but at least he wrote it like the Athenian he elected to be, and the mobs which listened to him could not detect the Syrian quality of his speech.

Nor was the Athens of his adoration the greedy, mean, unscrupulous city wherewith the Roman satirists have made us familiar. The hungry Greekling had no place in the paradise of lofty thought and noble conduct which Lucian saw in his dreams. The panegyric of Athens put into the mouth of Nigrinus, was obviously fashioned by his own brain, and could only befit a commonwealth of heroism and restraint. Yet its ardent sincerity is beyond question ; and in Lucian's eyes tradition still snatched the victory from decadence and death. Athens, then, is the proper refuge for the needy philosopher, who values the refinements of life above the indiscriminate scramble for wealth. For such a one, be he stranger or native-born, Athens has always a generous welcome. But luckless is he who would challenge her sympathy with ostentation, and capture her affection by display. Yet her citizens are moderate in their displeasure, and reproach even vulgarity with a jest. "The bath has enjoyed a long peace," they whisper to some foreigner who comes to bathe with an enormous retinue, "there is no need of

a camp here." And when the upstart would astonish the town with a coat of many colours and purple trappings, "Look," they murmur, "the Spring is here already," or, "Where did this peacock spring from?" or, "Perhaps this robe is his mother's?" But for him who loves a simple life, and the pursuit of philosophy, Athens is the pleasantest resort, since there may you live in accordance with nature and in the presence of beautiful things. So Lucian contrasts Rome with this perfect harmony, and handsomely avenges the *Græculus Esuriens*. "Why, poor devil, did you leave the sunlight?" asks Nigrinus of himself, when he sets foot in the capital of the Empire, where pleasure is admitted at every gate—pleasure with its attendant vice—and where all men race for the wealth which shall buy them gratification and satiety. The slave of to-day is the rich man of to-morrow, and in the pitiless struggle honesty and learning are despised. How should philosophy prevail against the universal love of horse-racing? How should you expect simplicity from a city which sets up the statues of its jockeys at every street corner, and babbles only of its favourites' names? Thus Lucian, preferring the condemned, forgotten Athens, shows in his preference as in his style that he is the last of the classics.

Yes, this Syrian with a provincial accent is a true classic—classic in the humane management of his style, classic also in his whole-hearted admiration of the past. But when you desert the form for the substance, you see how justly he was called the first of the moderns. His achievement was nothing less than a miracle. He poured the new wine of modern experience into the old bottle of classic style, and neither wine nor bottle was spoilt. If taste and reverence restrained his expression, his thought was free as air, and with perfect truth he quoted the tag of Terence (doubtless from its Greek original): "Nothing that is human is foreign to me." Remembering also his familiarity with the Gods, to human he might have added divine. He found his material where he chose—in the shadowy palace of Olympus or in the highways of Rome. Now it was Jupiter that engrossed his scorn, now it was Alexander the False Prophet that amused his fancy; and God or Charlatan was sufficient excuse for sly wit or swift imagination. But in nothing does he display the perfect freshness of his invention so evidently as in the bitter spirit of criticism which animates the most of his works. There is a legend that he left the sculptor's studio, where he should have learnt his art, because he broke in two the first

block of marble submitted to his chisel. And this is a symbol of his career: his talent was analytic and destructive; he was always breaking superstition in pieces, or tearing the follies of mankind to shreds. Nor, when he had cleared the ground of its impeding rubble did he profess an ambition to build anew. He was of those happy ones who can live by the light of honesty and honour, and who need no compulsion of creed or system to drive them to virtue and content. Only he must examine all things; and, having discovered folly by the gleam of his intelligence, he must expose it to others for the satisfaction of his irony. Thus he was the first critic not of literature merely, not of art, but of human life, and of all that it embraced. And if his ironic method of judgment was of his own devising, the shape of his criticism was fresh, various, imaginative. Now, his contempt would take the form of a tiny drama; now, he would half reveal his hidden meaning in a parable. But rarely does he descend to express a bald opinion in the bald terms of conviction. Of the dialogue he was the first and perfect master. Doubtless he had gathered hints from Plato and the mimes; doubtless he had learnt whatever the New Comedy had to teach of argument and repartee. And yet the dialogue, as he practised it, was essentially his own. His prose, more familiar than Plato's, is as sprightly as the sprightliest comedy; and now for the first time was the ancient form, perfected in verse by Sophron, turned to the easy dissection of abuse, to the fierce confusion of the foolish and superstitious. He blends narrative with irony; he quickens a smile when his reprobation is heaviest; and to beguile the progress of his acid merriment he takes the reader on ship-board or by the pleasant lanes of Attica, or bids him look from the Acropolis on the shining city beneath.

And what were the terrors against which the critic hurled his satire? Like an excellent Conservative he hated the democrat who governs the assembly of the rich, who is hungry only for games baths, and spectacles, and who is ready in recompense for generosity to stone the wealthy citizen that feeds him. With a proper scorn he assailed the upstart who marks his accession to an ill-gotten fortune by adding two syllables to his name, the simple unnoticed Simon, who bids the world respect the dignity of Simonides. But he aimed his heaviest shafts at the philosophers, whose tangled beards and greasy mantles were his constant target. Now, the philosophers occupied in Lucian's world the space filled in after ages by the friars. Their gulching bellies refuted the plea of hunger and beggary. Though

they would not work, still must they eat; and while they preached temperance to others, their noses were at once the symbol and the result of a too-patient devotion to the bottle. Eager only for money and advertisement, they believed their duty done when they had chosen a label, and put on the uniform of rags. Why do the Pythagoreans refuse to eat beans and flesh? Not for the sake of virtue, but that they may become famous by their very eccentricity, that they may be pointed at in the street with the murmured surprise: "There go the philosophers who abstain from flesh and beans." So the philosophers pursued no calling; they performed no service to the State; a useless fardel of the earth, they shouted calumniously, and levied a pitiless blackmail on the rich and complacent. Yet, despite their constant habit of beggary, they pretended that they were high exalted above the need of money, and clamorously asserted that the wise man alone is rich. Though virtue was ever on their tongue, their heart was packed full of avarice and slander. A resolute training carried them safely through their studied performance, but the sight of an obol was sufficient to lead them astray, so that they resembled nothing so much as those monkeys whom a King of Egypt taught to perform the Pyrrhic dance, and whose performance was perfect, until one day a spectator threw a handful of nuts into the theatre. Instantly the well-trained rascals rid themselves of their masks, tore their coats to pieces, and scrambled for the nuts, remembering that if they were dancers afterwards they were monkeys first. So, too, the primal impulse of the man was too strong for the cant of the philosopher, and when (in *The Fisher*) the Cynic's wallet was open, they found therein—not a crust, a book, and a handful of beans, but gold, perfumes, a mirror, and a dice-box. In the miserable Peregrinus, however, all the sins of his class were met together, and Lucian, well skilled in the portraiture of the charlatan, never surpassed his contemptuous presentation of this impostor.

Now, the illustrious Peregrinus, who after the Zeus of Phidias was the single wonder of the earth, determined by an act of sacrifice, not only to show his fellow citizens how a philosopher could die, but to illumine his name with a more brilliant advertisement than countless generations of Barnums devised thereafter. Having lived like Hercules, he determined like Hercules to die. Wherefore he built him a vast pyre at Olympia, and died at the stake in the presence of thousands. Lucian, himself a witness of the philosopher's "roasting," describes

how to the last Peregrinus, an ingrained coward, hoped that the crowd would frustrate his design. And bitter was his disappointment when, tired of the foolish spectacle, they cried aloud: "Make an end of it, make an end of it!" Thus died the foolish philosopher, who governed his life by vanity and the lust of popular approval. And Democritus would have laughed at the spectacle, and yet not found laughter enough, while "as for you," says Lucian to his friend Theagenes, "you laugh too, and above all, laugh when you hear others marvelling at such folly."

But if Lucian was unsparing in his contempt of vanity and pretence, he was generous in admiration of the true philosopher. He visited Nigrinus as a sick man visits a physician, and thereafter composed a sincere panegyric of his wisdom and eloquence. But the supreme hero, in his eyes, was Demonax, whose perfections he employs as a scourge wherewith to scourge the upstart and impostor, and whose praise is, in a sense, the severest criticism of his fellows. Above all he reveres this philosopher, because his wisdom had never made him forget that he was a gentleman as well as a scholar. He refused to vie with the footpads of Athens in eccentricity of garb and uncomeliness of person. He did nothing to attract the notice of the crowd; he dressed like others, and lived a life of distinguished simplicity. Above all he protected himself against the popular insolence by a bitterness of repartee, which, if it were not precisely the Socratic irony, was always touched with Attic grace. And as Lucian admired the few wise men who found wisdom elsewhere than in the blind adherence to a school, so for Philosophy, his dear mistress (*θεσποίνα* he calls her), he professed an undying reverence. But alas! it was in vain that he sought her. "I know not where she lives," he wrote, "and yet I have wandered up and down a weary while seeking her house that I might pay her a visit."

Possibly he never found her save in a dream, yet sedulously did he practise the rites of her worship, and the bitterest of his irony is devoted to her defence. But of literature also he was an eager champion, and a theory of criticism may be deduced from his casual utterances. He followed Aristotle implicitly in the belief that the end and aim of art was to give pleasure. He shrank from realism as he shrank from novelty, as he shrank from every ingenuity which marred the perfect beauty of a piece. There is a certain pathos in the apology which he made, at the top of his fame, for his chosen dialogue. An over zealous friend had proclaimed him the "Prometheus of literature," and

he disowns the name in a passage of admirable dignity. "Perhaps," says he, in effect, "I am called Prometheus because my works are fresh in form and follow the example of no man. . . . But in my eyes strangeness without beauty has no merit . . . and I should deserve to be torn to pieces by sixteen vultures if I thought that a work of art could be distinguished by novelty alone." So he would prove that his *genre* is no new thing at all, but the legitimate child of Dialogue and Comedy; so he would reject the false praise which his admirers would bid him share with the black camel of Bactria or with the striped man that Ptolemy brought to Egypt. So in the *Zeuxis*, this ancient classic, who could not withhold his hand from new material, and who always had ready a new form of parable, adds to his eloquent denunciation of novelty a candid defence of technique against the tyranny of subject. He had left a lecture-room, he tells you, furious with the ill-considered applause of his audience, and especially enraged against the constant compliment heaped upon the novelty of his discourse.* As he went homeward, chagrined that he is admired only because he has left the common road; that he receives the praise of a facile conjuror; that the harmony of his Attic style, the swiftness of his imagination, his many-coloured fancy count for nothing; he bethought him of the mishap which befel Zeuxis. Now, Zeuxis painted a family of centaurs, the mare stretched upon the deep grass, and the centaur keeping watch in the background, a long-haired, savage child of the mountain. But the people passed by in idle contempt not only the beauty of the drawing and the exquisite harmony of the colour, but also the variety of expression, and the changing characters of the centaurs. They only applauded the singular motive, because they had never seen it treated before. "Roll up the canvas," said Zeuxis to his pupil, "and take it home. These men only praise the mud of our art. In their eyes the novelty of a subject eclipses every excellence of execution."

The rebuke is commonplace to-day, though it has seldom been administered with a better tact. But in Lucian's time it was as strange as the craze of invention which he condemned, and despite his own protest he must once again be flattered for his originality. Nor was

* The shouts of the people were as fatuous then as to-day. "ὦ τῆς καινότητος, they cried; Ἡράκλεις, τῆς παραδοξολογίας. εὐμήχανος ἄνθρωπος. οὐδὲν ἂν τις εἴποι τῆς ἐπινοίας νεωρότερον.

his contempt of realism less apt than his hatred of charlatanry, and to illustrate his dislike he chose the art he loved the best, the art of pantomime. Moreover, after his wont, he put his criticism in the form of an anecdote. "Once upon a time there was a mime who played the part of Ajax mad, and he played it with so reckless a disregard of the rules of his art that he did not represent madness; he seemed rather to be mad himself. He tore the coat off the back of one of those who beat time with their iron sandals, and snatching a flute from one of the players, he struck Ulysses, who stood by exulting in his victory, so fiercely on the head that he surely would have died had not his helmet broke the force of the blow. And then the whole theatre went mad with Ajax; the spectators leapt to their feet, they shouted, they tore their cloaks. The more foolish among them, unable to distinguish between good and evil, thought they saw before them a lifelike representation of madness, while the more intelligent, ashamed at what was going on, were reluctant to condemn the performance by their silence, and attempted by applause to cover the folly of the actor. But all the while they knew that it was the madness not of Ajax but of the player that they were witnessing. The poor devil, still unsatisfied, went to yet greater lengths. He descended into the theatre and took his seat between two magistrates, each of whom feared that he would seize and flog him like a sheep. And some wondered and some laughed, and others were afraid that the actor's feigned madness would turn to a true malady." Never were the limits of art expressed in an apter parable. How well we know the foolish man who shouts "lifelike" when he contemplates an outrage upon good taste! And the conclusion is as wise as the parable. Imitation, says Lucian, is not reality; and he who would actually perform that which he should represent is no artist, but a madman. Even the actor, relates the critic, was so ashamed at this triumph of excess that he never again played the part of Ajax, though it had been written for him. "It is enough," he murmured, "to have been mad once," and straightway with a reasonable generosity, unique in the annals of the stage, he resigned his part to a popular rival, who played the mad scene with perfect restraint, and received the highest possible praise for that he never overstepped the legitimate boundaries of his art.

Simple as is the anecdote, it expresses a judgment of perennial sanity. What else is the realist than the actor who mistakes the madness of Ajax for his own, and who would willingly break the

head of his neighbour and assault the people, if only he may be certain of an instant and violent effect? Indeed, as you turn over the pages of Lucian, you understand that he was not only modern, but prophetic. He anticipated by many centuries the steam-engine and the telegraph. Timolaus (in *The Ship*) would announce the name of the Olympian victor in Babylon the very day the race was run; he would breakfast in Syria, and dine in Italy. And yet more wonderful, Lucian provides in his criticism for the last-born vice or virtue of literature. He is always ready to ridicule folly with a quip, and to turn the flash of his irony upon extravagance or ineptitude. But perhaps he nowhere shows himself a truer prophet than in his admirable essay upon Pantomime. This essay, inspired by the unmeasured enthusiasm of the poet, and tempered with the genial pedantry of the scholar, is the perfection of ironic criticism. As you read it you think perforce of Deburau, of Nodier, of the *Funambules*, with its sawdust and oranges. You might be reading a transfigured rhapsody devised by Gautier himself, or looking upon a brilliant picture of which Janin's *Théâtre à Quatre Sous* is a pallid reflection. For here is the real essence of romantic pantomime as it was praised in Athens by the wisest of philosophers, and adored on the Boulevard du Temple by the wittiest of critics.

Now, pantomime in Lucian's eyes is the greatest of the arts. True, he follows the opinion of Aristotle, but he embroiders it with so extravagant a bravery that the austere author of *The Poetics* would never recognise his own. As it is the finest, so it is the oldest of the arts. The earliest dancers* were the stars, and even the planets wove a stately, rhythmical measure. And then with a sly parade of inapposite history, Lucian reviews the progress of the art in all ages and countries, from the savagery of the Corybantes and the finer elegance of Neoptolemus, the son of Achilles, to the practice of his own day. He finds it superior to tragedy, in that, while it employs the same materials, it combines them with a far greater freedom and variety. And then, true to his noble enthusiasm, he sketches the mime, and demands of him so vast a learning and prowess, that you wonder that he was ever able to gratify his legitimate taste. The mime (or dancer), says he, must win the favour of Mnemosyne and Polymnia. Like Homer's Calchas, he must know the present, past, and future. As it is his function to imitate, to give an outward expression of thought, to make clear the

* *ὀρχηστis* is Lucian's Greek for pantomime, an art which is indistinguishable from the dance.

obscure, his highest praise is that which Thucydides found for Pericles, that he knew what he should and could explain it. Moreover, since the material of pantomime is ancient history, the mime must be familiar with all things from Chaos to Cleopatra, and even with this mastery of universal learning he is at the threshold of his art. Dumb, he must be understood, and though he speak not, yet men must hear him. His perfection is measured in the rebuke administered to Demetrius the Cynic. Now, this philosopher thought so ill of pantomime that he charged the mime with relying for his effect upon trivial accessories—the trappings of silk, the dainty mask, the music of the flute. Whereupon a most renowned actor, who best knew the history of his art, and excelled all living men in the beauty of his gesture, freed his stage for the moment of all decoration. He put aside both costume and mask; he silenced the music, suppressed the chorus and performed alone the Love of Mars and Venus. So without aid he represented the betrayal of the intrigue, the trap laid by Vulcan, the shame of Venus, the fearful supplication of Mars; and with so exquisite a precision that Demetrius made immediate submission. He put no limit on the extravagance of his praise. “I hear,” said he to the actor, “all that you do; I do not merely see; in truth you speak with your fingers.”

In such terms was Deburau praised by a hundred critics who knew not Lucian, and the universality of the criticism is evidence, maybe, of its truth. But Lucian has not yet exhausted the qualities of his actor; for he would have him know as much of life as of history. He must not stay like a limpet on his rock; he must know the manners of many cities and travel the wide world up and down. Grace, especially grace of hand, is essential; strength, also, must belong to the perfect mime. And then having united in his proper person all the elegances and harmonious gestures, having mastered history and science and studied the intelligence of mankind, he is still lacking in his art if he do not compel the spectators to see in his performance their own passions and experience as in a mirror. In brief, avoiding the very appearance of realism, he must suggest by a movement of hand or eye the poignant moment of a tragedy or the heartwhole laughter of a trivial farce. 'Tis a pleasing paradox, this elevation of what to-day is wrongly held the humblest of the arts to the throne of dignity. Yet Lucian is justified even in his paradox. The other arts, says he, express one emotion; pantomime presents them all. It shows you body and soul inextricably blended; it combines the form of sculpture,

the colour of painting with the swift movement of life and of the brain. And you imagine this ancient philosopher, with a smile for the pedantic irony of his own treatise, sitting day after day at his favourite spectacle, and administering to Crates the same reproof which Gautier might have framed for them who detected at the *Funambules* nothing but sawdust and grotesquery.

Thus, in his creative work, Lucian remained a critic, his criticism was always creative. Yet now and again he laid aside his more serious intent, and drew a portrait for its own sake. His *Alexander, or the False Prophet*, is a masterpiece of ruffianism, and though he confesses that he bit the impostor's hand when he should have kissed it, it is evident that he delighted in his villainous adroitness, in the splendour of his purple and gold, in the pitiful trick of the tamed and harmless snake. *The Dialogues of Courtesans*, again, had fulfilled their admirable purpose the instant they were written. The type, with its small jealousies, its worldly wisdom, its half-assumed timidity, has never been more skilfully realised; while the mother, fat, careful, of no age, and blousy (you are sure), displays the same eternal, unchanging qualities in Lucian's delicate prose as in the pictured satire of Forain. So the erudite philosopher kept his sleepless eye upon life, and, for all his learning, turned whatever was serious into merriment. Not even did he spare the gout, which, says rumour, carried him off at last. For he immortalised the universal enemy in an admirable burlesque, whose wit should have procured him a grateful release from pain. But doubtless he despised the plague, and died, as he lived, a satirist, free and frank, without wish or regret, with no other ambition than to laugh at those who desire the unattainable, and yet respect philosophy.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

XX.

A GOOD deal of the rest of Ida's visit was devoted to explaining, as it were, so extraordinary a statement. This explanation was more copious than any she had yet indulged in, and as the summer twilight gathered, and she kept her child in the garden, she was conciliatory to a degree that let her need to arrange things a little perceptibly peep out. They sat together while the mother's gloved hand sometimes rested sociably on the daughter's and sometimes gave a corrective pull to a ribbon too meagre or a tress too thick; and Maisie was conscious of the effort to keep out of her eyes the wonder with which they were occasionally moved to blink. Though profuse and prolonged, her ladyship was not exhaustively lucid, and her account of her situation, so far as it could be called descriptive, was a muddle of inconsequent things, bruised fruit of an occasion she had rather too lightly affronted. None of them were really thought out, and some were even not wholly insincere. It was as if she had asked outright what better proof could have been wanted of her goodness and greatness than just this marvellous consent to give up what she had so cherished. It was as if she had said in so many words: "There have been things between us—between Sir Claude and me—which I needn't go into, you little nuisance, because you wouldn't understand them." It suited her to convey that Maisie had been kept, so far as *she* was concerned or could imagine, in a holy ignorance, and that she must take for granted a supreme simplicity. She turned this way and that in the predicament she had sought and from which she could neither retreat with grace nor emerge with credit; she draped herself in the tatters of her impudence, postured to her utmost before the last little triangle of cracked glass to which so many fractures had reduced the polished plate of filial superstition.

"I *am* good," she conveyed—"I'm crazily, criminally good. But it won't do for *you* any more, and if I've ceased to contend with him, and with you too, who have made most of the trouble between us, it's for

reasons that you'll understand one of these days but too well—one of these days when I hope you'll know what it is to have lost a mother. I'm awfully ill, but you mustn't ask me anything about it. If I don't get off somewhere my doctor won't answer for the consequences. He's stupefied at what I've borne—he says it has been put upon me because I was made to suffer. I'm thinking of South Africa, but that's none of your business. You must take your choice—you can't ask me questions if you're so ready to give me up. No, I won't tell you ; you can find out for yourself. South Africa is wonderful, they say, and if I do go it must be to give it a fair trial. It must be either one thing or the other ; if he takes you, you know, he takes you. I've struck my last blow for you ; I can follow you no longer from pillar to post. I must live for myself at last, while there's still a handful left of me. I'm very, very ill ; I'm very, very tired ; I'm very, very determined. There you have it. Make the most of it. Your frock is too filthy ; but I came to sacrifice myself." Maisie looked at the peccant places ; there were moments when it was a relief to her to drop her eyes even on anything so sordid. All her interviews, all her ordeals with her mother had, as she had grown older, seemed to have, before any other, the hard quality of duration, but longer than any, strangely, were these minutes offered to her as so pacific and so agreeably winding up the connexion. It was her anxiety that made them long, her fear of some hitch, some check of the current, one of her ladyship's famous quick jumps. She held her breath ; she only wanted, by playing into her visitor's hands, to see the thing through. But her impatience itself made at instants the whole situation swim ; there were things Ida said that she perhaps didn't hear and things she heard that Ida perhaps didn't say. "You're all I have, and yet I'm capable of this. Your father wishes you were dead—that, my dear, is what your father wishes. You'll have to get used to it as I've done—I mean to his wishing that *I'm* dead. At all events, you see for yourself how wonderful I am to Sir Claude. He wishes me dead quite as much ; and I'm sure that if making me scenes about *you* could have killed me——!" It was the mark of Ida's eloquence that she started more hares than she followed, and she gave but a glance in the direction of this one. "You'll never know what I've been through about you—never, never, never. I spare you everything, as I always have ; though I dare say you know things that, if I did (I mean if you knew them) would make me—well, no matter ! You're old enough, at any rate, to know there are a lot of things I don't say that I easily might ; though it

would do me good, I assure you, to have spoken my mind for once in my life. I don't speak of your father's infamous wife ; that may give you a notion of the way I'm letting you off. When I say 'you' I mean your precious friends and backers. If you don't do justice to my forbearing, out of delicacy, to mention, just as a last word, about your stepfather, a little fact or two, of a kind that, really, I should only *have* to mention to shine myself, in comparison, and after every calumny, like pure gold ; if you don't do me *that* justice, you'll never do me justice at all !”

Maisie's desire to show what justice she did her had by this time become so intense as to have brought with it an inspiration. The great effect of their encounter had been to confirm her sense of being launched with Sir Claude, to make it rich and full beyond anything she had dreamed, and everything now conspired to suggest that a single soft touch of her small hand would complete the good work and set her ladyship so promptly and majestically afloat as to leave the great seaway clear for the morrow.

“That was what the Captain said to me that day, mamma. I think it would have given you pleasure to hear the way he spoke of you.”

The pleasure, Maisie could now in consternation reflect, would have been a long time coming if it had come no faster than the response evoked by her allusion to it. Her mother gave her one of the looks that slammed the door in her face ; never, in a career of unsuccessful experiments, had Maisie had to take such a stare. “The Captain? What Captain?”

“Why, when we met you in the gardens—the one who took me to sit with him. That was exactly what *he* said.”

Ida met her so far as to appear for an instant to pick up a lost thread. “What on earth did he say?”

Maisie faltered supremely, but supremely she brought it out. “What you say, mamma—that you're so good.”

“What ‘I’ say?” Ida slowly rose, and Maisie could only feel on the spot that everything had broken short off and that their communication had abruptly ceased. “What business have you to speak to me of him?”

Her daughter turned scarlet. “I thought you liked him.”

“Him!—the biggest cad in London!” Her ladyship towered again, and in the gathering dusk the whites of her eyes were huge.

Maisie's own, however, could by this time pretty well match them ;

and she had at least now, with the first flare of anger that had ever yet lighted her face for a foe, the sense of looking up quite as hard as any one could look down. "Well, he was kind about you, then ; he *was*, and it made me like him. He said things—they were beautiful, they were, they were!" She was almost capable of the violence of forcing this home, for even in the midst of her surge of passion—of which, in fact, it was a part—there rose in her a fear, a pain, a vision, ominous precocious, of what it might mean for her mother's fate to have forfeited such a loyalty as that. There was literally an instant in which Maisie fully saw—saw madness and desolation, saw ruin and darkness and death. "I've thought of him often since, and I hoped it was with him—with him——" Here, in her emotion, it failed her, the breath of her filial hope.

But Ida got it out of her. "You hoped, you little horror——?"

"That it was he who's at Dover, that it was he who's to take you. I mean to South Africa," Maisie said with another drop.

Ida loomed there, in her grandeur, merely dark and dumb ; her wrath was clearly still, as it had always been, a thing of resource and variety. "You're a dreadful, dismal, deplorable little thing," she murmured. And with this she turned back and rustled away over the lawn.

After she had disappeared Maisie fell back on the bench again and for some time, in the empty garden and the deeper dusk, sat and stared at the image her flight had still left standing. At last she heard in the house the great roar of a gong, and at the same moment she saw Sir Claude look out for her from the wide, lighted doorway. She went to him, and he came forward and met her on the lawn. For a minute she was with him there in silence, as, just before, at the last, she had been with her mother.

"She's gone?"

"She's gone."

Nothing more for the instant passed between them but to move together to the house, where, in the hall, he indulged in one of those pleasantries with which, to the delight of his stepdaughter, his native animation abounded. "Will Miss Farange do me the honour to accept my arm?"

There was nothing, in all her days, that Miss Farange had accepted with such bliss, a bright, rich element that floated them together to their feast ; before they reached which, however, she uttered, in the

spirit of a glad young lady taken in to her first dinner, a sociable word that made him stop short. "She goes to South Africa."

"To South Africa?" His face for a moment seemed to swing for a jump; the next it took its spring into the extreme of hilarity. "Is that what she said?"

"Oh, yes, quite distinctly. For the climate."

"I see—I see. Did she say anything else?"

"Oh, yes, a lot more."

On this he met her eyes again with some intensity, but he only repeated, "I see—I see." He gave her his arm again, and everything about her at table—the crowded room, the bedizened banquet, the savour of dishes, the drama of figures—ministered to the joy of life. After dinner she smoked with her friend—for that was exactly what she felt she did—on a porch, a kind of terrace, where the red tips of cigars and the light dresses of ladies made, under the happy stars, a poetry that was almost intoxicating. They talked but little, and she was slightly surprised at his asking for no more news of what her mother had said; but she had no need of talk, for it seemed to her that without it her sense of everything overflowed. They smoked and smoked, and there was a sweetness in her stepfather's silence. At last he brought out:—"Let us take another turn—but you must go to bed soon. Oh, you know, we're going to have a system!" Their turn was back into the garden, along the dusky paths from which they could see the black masts and the red lights of boats and hear the calls and cries that evidently had to do with happy foreign travel; and their system was once more to get on beautifully in this further lounge without a definite exchange. Yet he finally spoke—he broke forth as he tossed away the match from which he had taken a fresh light: "I must go for a stroll. I'm in a fidget—I must walk it off." She fell in with this as she fell in with everything; on which he went on: "You go up to Miss Ash"—it was the name they had started; "you must see she's not in mischief. Can you find your way alone?"

"Oh, yes; I've been up and down seven times." She positively enjoyed the prospect of an eighth.

Still they didn't separate; they stood smoking together under the stars. Then at last Sir Claude produced it. "I'm free—I'm free."

She looked up at him; it was the very spot on which a couple of hours before she had looked up at her mother. "You're free—you're free."

"To-morrow we go to France." He spoke as if he had not heard her; but it didn't prevent her again concurring.

"To-morrow we go to France."

Again he appeared not to have heard her; and after a moment—it was an effect, evidently, of the depth of his reflections and the agitation of his soul—he also spoke as if he had not spoken before. "I'm free—I'm free!"

She repeated her form of assent. "You're free—you're free."

This time he did hear her, and fixed her through the darkness with a grave face. But he said nothing more; he simply stooped a little and drew her to him, simply held her a little and kissed her good-night; after which, having given her a silent push upstairs to Miss Ash, he turned round again to the black masts and the red lights. Maisie mounted as if France were at the top.

The next day it seemed to her at the bottom—down too far, in shuddering plunges, even to leave her a sense, on the Channel boat, of the height at which Sir Claude remained and which had never in every way been so great as when, much in the wet, though in the angle of a screen of canvas, he sociably sat with his step-daughter's head in his lap, and that of Mrs. Beale's housemaid fairly pillowed on his breast. Maisie was surprised to learn as they drew into port that they had had a lovely passage, but this emotion, at Boulogne, was speedily quenched in others, above all in the great ecstasy of a larger impression of life. She had grown older in five minutes, and had, by the time they reached the hotel, perceived in the institutions and manners of France a multitude of affinities and messages. Literally in the course of an hour she found her initiation; she recognised on the spot, she understood, and took possession; feeling herself attuned to everything and laying her hand, right and left, on what had simply been waiting for her. The place and the people were all a picture together, a picture that, when they went down to the wide sands, shimmered in a thousand tints, with the pretty organisation of the *plage*, with the gaiety of spectators and bathers, with that of the language and the weather, and, above all, with that of our young lady's unprecedented situation. The past was so changed and the circle it had formed already so overstepped that on that very afternoon, in the course of a walk, she found herself inquiring of Sir Claude—and without a single scruple—if he were prepared as yet to name the

moment at which they should start for Paris. His answer, it must be said, gave her the least little chill.

"Oh, Paris, my dear child—I don't quite know about Paris! Certainly it's charming, but, my dear fellow, it eats your head off; I mean, it's so beastly expensive."

That note gave her a start. It suddenly let in a harder light. Were they poor, then, that is was *he* poor, really poor beyond the pleasantries of apollinaris and cold beef? They had walked to the end of the long jetty that enclosed the harbour and were looking out at the dangers they had escaped, the grey horizon that was England, the tumbled surface of the sea and the brown smacks that bobbed upon it. She replied to him quite in his own manner: "I see, I see. Our affairs are involved."

"That's it. Mine are not quite so bad as yours; for yours are really, my dear man, in a state I can't see through at all. But mine will do for a mess."

She thought this over. "But isn't France cheaper than England?" England, over there in the thickening gloom, looked just then remarkably dear.

"I dare say—some parts."

"Then can't we live in those parts?"

There was something that for an instant, in satisfaction of this, he had the air of being about to say and yet not saying. What he presently said was: "This very place is one of them."

"Then we shall live here?"

He didn't treat it quite as definitely as she liked. "Since we've come to save money!"

This made her press him more. "How long shall we stay?"

"Oh, three or four days."

It took her breath away. "You can save money in that time?"

He burst out laughing, starting to walk again and taking her under his arm. He confessed to her on the way that she, too, had put a finger on the weakest of all his weaknesses—the fact, of which he was perfectly aware, that he probably might have lived within his means if he had never done anything for thrift. "It's the happy thoughts that do it," he said; "there's nothing so ruinous as putting in a cheap week. We shall stay till she arrives."

She turned upon him. "Mrs. Beale?"

"Mrs. Wix. I've had a wire," he went on. "She has seen your mother."

"Where in the world?"

"Apparently in London. They've been together."

For an instant this looked ominous—a fear came into her eyes. "Then she hasn't gone?"

"Your mother?—to South Africa? I give it up, dear boy." She seemed literally to see him give it up as he stood there and, with a kind of absent gaze—absent, that is, from *her* affairs—followed the fine stride and shining limbs of a young fishwife who had just waded out of the sea with her basketful of shrimps. His thought came back to her sooner than his eyes. "But I dare say it's all right. She wouldn't come if it wasn't, poor old thing! She knows rather well what she's about."

This was so reassuring that Maisie, after turning it over, could make it fit into her dream. "Well, what *is* she about?"

He stopped looking at last at the fishwife. He met his companion's inquiry. "Oh, you know!" There was something in the way he said it that made between them more of an equality than she had yet imagined; but it had also more the effect of raising her up than of letting him down, and what it did with her was shown by the sound of her assent.

"Yes—I know!" Before she went to bed that night she knew, further, that Sir Claude, since, as he called it, they had been on the rush, had received more telegrams than one. But they separated again without speaking of Mrs. Beale.

Oh, what a crossing for the straighteners and the old brown dress—which latter appurtenance the child saw thriftily revived for the possible disasters of travel! The wind got up in the night, and from her little room at the inn Maisie could hear the noise of the sea. The next day it was raining, and everything different: this was the case even with Susan Ash, who positively crowed over the bad weather—partly, it seemed, for relish of the time their visitor would have in the boat, and partly to point the moral of the folly of coming to such holes. In the wet, with Sir Claude, Maisie went to the Folkestone packet, on the arrival of which, with many signs of the fray, he made her wait under an umbrella on the quay; whence, almost before the vessel touched, he was to be descried, in quest of their friend, wriggling—that had been his word—through the invalids massed upon the deck. It was long till he reappeared—it was not, indeed, till every one had landed—when he presented the object of his benevolence in a light that Maisie scarce

knew whether to account the depth of prostration or the climax of success. The lady on his arm, still bent beneath her late ordeal, was muffled in such draperies as had never before contributed so much support to so much woe. At the hotel, an hour later, this ambiguity dropped. Assisting Mrs. Wix in private to refresh and reinvest herself, Maisie heard from her in detail how little she could have achieved if Sir Claude hadn't put it in her power. It was a phrase that, in her room, she repeated in connexions indescribable: he had put it in her power to have "changes," as she said, of the most intimate order, adapted to climates and occasions so various as to foreshadow in themselves the stages of a vast itinerary. Cheap weeks would, of course, be in their place after so much money spent on a governess—sums not grudged, however, by this lady's pupil even on her feeling her own appearance give rise, through the straighteners, to an attention perceptibly mystified. Sir Claude, in truth, had had less time to devote to it than to Mrs. Wix's; and, moreover, she would rather be in her own shoes than in her friend's creaking new ones, in the event of an encounter with Mrs. Beale. Maisie was too lost in the idea of Mrs. Beale's judgment of so much newness to pass any judgment herself. Besides, after much luncheon and many endearments, the question took quite another turn, to say nothing of the pleasure of the child's quick view that there were other eyes than Susan Ash's to open to what she could show. She couldn't show much, alas! till it stopped raining, which it declined to do that day; but this had only the effect of leaving more time for Mrs. Wix's own demonstration. It came as they sat in the little white and gold *salon*, which Maisie thought the loveliest place she had ever seen, except perhaps the apartment of the Countess; it came while the hard summer storm lashed the windows and blew in such a chill that Sir Claude, with his hands in his pockets and cigarettes in his teeth, fidgeting, frowning, looking out and turning back, ended by causing a smoky little fire to be made in the dressy little chimney.

"Her ladyship packed me off—she almost put me into the cab!" That was what Mrs. Wix at last brought forth.

XXI.

Sir Claude was stationed at the window; he didn't so much as turn round; and it was left to Maisie to take up the remark. "Do you mean you went to see her yesterday?"

"She came to see *me*. She knocked at my shabby door. She mounted my squalid stair. She told me she had seen you at Folkestone."

Maisie wondered. "She went back that evening?"

"No; yesterday morning. She drove me straight from the station. It was most remarkable. If I had a job to get off, she did nothing to make it worse—she did a great deal to make it better." Mrs. Wix hung fire, though the flame in her face burned brighter; then she became capable of saying: "Her ladyship is kind! She did what I didn't expect. She was different from anything she had ever shown me. She recognises certain proprieties."

"Which? Do you happen to remember?" Sir Claude asked.

Mrs. Wix's reply was prompt. "The importance for Maisie of a gentlewoman—of some one who is not—well, so bad! She objects to a mere maid, and I don't in the least mind telling you what she wants me to do." One thing was clear—Mrs. Wix was now bold enough for anything. "She wants me to persuade you to get rid of the person from Mrs. Beale's."

Maisie waited for Sir Claude to pronounce on this; then she could only understand that he, on his side, waited, and she felt particularly full of common-sense as she met her responsibility. "Oh, I don't want Susan with *you*!" she said to Mrs. Wix.

Sir Claude, always from the window, approved. "That's quite simple. I'll take her back."

Mrs. Wix gave a positive leap; Maisie caught her look of alarm. "'Take' her? You don't mean to go over on purpose?"

Sir Claude said nothing for a moment; after which, "Why shouldn't I leave you here?" he inquired.

Maisie, at this, sprang up. "Oh do, oh do, oh do!" The next moment she was interlaced with Mrs. Wix, and the two, on the hearthrug, their eyes in each other's eyes, considered the plan with intensity. Then Maisie perceived the difference of what they saw in it.

"She can surely go back alone. Why should you put yourself out?" Mrs. Wix demanded.

"Oh, she's an idiot—she's incapable. If anything should happen to her it would be awkward: it was I who brought her—without her asking. If I turn her away I ought, with my own hand, to place her exactly where I found her."

"Did my wife come alone?" Sir Claude went on good-humouredly.

"When she called on me? No—there was some one in the cab." The only attenuation Mrs. Wix could think of was after a minute to add: "But they didn't come up."

Sir Claude broke into a laugh—Maisie herself could guess what it was at; while he now walked about, still laughing, and at the fireplace giving a gay kick to a displaced log, she felt more vague about almost everything than about the drollery of such a "they"! She in fact could scarce have told you if it was to deepen or to cover the joke that she bethought herself to remark: "Perhaps it was her maid."

Mrs. Wix gave her a look that at any rate deprecated the wrong tone. "It was not her maid."

"Do you mean there are, this time, two?" Sir Claude asked as if he had not heard.

"Two maids?" Maisie returned, as if she might assume he had.

The reproach of the straighteners darkened; but Sir Claude cut across it with a sudden: "See here; what do you mean? And what do you suppose *she* meant?"

Mrs. Wix let him for a moment in silence understand that the answer to his question, if he didn't take care, might give him more than he wanted. It was as if with this scruple she measured and adjusted all that she gave him in at last saying: "What she meant was to make me know that you're definitely free. To have that straight from her was a joy I of course hadn't hoped for; it made the assurance and my delight at it a thing I could really proceed upon. You already know I would have started even if she hadn't pressed me; you already know what, so long, we have been looking for, and what, as soon as she told me of her step taken at Folkestone, I recognised with rapture that we have got. It's your freedom that makes me right"—she fairly bristled with her logic. "But I don't mind telling you that it's her action that makes me happy!"

"Her action?" Sir Claude echoed. "Why, my dear woman, her action is just a hideous crime. It happens to satisfy our sympathies in a way that's quite delicious; but that doesn't in the least alter the fact that it's the most abominable thing ever done. She has chucked our friend here overboard not a bit less than if she had shoved her shrieking and pleading out of that window and down two floors to the paving-stones."

Maisie surveyed serenely the parties to the discussion. "Oh, your friend here, dear Sir Claude, doesn't plead and shriek!"

He looked at her a moment. "Never. Never. That's one, only one, but charming so far as it goes, of about a hundred things we love her for." Then he pursued to Mrs. Wix: "What I can't for the life of me make out is what Ida is really up to, what game she was playing in turning to you with that cursed cheek after the beastly way she has used you. Where—to explain her at all—does she fancy she can presently, when we least expect it, take it out of us?"

"She doesn't fancy anything nor want anything out of any one. Her cursed cheek, as you call it, is the best thing I've ever seen in her. I don't care a fig for the beastly way she used me—I forgive it all a thousand times over!" Mrs. Wix raised her voice as she had never raised it; she quite triumphed in her lucidity. "I understand her. I almost admire her. She had a glimmering, she had an instinct. If you want the dots on the i's you shall have them. What she came to me for in spite of everything was that I'm just"—she quavered it out—"well, just clean! What she saw for her daughter was that there must at last be a *decent* person!"

Maisie was quick enough to jump a little at the sound of this implication that such a person was what Sir Claude was not; the next instant, however, she more profoundly guessed against whom the discrimination was made. She was therefore left the more surprised at the complete candour with which he embraced the worst. "If she's bent on decent persons, why has she given her to *me*? You don't call me a decent person, and I'll do Ida the justice that *she* never did. I think I'm as indecent as any one and that there's nothing in my behaviour that makes my wife's surrender a bit less hideous!"

"Don't speak of your behaviour," Mrs. Wix cried. "Don't say such horrible things; they're false, and they're wicked, and I forbid you! It's to *keep* you decent that I'm here and that I've done everything I *have* done. It's to save you—I won't say from yourself, because in yourself you're beautiful and good! It's to save you from the worst person of all: I haven't after all come over to be afraid to speak of her! That's the person in whose place her ladyship wants such a person as even *me*; and if she thought herself, as she as good as told me, not fit for Maisie's company, it's not, as you may well suppose, that she may make a place for Mrs. Beale!"

Maisie watched his face as it took this outbreak, and the most she saw in it was that it turned a little white. That indeed made him look, as Susan Ash would have said, queer; and it was, perhaps, a part of

the queerness that he intensely smiled. "You're too hard on Mrs. Beale. She has great merits of her own."

Mrs. Wix, at this, instead of immediately replying, did what Sir Claude had been doing before; she moved across to the window and stared awhile into the storm. There was for a minute, to Maisie's sense, a hush that resounded with wind and rain. Sir Claude, in spite of these things, glanced about for his hat; on which Maisie spied it first, and, making a dash for it, held it out to him. He took it with a gleam of a "thank you" in his face, but as he did so something moved her still to hold the other side of the brim, so that, united by their grasp of this object, they stood some seconds looking many things at each other. By this time Mrs. Wix had turned round. "Do you mean to tell me," she demanded, "that you *are* going back?"

"To Mrs. Beale?" Maisie surrendered his hat, and there was something that touched her in the embarrassed, almost humiliated, way their companion's challenge made him turn it round and round. She had seen people do that who, she was sure, did nothing else that Sir Claude did. "I can't just say, my dear thing. We'll see about it—we'll talk of it to-morrow. Meantime, I must get some air."

Mrs. Wix, with her back to the window, threw up her head to a height that, still for a moment, had the effect of detaining him. "All the air in France, Sir Claude, won't, I think, give you the courage to deny that you're simply afraid of her!"

Oh, this time he did look queer; Maisie had no need of Susan's vocabulary to note it! It would have come to her of itself as, with his hand on the door, he turned his eyes from his stepdaughter to her governess and then back again. Resting on Maisie's, though for ever so short a time, there was something they gave up to her and tried to explain. His lips, however, explained nothing; they only prevaricated to Mrs. Wix. "Yes. I'm simply afraid of her!" He opened the door and passed out.

It brought back to Maisie his confession of fear of her mother; it made her stepmother then the second lady about whom he failed of the particular virtue that was supposed most to mark a gentleman. In fact there were three of them, if she counted in Mrs. Wix, before whom he had undeniably quailed. Well, his want of valour was but a deeper appeal to her tenderness. To thrill with response to it she had only to remember all the ladies she herself had, as they called it, finked.

It continued to rain so hard that our young lady's private dream of explaining the Continent to their visitor had to contain a provision for some adequate treatment of the weather. At the *table d'hôte* that evening she threw out a variety of lights: this was the second ceremony of the sort she had sat through, and she would have neglected her privilege and dishonoured her vocabulary—which, indeed, consisted mainly of the names of dishes—if she had not been proportionately ready to dazzle with interpretations. They remounted together to their sitting-room, while Sir Claude, who said he would join them later, remained below to smoke and to converse with the old acquaintances that he met wherever he turned; but toward ten o'clock he burst in with an object held up in his hand. "Here we are!" he cried almost from the door, shaking it at them and looking from one to the other. Then he came straight to Mrs. Wix; he had pulled two papers out of an envelope and glanced at them again to see which was which. He thrust one out open to Mrs. Wix. "Read that." She looked at him hard, as if in fear: it was impossible not to see that he was excited. Then she took the letter, but it was not her face that Maisie watched while she read. Neither, for that matter, was it this countenance that Sir Claude scanned: he stood before the fire and, more calmly now that he had acted, communed in silence with his stepdaughter.

This silence was in truth quickly broken; Mrs. Wix rose to her feet with the violence of the sound she emitted. The letter had dropped from her and lay upon the floor; it had made her turn ghastly white and she was speechless with the effect of it. "It's too abominable—it's too unspeakable!"

"Isn't it a charming thing?" Sir Claude asked. "It has just arrived, enclosed in a word of her own. She sends it on to me with the remark that comment is superfluous. I really think it is. That's all you can say."

"She oughtn't to pass such a horror about," said Mrs. Wix. "She ought to put it straight in the fire."

"My dear woman, she's not such a fool! It's much too precious." He had picked the letter up and he gave it again a glance of complacency which produced a light in his face. "Such a document"—he considered, then concluded with a slight drop—"such a document is in fine a basis!"

"A basis for what?" Mrs. Wix inquired.

"Well—— for proceedings."

"Hers?" Mrs. Wix's voice had become, outright, the voice of derision. "How can *she* proceed?"

Sir Claude turned it over. "How can she get rid of him! Well—she *is* rid of him."

"Not legally." Mrs. Wix had never looked to her pupil so much as if she knew what she was talking about.

"I dare say," Sir Claude laughed, "but she's not a bit less deprived than I am!"

"Of the power to get a divorce? It's just your want of the power that makes the scandal of your connexion with her. Therefore it's just her want of it that makes that of hers with you. That's all I contend!" Mrs. Wix concluded with an unparalleled neigh of battle. Oh, she did know what she was talking about!

Maisie had meanwhile appealed mutely to Sir Claude, who judged it easier to meet what she didn't say than to meet what Mrs. Wix did. "It's a letter to Mrs. Beale from your father, my dear, written from Spa and making the rupture between them perfectly irrevocable. It lets her know, and not in pretty language, that, as we technically say, he deserts her. It puts an end for ever to their relations." He ran his eyes over it again, then appeared to make up his mind. "In fact it concerns you, Maisie, so nearly and refers to you so particularly that I really think you ought to see the terms in which this new situation is created for you." And he held out the letter.

Mrs. Wix, at this, pounced upon it; she had grabbed it too soon even for Maisie to become aware of being rather afraid of it. Thrusting it instantly behind her she positively glared at Sir Claude. "See it, wretched man!—the innocent child *see* such a thing? I think you must be mad, and she shall not have a glimpse of it while I'm here to prevent!"

The breadth of her action had made Sir Claude turn red—he even looked a little foolish. "You think it's too bad, eh? But it's precisely because it's bad that it seemed to me it would have a lesson and a virtue for her."

Maisie could do a quick enough justice to his motive to be able clearly to interpose. She fairly smiled at him. "I assure you I can quite believe how bad it is!" She hesitated an instant; then she added: "I know what's in it!"

He of course burst out laughing, and while Mrs. Wix groaned an "Oh, heavens!" he produced: "You wouldn't say that, old boy, if you

did! The point I make is," he continued to Mrs. Wix with a blandness now re-established—"The point I make is simply that it sets Mrs. Beale free."

She hung fire but an instant. "Free to live with *you*?"

"Free not to live, not to pretend to live, with her husband."

"Ah, they're mighty different things!"

"Then why the deuce do you grant so—do you, I may even say, rejoice so—that, by the desertion of *my* precious partner, I'm free?"

Mrs. Wix met this challenge first with silence, then with a demonstration the most extraordinary, the most unexpected. Maisie could scarcely believe her eyes as she saw the good lady, with whom she had never associated the faintest form of coquetry, actually, after an upward grimace, give Sir Claude a great giggling, insinuating, naughty slap. "You wretch—you *know* why!" And she turned away. The face that, with this movement, she left him to present to Maisie was to abide with his stepdaughter as the very image of stupefaction; but the pair lacked time to communicate either amusement or alarm before their interlocutress was upon them again. She had begun in fact to show infinite variety, and she flashed about with a still quicker change of tone. "Have you brought me that thing as a pretext for going over? If you see that woman, you're lost!"

"Do you think she'll not let me come back to you? My dear lady, I leave you here, you and Maisie, as an hostage to fortune, and I promise you by all that's sacred that I shall be with you again at the very latest on Saturday. I provide you with funds; I instal you in these lovely rooms; I arrange with the people here that you be treated with every attention and supplied with every luxury. The weather after this will mend; it will be sure to be exquisite. You'll both be as free as air and you can roam all over the place and have tremendous larks. You shall have a carriage to drive you; the whole house shall be at your call. You'll have in a word a magnificent position." He paused he looked from one of his companions to the other as if to see the impression he had made. Whether or no judged it adequate he subjoined after a moment: "And you'll oblige me, above all, by not making a fuss."

Maisie could only answer for the impression on herself, though indeed from the heart even of Mrs. Wix's rigour there floated to her sense a faint fragrance of depraved concession. She had her dumb word for the show such a speech could make, for the exquisite charm it could

take from its exquisite sincerity ; and before she could do anything but blink at excess of light she heard this very word sound on Mrs. Wix's lips, just as if the poor lady had guessed it and wished, snatching it from her, to blight it like a crumpled flower. "You're dreadful, you're terrible, for you know but too well that it's not a small thing to me that you should address me in a fashion that's princely. It doesn't matter if it's one day that you're gone or three ; enough is as good as a feast and the lovely time you'll have with her is something you're willing to pay for ! I dare say you'd like me to believe that your pay is to get her to give you up ; but that's a matter on which I adjure you not to put down your money in advance ! Give *her* up first. Then pay her what you please !"

Sir Claude took this to the end ; though there were things in it that made him colour, called into his face more of the apprehension than Maisie had ever perceived there of a particular sort of shock. "My dear friend," he then returned, "it's simply a matter in which I must judge for myself. You've judged *for* me, I know, a good deal, of late, in a way that I appreciate, I assure you, down to the ground. But you can't do it always ; no one can do that for another, don't you see, in every case. There are exceptions, particular cases that turn up and that are awfully delicate. It would be too easy if I could shift it all off on you : it would be allowing you to incur an amount of responsibility that I should simply become quite ashamed of. You'll find, I'm sure, that you'll have quite as much as you'll enjoy if you'll be so good as to accept the situation as circumstances happen to make it for you and to stay here with our friend till I rejoin you, on the footing of as much pleasantness and as much comfort—and I think I have a right to add, to both of you, of as much faith in *me*—as possible."

Oh, he was princely indeed : that came out more and more with every word he said and with the particular way he said it, and Maisie could feel his monitress stiffen almost with anguish against the increase of his spell, and then hurl herself, as a desperate defence from it, into the admitted inferiority of violence. "You're afraid of her—afraid, afraid, afraid ! Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear !" Mrs. Wix wailed it with a high quaver, then broke down into a long shudder of helplessness and woe. The next minute she had flung herself again on the formal sofa and burst into a passion of tears.

Sir Claude stood and looked at her a moment ; he shook his head slowly and almost tenderly. "I've already admitted it. I'm in mortal

terror, and we'll let that settle the question. I think you had best go to bed," he added ; " you've had a tremendous day and you must both be tired to death. I shall not expect you to concern yourselves in the morning with my movements. There's an early boat on ; I shall have cleared out before you're up ; and I shall, moreover, have dealt directly and most effectively, I assure you, with the haughty, but not quite hopeless, Miss Ash." He turned to his stepdaughter as if at once to take leave of her and give her a sign of how, through all tension and friction, they were still united in such a way that she, at least, needn't worry, and they held each other long enough to reaffirm intensely their vows.

Maisie gave him—poor plastic and dependent male—his issue. If she was still a child she was yet of the sex that could help him out, and while he embraced her they inaudibly conversed. " Be nice to her, be nice to her," he at last distinctly articulated ; " be nice to her as you've not even been to *me* ! " On which, without another look at Mrs. Wix, he somehow got out of the room, leaving his stepdaughter under the slight oppression of these words as well as of the idea that he had unmistakably once more dodged.

XXII.

Everything he had prophesied came so true that it was after all no more than fair to expect quite as much for what he had as good as promised.

This seemed to have put him so into the secret of things, and the joy of the world so waylaid the steps of his friends that little by little the spirit of hope filled the air and finally took possession of the scene. To drive on the long cliff was splendid, but it was perhaps better still to creep in the shade—for the sun was strong—along the many-coloured and many-odoured *port* and through the streets in which, to English eyes, everything that was the same, was a mystery, and everything that was different, a joke. Best of all was to continue the creep up the long Grand 'Rue to the gate of the *haute ville*, and, passing beneath it, mount to the quaint and crooked rampart, with its rows of trees, its quiet corners and friendly benches, where brown old women, in such white frilled caps and such long gold earrings, sat and knitted or snoozed ; its little yellow-faced houses that looked like the homes of misers or of priests, and its dark *château*, where small soldiers lounged

on the bridge that stretched across an empty moat and military washing hung from the windows of towers. They sat together on the grey bastion; they looked down on the little new town which seemed to them quite as old, and across at the great dome and the high gilt Virgin of the church that, as they gathered, was famous, and that pleased them by its unlikeness to any place in which they had worshipped. Their intensified clutch of the future throbbed like a clock ticking seconds; but this was a timepiece that inevitably, as well, at the best, rang occasionally a portentous hour. Oh, there were several of these, and two or three of the worst on the old city wall, where everything else so made for peace.

Maisie watched, beside Mrs. Wix, the great golden Madonna, and one of the ear-ringed old women who had been sitting at the end of their bench got up and potted away.

"Adieu, mesdames!" said the old woman in a little cracked, civil voice—a demonstration by which our friends were so affected that they bobbed up and almost courtesied to her. They subsided again, and it was shortly after, in a summer hum of French insects and a phrase of almost somnolent reverie, that Maisie most had the vision of what it was to shut out from such a perspective so appealing a participant. Every minute that Sir Claude stayed away was like a nail in Mrs. Beale's coffin.

"Why, after all, should we have to choose between you? Why shouldn't we be four?" she finally demanded.

Mrs. Wix gave the jerk of a sleeper awakened or the start even of one who hears a bullet whiz at the flag of truce. "Four improprieties, do you mean? Because two of us happen to be decent people! Do I gather you to wish that I should stay on with you even if that woman *is* capable——"

Maisie took her up before she could further phrase Mrs. Beale's capability. "Stay on as *my* companion—yes. Stay on as just what you were at mamma's. Mrs. Beale *would* let you!" the child proclaimed.

Mrs. Wix had by this time fairly sprung to her arms. "And who, I'd like to know, would let Mrs. Beale? Do you mean, little unfortunate, that *you* would?"

"Why not, if now she's free?"

"Free? Are you imitating *him*? Well, if Sir Claude's old enough to know better, upon my word I think it's right to treat you as if you

also were. You'll have to, at any rate, to know better, if that's the line you're proposing to take." Mrs. Wix had never been so harsh; but, on the other hand, Maisie could guess that she herself had never appeared so wanton. "Free, free, free? If she's as free as *you* are, my dear, she's free enough, to be sure. Who in the world is free to commit a crime?"

"A crime!" The word had come out in a way that made the child echo it again.

"You'd commit as great a one as their own—and so should I—if we were to condone their immorality by our presence."

Maisie waited a little; this seemed so fiercely conclusive. "Why is it immorality?" she, nevertheless, presently inquired.

Her companion now turned upon her with a reproach softer because it was, somehow, deeper. "You're too unspeakable! Do you know what we're talking about?"

In the interest of ultimate calm, Maisie felt that she must be, above all, clear. "Certainly, about their taking advantage of their freedom. I mean that isn't a crime."

"Why, then, did Sir Claude steal you away?"

"He didn't steal—he only borrowed me. I knew it wasn't for long," Maisie audaciously professed. "I never, *never* hoped I wasn't going again to see Mrs. Beale! I didn't, I didn't, I didn't!" she repeated. "She's beautiful, and I love her! I love her, and she's beautiful!"

"And I'm hideous, and you hate *me*?" Mrs. Wix fixed her a moment, then caught herself up. "Do you mean to tell me that you *want* to live with them in their sin?"

"You know what I want, you know what I want!"—Maisie spoke with the quaver of rising tears.

"Yes, I do; you want me to be as bad as yourself! Well, I won't. There! Mrs. Beale's as bad as your father!" Mrs. Wix went on.

"She's not—she's not!" her pupil almost shrieked in retort.

"You mean because Sir Claude, at least, has beauty and wit and grace? But he pays just as the women your father takes you to see pay!" Mrs. Wix, who now rose as she spoke, fairly revealed a latent cynicism.

It raised Maisie also to her feet; her companion had walked off a few steps and paused. The two looked at each other as they had never looked, and Mrs. Wix seemed to flaunt there in her finery. "Then don't he pay *you* too?" her unhappy charge demanded.

At this she bounded in her place. "Oh, you incredible little waif!" She brought it out with a wail of violence; after which, with another convulsion, she marched straight away.

Maisie dropped back on the bench and burst into sobs; but nothing so dreadful of course could be final or even for many minutes provisional: they rushed together again too soon for either to feel that either had kept it up, and though they went home in silence it was with a vivid perception for Maisie that her companion's hand closed upon her. That hand had shown altogether these twenty-four hours a new capacity for closing, and one of the truths the child could least resist was that a certain greatness had now come to Mrs. Wix. The moment at which this became clearest was that of their ordering coffee after luncheon in the spirit of Sir Claude's provision, and of its being served to them while—to drive out in the same spirit—they awaited their equipage in the white and gold saloon. The coffee was flanked with a couple of liqueurs, and Maisie felt that Sir Claude could scarce have been taken more at his word had it been followed by anecdotes and cigarettes. The influence of these luxuries was at any rate in the air. It seemed to her, while she tiptoed at the chimney-glass pulling on her gloves, and with a motion of her head shaking a feather into place, to have had something to do with Mrs. Wix's suddenly saying: "Haven't you really and truly *any* moral sense?"

Maisie was aware that her answer, though it brought her down to her heels, was vague even to imbecility, and that this was the first time she had appeared to practise with Mrs. Wix an intellectual inaptitude to meet her—the infirmity to which she had owed so much success with papa and mamma. The appearance did her injustice, for it was not less through her candour than through her playfellow's pressure that, after this, the idea of a moral sense mainly coloured their intercourse. She began, the poor child, with scarcely knowing what it was; but it proved something that with scarce an outward sign save her surrender to the swing of the carriage, she could before they came back from their drive strike up a sort of acquaintance with. The beauty of the day only deepened and the splendour of the afternoon sea and the haze of the far headlands and the taste of the sweet air. It was the coachman indeed who, smiling and cracking his whip, turning in his place, pointing to invisible objects and uttering unintelligible sounds—all, our tourists recognised, strict features of a social order principally devoted to language: it was this polite person, I say, who made their

excursion fall so much short that their return left them still a stretch of the long daylight and an hour that, at his obliging suggestion, they spent on foot on the shining sands. Maisie had seen the *plage* the day before with Sir Claude, but that was a reason the more for showing on the spot to Mrs. Wix that it was, as she said, another of the places on her list and of the things of which she knew the French name. The bathers, so late, were absent, and the tide was low; the sea-pools twinkled in the sunset, and there were dry places as well where they could sit again and admire and expatiate: a circumstance that while they listened to the lap of the waves gave Mrs. Wix a fresh fulcrum for her challenge. "Have you absolutely none at all?"

She had no need now, as to the question itself at least, to be specific; that, on the other hand, was the eventual result of their quiet conjoined apprehension of the thing that—well, yes, since they must face it—Maisie absolutely and appallingly had so little of. This marked more particularly the moment of the child's perceiving that her friend had risen to a level which might—till superseded at all events—pass almost for sublime. Nothing more remarkable had taken place in the first heat of her own departure, no phenomenon of perception more inscrutable by our rough method, than her vision, the rest of that Boulogne day, of the manner in which she figured. I so despair of tracing her steps that I must crudely give you my word for its being, from this time on, a picture literally present to her. Mrs. Wix saw her as a little person knowing so extraordinarily much that, for the account to be taken of it, what she still didn't know would be ridiculous if it hadn't been embarrassing. Mrs. Wix was in truth more than ever qualified to meet embarrassment; I am not sure that Maisie had not even a dim discernment of the queer law of her own life that made her educate to that sort of proficiency those elders with whom she was concerned. She promoted as it were their development; nothing could have been more marked for instance than her action in promoting Mrs. Beale's. She judged that if her whole history, for Mrs. Wix, had been the successive stages of her knowledge, so the very climax of the concatenation would in the same view be the stage at which the knowledge should overflow. As she was condemned to know more and more, how could it logically stop before she should know Most? It came to her in fact as they sat there on the sands that she was distinctly on the road to know Everything. She had not had governesses for nothing; what in the world had she ever done but learn, and learn, and learn? She looked at the

pink sky with a placid foreboding that she soon would have learnt All. They lingered in the flushed air till at least it turned to grey and she seemed fairly to receive new information from every brush of the breeze. By the time they moved homeward it was as if, for Mrs. Wix, this inevitability had become a long tense cord twitched by a nervous hand, on which the counted pearls of intelligence were to be neatly strung.

In the evening upstairs they had another strange sensation, as to which Maisie could not afterwards have told you whether it was bang in the middle or quite at the beginning that her companion sounded with fresh emphasis the note of the moral sense. The night, this time, was warm and one of the windows stood open to the small balcony over the rail of which, on coming up from dinner, Maisie had hung a long time in the enjoyment of the chatter, the lights, the life of the quay made brilliant by the season and the hour. She felt the summer night ; she dropped down into the manners of France. There was a café below the hotel, before which, with little chairs and tables, people sat on a space enclosed by plants in tubs ; and the impression was enriched by the flash of the white aprons of waiters and the music of a man and a woman who from beyond the precinct sent up the strum of a guitar and the drawl of a song about "amour." Maisie knew what "amour" meant too and wondered if Mrs. Wix did : Mrs. Wix remained within, as still as a mouse and perhaps not reached by the performance. After a while, but not till the musicians had ceased and begun to circulate with a little plate, her pupil came back to her. "*Is it a crime ?*" Maisie then asked.

Mrs. Wix was as prompt as if she had been crouching in a lair. "Branded by the Bible."

"Well, he won't commit a crime."

Mrs. Wix looked at her gloomily. "He's committing one now."

"Now ?"

"In being with her."

Maisie had it on her tongue's end to return once more : "But now he's free." She remembered, however, in time that one of the things she had known for the last entire hour was that this made no difference.

There was no letter the next morning from Sir Claude—which Mrs. Wix let out that she deemed the worst of omens ; yet it was just for the quieter communion they so got with him that, when after the coffee and rolls which made them more foreign than ever, it came to going forth for fresh drafts upon his credit, they wandered again

up the hill to the rampart instead of plunging with the crowd on the sands into distraction or with the semi-nude bathers into the sea. They gazed once more at their gilded Virgin; they sank once more upon their battered bench; they felt once more their distance from the Regent's Park. At last Mrs. Wix became definite about their friend's silence. "He *is* afraid of her! She has forbidden him to write." The fact of his fear Maisie already knew; but her companion's mention of it had at this moment two unexpected results. The first was her wondering in dumb remonstrance how Mrs. Wix, with a devotion not after all inferior to her own, could put into such an allusion such a grimness of derision; the second was that she found herself suddenly drop into a deeper view of it. That uneasiness had not carried her far before Mrs. Wix spoke again and with an abruptness so great as almost to seem irrelevant. "Has it never occurred to you to be jealous of her?"

It never had in the least; yet the words were scarce in the air before Maisie had jumped at them. "Well, yes—since you ask me." She hesitated, then continued: "Lots of times! If I thought she was unkind to him I don't know *what* I should do!"

Mrs. Wix dropped one of her squints; she even confirmed it by a wild grunt. "I know what *I* should!"

Maisie, at this, felt that she lagged. "Well, I can think of *one* thing."

Mrs. Wix more directly challenged her. "What is it, then?"

Maisie met her expression as if it were a game with forfeits for winking. "I'd *kill* her!" That at least she hoped as she looked away would guarantee her moral sense. She looked away, but her companion said nothing for so long that she at last turned her head again. Then she saw the straighteners all blurred with tears which after a little seemed to have sprung from her own eyes.

"I adore him, I adore him," said Mrs. Wix.

Maisie took it well in; so well that in a moment more she would have answered profoundly: "So do I." But before that moment passed something took place that brought other words to her lips; nothing more very possibly than the closer consciousness in her hand of the significance of Mrs. Wix's. Their hands remained linked in unutterable sign of their union, and what Maisie at last said was simply and serenely: "Oh, I know!"

Their hands were so linked and their union was so confirmed that

it took the far, deep note of a bell borne to them on the summer air to call them back to a sense of hours and proprieties. They had touched bottom and melted together, but they gave a start at last; the bell was the voice of the inn, and the inn was the image of luncheon. They should be late for it; they got up, and their quickened step on the return had something of the swing of confidence. When they reached the hotel the *table d'hôte* had begun; this was clear from the threshold, clear from the absence, in the hall and on the stairs, of the "personnel," as Mrs. Wix said—she had picked *that* up—all collected in the dining-room. They mounted to their apartments for a brush before the glass, and it was Maisie who, in passing and from a vain impulse, threw open the white and gold door. She was thus first to utter the sound that brought Mrs. Wix almost on the top of her as by the other accident it would have brought her on the top of Mrs. Wix. It had at any rate the effect of leaving them bunched together in a strained stare at their new situation. This situation had put on in a flash the bright form of Mrs. Beale: she stood there in her hat and her jacket, amid bags and shawls, smiling and holding out her arms. If she had just arrived it was a different figure from either of the two that for *their* benefit, wan and tottering and none too soon to save life, the Channel had recently disgorged. She was as lovely as the day that had brought her over, as fresh as the luck and the health that attended her; it came to Maisie on the spot that she was more beautiful than she had ever been. All this was too quick to count, but there was still time in it to give the child the sense of what had kindled the light. That leaped out of the open arms, the open eyes, the open mouth; it leaped out with Mrs. Beale's loud, exultant cry at her:—"I'm free, I'm free!"

HENRY JAMES.

(*To be continued.*)



W. NICHOLSON.

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THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS"

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

III.

DONKIN'S position in the forecastle was distinguished but unsafe. He stood on the bad eminence of a general dislike.

He was left alone; and in his isolation he could do nothing but think of the gales of the Cape of Good Hope and envy us the possession of warm clothing and waterproofs. Our sea-boots, our oilskin coats, our well-filled sea-chests, were to him so many causes for bitter meditation: he had none of those things, and he felt instinctively that no man, when the need arose, would offer to share them with him. He was impudently cringing to us and systematically insolent to the officers. He anticipated the best results, for himself, from such a line of conduct—and was mistaken. Such natures forget that under extreme provocation men will be just—whether they want to be so or not. Donkin's insolence to long-suffering Mr. Baker became at last intolerable to us, and we rejoiced when the mate, one dark night, tamed him for good. It was done neatly, with great decency and decorum, and with little noise. We had been called—just before midnight—to trim the yards, and Donkin—as usual—made insulting remarks. We stood sleepily in a row with the forebrace in our hands waiting for the next order, and heard in the darkness a scuffly trampling of feet, an exclamation of surprise, sounds of cuffs and slaps, suppressed, hissing whispers:—"Ah! Will you! Don't! Don't! Then behave O! O!" After-

wards there were soft thuds mixed with the rattle of iron things, as if a man's body had been tumbling helplessly amongst the main-pump rods. Before we could realise the situation, Mr. Baker's voice was heard very near and a little impatient :—"Haul away, men! Lay back on that rope!" And we did lay back on the rope with great alacrity. As if nothing had happened, the chief mate went on trimming the yards with his usual and exasperating fastidiousness. We didn't at the time see anything of Donkin, and did not care. Had the chief officer thrown him overboard, no man would have said as much as "Hallo! he's gone!" But, in truth, no great harm was done—even if Donkin did lose one of his front teeth. We perceived this in the morning, and preserved a ceremonious silence: the etiquette of the fore-castle commanded us to be blind and dumb in such a case, and we cherished the decencies of our life more than ordinary landsmen respect theirs. Charley, with unpardonable want of *savoir vivre*, yelled out :—" 'Ave you been to your dentyst . . . Hurt ye, didn't it?" He got a box on the ear from one of his best friends. The boy was surprised, and remained plunged in grief for at least three hours. We were sorry for him, but youth requires even more discipline than age. Donkin grinned venomously. From that day he became pitiless; told Jimmy that he was a "black fraud"; hinted to us that we were an imbecile lot, daily taken in by a vulgar nigger. And Jimmy seemed to like the fellow!

Singleton lived untouched by human emotions. Taciturn and unsmiling, he breathed amongst us—in that alone resembling the rest of the crowd. We were trying to be decent chaps, and found it jolly difficult; we oscillated between the desire of virtue and the fear of ridicule; we wished to save ourselves from the pain of remorse, but did not want to be made the contemptible dupes of our sentiment. Jimmy's hateful accomplice seemed to have blown with his impure breath undreamt-of subtleties into our hearts. We were disturbed and cowardly. That we knew. Singleton seemed to know nothing, understand nothing. We had thought him till then as wise as he looked, but now we dared, at times, suspect him of being stupid—from old age. One day, however, at dinner, as we sat on our boxes round a tin dish that stood on the deck within the circle of our feet, Jimmy expressed his general disgust with men and things in words that were particularly disgusting. Singleton lifted his head. We became mute. The old man, addressing Jimmy, asked :—"Are you dying?" Thus

interrogated, James Wait appeared horribly startled and confused. We all were startled. Mouths remained open; hearts thumped; eyes blinked; a dropped tin fork rattled in the dish; a man rose as if to go out, and stood still. In less than a minute Jimmy pulled himself together. "Why? Can't you see I am?" he answered shakily. Singleton lifted a piece of soaked biscuit ("his teeth"—he declared—"had no edge on them now") to his lips. "Well, get on with your dying," he said with venerable mildness; "don't raise a blamed fuss with us over that job. We can't help you." Jimmy fell back in his bunk, and for a long time lay very still wiping the perspiration off his chin. The dinner tins were put away quickly. On deck we discussed the incident in whispers. Some showed a chuckling exultation. Many looked grave. Wamibo, after long periods of staring dreaminess, attempted abortive smiles; and one of the young Scandinavians, much tormented by doubt, ventured in the second dog-watch to approach Singleton (the old man did not encourage us much to speak to him) and ask sheepishly:—"You think he will die?" Singleton looked up. "Why, of course he will die," he said deliberately. This seemed decisive. It was promptly imparted to every one by him who had consulted the oracle: shy and eager, he would step up and with averted gaze recite his formula:—"Old Singleton says he will die." It was a relief! At last we knew that our compassion would not be misplaced, and we could again smile without misgivings—but we reckoned without Donkin. Donkin "didn't want to 'ave no truck with 'em dirty furriners." When Neillssen came to him with the news: "Singleton say she will die," he answered him by a spiteful "And so will you—you fat-headed Dutchman Wish you Dutchmen were hall dead—'stead comin' takin' our money hinto your starvin' country." We were appalled. We perceived that after all Singleton's answer meant nothing. We began to hate him for making fun of us. All our certitudes were going; we were on doubtful terms with our officers; the cook had given us up for lost; we had overheard the boatswain's opinion that "we were a crowd of softies." We suspected Jimmy, one another, and even our very selves. We did not know what to do. At every insignificant turn of our humble life we met Jimmy overbearing and blocking the way, arm-in-arm with his awful and veiled familiar. It was a weird servitude.

It began a week after leaving Bombay and came on us stealthily like any other great misfortune. Every one had remarked that Jimmy from

the first was very slack at his work; but we thought it simply the outcome of his philosophy of life. Donkin said:—"You put no more weight on a rope than a bloody sparrer." He disdained him. Belfast, ready for a fight, exclaimed provokingly:—"You don't kill yourself, old man!" "Would YOU?" he retorted with extreme scorn—and Belfast retired. One morning as we were washing decks, Mr. Baker called to him:—"Bring your broom over here, Wait." He strolled languidly. "Move yourself! Ough!" grunted Mr. Baker. "What's the matter with your hind legs?" He stopped dead short. He gazed slowly with eyes that bulged out, with an expression audacious and sad. "It isn't my legs," he said, "it's my lungs." Everybody listened. "What's Ough! What's wrong with them?" inquired Mr. Baker. All the watch stood around on the wet deck, grinning, and with brooms or buckets in their hands. He said mournfully:—"Going—or gone. Can't you see I'm a dying man? I know it!" Mr. Baker was disgusted. "Then why the devil did you ship aboard here?" "I must live till I die—mus'n't I?" he replied. The grins became audible. "Go off the deck—get out of my sight," said Mr. Baker. He was nonplussed. It was an unique experience. James Wait, obedient, dropped his broom, and walked slowly forward. A burst of laughter followed him. It was too funny. All hands laughed. . . . They laughed! Alas!

He became the tormentor of all our moments; he was worse than a nightmare. You couldn't see that there was anything wrong with him: a nigger does not show. He was not very fat—certainly—but then he was no leaner than other niggers we had known. He coughed often, but the most prejudiced person could perceive that, mostly, he coughed when it suited his purpose. He wouldn't, or couldn't, do his work—and he wouldn't lie up. One day he would skip aloft with the best of them, and next time we would be obliged to risk our lives to get his limp body down. He was reported, he was examined; he was remonstrated with, threatened, cajoled, lectured. He was called into the cabin to interview the captain. There were wild rumours. It was said he had cheeked the old man; it was said he had frightened him. Charley maintained that the "skipper, weepin', 'as giv' 'im 'is blessin' an' a pot of jam." Knowles had it from the steward that the unspeakable Jimmy had been reeling against the cabin furniture; that he had groaned; that he had complained of general brutality and disbelief; and had ended by coughing all over the old man's meteorological

journals which were then spread on the table. At any rate, Wait returned forward supported by the steward, who, in a pained and shocked voice, entreated us:—"Here! Catch hold of him, one of you, He is to lie up." Jimmy drank a tin mugful of coffee, and after bullying first one and then another, went to bed. He remained there most of the time, but when it suited him would come on deck and appear amongst us. He was scornful and brooding; he looked ahead upon the sea; and no one could tell what was the meaning of that black man sitting apart in a meditative attitude and as motionless as a carving.

He refused steadily all medicine; he threw sago and cornflour overboard till the steward got tired of bringing it to him. He asked for paregoric. They sent him a big bottle; enough to poison a wilderness of babies. He kept it between his mattress and the deal lining of the ship's side; and nobody ever saw him take a dose. Donkin abused him to his face, jeered at him while he gasped; and the same day Wait would lend him a warm jersey. Once Donkin reviled him for half an hour; reproached him with the extra work his malingering gave to the watch; and ended by calling him "a black-faced swine." Under the spell of our accursed perversity we were horror-struck. But Jimmy positively seemed to revel in that abuse. It made him look cheerful—and Donkin had a pair of old sea boots thrown at him. "Here, you East-end trash," boomed Wait, "you may have that."

At last Mr. Baker had to tell the captain that James Wait was disturbing the peace of the ship. "Knock discipline on the head—he will, Ough," grunted Mr. Baker. As a matter of fact, the starboard watch came as near as possible to refusing duty, when ordered one morning by the boatswain to wash out their forecabin. It appears Jimmy objected to a wet floor—and that morning we were in a compassionate mood. We thought the boatswain a brute, and, practically, told him so. Only Mr. Baker's delicate tact prevented an all-fired row: he refused to take us seriously. He came bustling forward, and called us many unpolite names, but in such a hearty and seamanlike manner that we began to feel ashamed of ourselves. In truth, we thought him much too good a sailor to annoy him willingly: and after all Jimmy might have been a fraud—probably was! The forecabin got a clean up that morning; but in the afternoon a sick-bay was fitted up in the deck-house. It was a nice little cabin opening

on deck, and with two berths. Jimmy's belongings were transported there, and then—notwithstanding his protests—Jimmy himself. He said he couldn't walk. Four men carried him on a blanket. He complained that he would have to die there alone, like a dog. We grieved for him, and were delighted to have him removed from the fore-castle. We attended him as before. The galley was next door, and the cook looked in many times a day. Wait became a little more cheerful. Knowles affirmed having heard him laugh to himself in peals one day. Others had seen him walking about on deck at night. His little place, with the door ajar on a long hook, was always full of tobacco smoke. We spoke through the crack cheerfully, sometimes abusively, as we passed by, intent on our work. He fascinated us. He would never let doubt die. He overshadowed the ship. Invulnerable in his promise of speedy corruption, he trampled on our self-respect, he demonstrated to us daily our want of moral courage; he tainted our lives. Had we been a miserable gang of wretched immortals, unhallowed alike by hope and fear, he could not have lorded it over us with a more pitiless assertion of his sublime privilege.

Meantime the *Narcissus*, with square yards, ran out of the fair monsoon. She drifted slowly, swinging round and round the compass, through a few days of baffling light airs. Under the patter of short warm showers, grumbling men whirled the heavy yards from side to side; they caught hold of the soaked ropes with groans and sighs, while their officers, sulky and dripping with rain water, unceasingly ordered them about in wearied voices. During the short respites they looked with disgust into the smarting palms of their stiff hands, and asked one another bitterly:—"Who would be a sailor if he could be a farmer?" All the tempers were spoilt, and no man cared what he said. One black night, when the watch, panting in the heat and half-drowned with the rain, had been through four mortal hours hunted from brace to brace, Belfast declared that he would "chuck going to sea for ever and go in a steamer." This was excessive, no doubt. Captain Allistoun, with great self-control, would mutter sadly to Mr. Baker:—"It is not so bad—not so bad," when he had managed to shove, and dodge, and manœuvre his smart ship through sixty miles in twenty-four hours. From the doorstep of the little cabin, Jimmy, chin in hand, watched our distasteful labours with insolent and melancholy eyes. We spoke to him gently—and out of his sight exchanged sour smiles.

Then, again, with a fair wind and under a clear sky, the ship went on piling up the South Latitude. She passed outside Madagascar and Mauritius without a glimpse of the land. Extra lashings were put on the spare spars. Hatches were looked to. The steward in his leisure moments and with a worried air tried to fit washboards to the cabin doors. Stout canvas was bent with care. Anxious eyes looked to the westward, towards the Cape of Storms. The ship began to dip into a south-west swell, and the softly luminous sky of low latitudes took on a harder sheen from day to day above our heads: it arched high above the ship, vibrating and pale, like an immense dome of steel, resonant with the deep voice of freshening gales. The sunshine gleamed cold on the white curls of black waves. Before the strong breath of westerly squalls the ship, with reduced sail, lay slowly over, obstinate and yielding. She drove to and fro in the unceasing endeavour to fight her way through the invisible violence of the winds; she pitched headlong into dark smooth hollows; she struggled upwards over the snowy ridges of great running seas; she rolled, restless, from side to side, like a thing in pain. Enduring and valiant, she answered to the call of men; and her slim spars waving for ever in abrupt semicircles, seemed to beckon in vain for help towards the stormy sky.

It was a bad winter off the Cape that year. The relieved helmsmen came off flapping their hands, or ran stamping hard and blowing into swollen, red fingers. The watch on deck dodged the sting of cold sprays or, crouching in sheltered corners, watched dismally the high and merciless seas boarding the ship time after time in unappeasable fury. Water tumbled in cataracts over the forecastle doors. You had to dash through a waterfall to get into your damp bed. The men turned in wet, and turned out stiff to face the redeeming and ruthless exactions of their glorious and obscure fate. Far aft, and peering watchfully to windward, the officers could be seen through the mist of squalls: they stood by the weather-rail, holding on grimly, straight and glistening in their long coats; then, at times, in the disordered plunges of the hard-driven ship, they appeared high up, attentive, tossing violently above the grey line of a clouded horizon, and in motionless attitudes.

They watched the weather and the ship as men on shore watch the momentous chances of fortune. Captain Allistoun never left the deck, as though he had been part of the ship's fittings. Now and then the

steward, shivering but always in shirt sleeves, would struggle towards him with some hot coffee, half of which the gale blew out of the cup before it reached the master's lips. He drank what was left gravely, in one long gulp, while heavy sprays pattered loudly on his oilskin coat, the seas swishing broke about his high boots; and he never took his eyes off the ship. He watched every motion; he kept his gaze riveted upon her as a loving man who watches the unselfish toil of a delicate woman, upon the slender thread of whose existence is hung the whole meaning and joy of the world. We all watched her. She was beautiful and had a weakness. We loved her no less for that. We admired her qualities aloud, we boasted of them to one another, as though they had been our own, and the consciousness of her only fault we kept buried in the silence of our profound affection. She was born in the thundering peal of hammers beating upon iron, in black eddies of smoke, under a grey sky, on the banks of the Clyde. The clamorous and sombre stream gives birth to things of beauty that float away into the sunshine of the world to be loved by men. The *Narcissus* was one of that perfect brood. Less perfect than many perhaps, but she was ours, and, consequently, incomparable. We were proud of her. In Bombay ignorant landlubbers alluded to her as that "pretty grey ship." Pretty! A scurvy commendation! We knew she was the most magnificent sea-boat ever launched. We tried to forget that, like many good sea-boats, she was at times rather crank. She was exacting. She wanted care in loading and handling, and no one knew exactly how much care would be enough. Such are the imperfections of mere men! The ship knew, and sometimes would correct the presumptuous human ignorance by the wholesome discipline of fear. We had heard ominous stories about past voyages. The cook (technically a seaman, but in reality no sailor)—the cook, when unstrung by some misfortune, such as the rolling over of a saucepan, would mutter gloomily while he wiped the floor:—"There! Look at what she has done! Some voy'ge she will drown all hands, you'll see if she won't." To which the steward, snatching in the galley a moment to draw breath in the hurry of his worried life, would remark philosophically:—"Those that see won't tell, anyhow. I don't want to see it." We derided those fears. Our hearts went out to the old man when he pressed her hard so as to make her hold her own, hold to every inch gained to windward; when he made her, under reefed sails, leap obliquely at enormous waves. The men, knitted together aft into a ready group by the first sharp order of

an officer coming to take charge of the deck in bad weather :—"Keep handy the watch," stood admiring her valiance. Their eyes blinked in the wind, their dark faces were wet with drops of water more salt and bitter than human tears ; beards and moustaches, soaked, hung straight and dripping like fine seaweed. They were fantastically misshapen ; in high boots, in hats like helmets, and swaying clumsily, stiff and bulky in glistening oilskins, they resembled men strangely equipped for some fabulous adventure. Whenever she rose easily to a towering green sea elbows dug ribs, faces brightened, lips murmured :—"Didn't she do it cleverly," and all the heads turning like one watched with sardonic grins the foiled wave go roaring to leeward, white with the foam of a monstrous rage. But when she had not been quick enough and, struck heavily, lay over trembling under the blow, we clutched at ropes, and looking up at the narrow bands of drenched and strained sails waving desperately aloft, we thought in our hearts :—"No wonder ! Poor thing !"

The thirty-second day out of Bombay began inauspiciously. In the morning a sea smashed one of the galley doors. We dashed in through lots of steam and found the cook very wet and indignant with the ship :—"She's getting worse every day. She's trying to drown me in front of my own stove !" He was very angry. We pacified him, and the carpenter, though washed away twice from there, managed to repair the door. Through that accident our dinner was not ready till late, but it didn't matter in the end, because Knowles, who went to fetch it, got knocked down by a sea and the dinner went over the side. Captain Allistoun, looking more hard and thin-lipped than ever, hung on to full topsails and foresail, and would not notice that the ship, asked to do too much, appeared to lose heart altogether for the first time since we knew her. She refused to rise, and bored her way sullenly through the seas. Twice running, as though she had been blind or weary of life, she put her nose deliberately into a big wave and swept the decks from end to end. As the boatswain observed with marked annoyance, while we were splashing about in a body to try and save a worthless wash-tub :—"Every blooming thing in the ship is going overboard this afternoon." Venerable Singleton broke his habitual silence and said with a glance aloft :—"The old man's in a temper with the weather, but it's no good bein' angry with the winds of heaven." Jimmy had shut his door, of course. We knew he was dry and comfortable within his little cabin,

and in our absurd way were pleased one moment, exasperated the next by that certitude. Donkin skulked shamelessly, uneasy and miserable. He grumbled :—" I'm perishin' with cold houtside in bloomin' wet rags, an' that 'ere black sojer sits dry on a blamed chest full of bloomin' clothes ; blank his black soul !" We took no notice of him ; we hardly gave a thought to Jimmy and his bosom friend. There was no leisure for idle probing of hearts. Sails blew adrift. Things broke loose. Cold and wet, we were washed about the deck while trying to repair damages. The ship tossed about, shaken furiously, like a toy in the hand of a lunatic. Just at sunset there was a rush to shorten sail before the menace of a sombre hail cloud. The hard gust of wind came brutal like the blow of a fist. The ship relieved of her canvas in time received it pluckily : she yielded reluctantly to the violent onset ; then, coming up with a stately and irresistible motion, brought her spars to windward in the teeth of the screeching squall. Out of the abyssmal darkness of the black cloud overhead white hail streamed on her, rattled on the rigging, leaped in handfuls off the yards, rebounded on the deck—round and gleaming in the murky turmoil like a shower of pearls. It passed away. For a moment a livid sun shot horizontally the last rays of sinister light between the hills of steep, rolling waves. Then a wild night rushed in, and in a great howl stamped out that dismal remnant of a stormy day.

There was no sleep on board that night. Most seamen remember in their life one or two such nights of a culminating gale. Nothing seems left of the whole universe but darkness, clamour, fury—and the ship. And like the last vestige of a shattered creation she drifts, bearing an anguished remnant of sinful mankind, through the distress, tumult, and pain of an avenging terror. No one slept in the forecastle. The tin oil-lamp suspended on a long string, smoking, described wide circles ; wet clothing made dark heaps on the glistening floor ; a thin layer of water rushed to and fro. In the bed-places men lay booted, resting on elbows and with open eyes. Hung-up suits of oilskin swung out and in, lively and disquieting, like reckless ghosts of decapitated seamen dancing in a tempest. No one spoke and all listened. Outside the night moaned and sobbed to the accompaniment of a continuous, loud tremor, as of innumerable drums beating far off. Shrieks passed through the air. Tremendous, dull blows made the ship tremble, while she rolled under the weight of the seas toppling on her deck. At times she soared up swiftly, as if to leave this earth for ever, then during inter-

minable moments fell through a void with all the hearts on board of her standing still, till a frightful shock, expected and sudden, started them off again with a big thump. After every dislocating jerk of the ship *Wamibo*, stretched full length, his face on the pillow, groaned slightly with the pain of his tormented universe. Now and then, for the fraction of an intolerable second, the ship, in the fiercer burst of a terrible uproar, remained on her side, vibrating and still, with a stillness more appalling than the wildest motion. Then upon all those prone bodies a stir would pass, a shiver of suspense. A man would protrude his anxious head, and a pair of eyes glistened in the sway of light glaring wildly. Some moved their legs a little as if making ready to jump out. But several, motionless on their backs and with one hand gripping hard the edge of the bunk, smoked nervously with quick puffs, staring upwards: immobilised in a great craving for peace.

At midnight, orders were given to furl the fore and mizen topsails. With immense efforts men crawled aloft through a merciless buffeting, saved the canvas, and crawled down almost exhausted, to bear in panting silence the cruel battering of the seas. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the merchant service the watch told to go below did not leave the deck, as if compelled to remain there by the fascination of a venomous violence. At every heavy gust men, huddled together, whispered to one another:—"It can blow no harder," and presently the gale would give them the lie with a piercing shriek, and drive their breath back into their throats. A fierce squall seemed to burst asunder the thick mass of sooty vapours; they broke for a moment. Above the torn clouds glimpses could be caught of the high moon rushing backwards with frightful speed over the sky, right into the wind's eye. Many hung their heads, muttering that it "turned their innards out" to look at it. Soon the clouds closed up, and the world again became a raging, blind darkness that howled, flinging at the lonely ship salt sprays and sleet.

About half-past seven the pitchy obscurity round us turned a ghastly grey, and we knew that the sun had risen. This unnatural and threatening daylight, in which we could see one another's wild eyes and drawn faces, was only an added tax on our endurance. The horizon seemed to have come on all sides within arm's length of the ship. Into that narrowed circle furious seas leaped in, struck, and leaped out. A rain of salt, heavy drops flew aslant like mist. The main-topsail had to be goose-winged, and with stolid resignation every one prepared to go

aloft once more ; but the officers yelled, pushed back, and at last we understood that no more men would be allowed to go on the yard than were absolutely necessary for the work. As at any moment the masts were likely to be jumped out or blown overboard, we concluded that the captain didn't want to see all his crowd go over the side at once. That was reasonable. The watch then on duty began to struggle up the rigging. The wind flattened them against the ratlines ; then, easing a little, would let them gain a couple of steps ; and again, with a sudden gust, pin all up the shrouds the whole crawling line in attitudes of crucifixion. The other watch plunged down on the main deck to haul up the sail. Men's heads bobbed up as the water flung them irresistibly from side to side. Mr. Baker grunted encouragingly in our midst, spluttering and blowing amongst the tangled ropes like an energetic porpoise. Favoured by an ominous and untrustworthy lull, the work was done without any one being lost either off the deck or from the yard. For the moment the gale seemed to take off, and the ship, as if grateful for our efforts, plucked up heart and made better weather of it.

At eight the men off duty, watching their chance, ran forward over the flooded deck to get some rest. The other half of the crew remained aft for their turn of "seeing her through her trouble," as they expressed it. The two mates urged the master to go below. Mr. Baker grunted in his ear :—"Ough ! surely now Ough ! confidence in us nothing more to do she must lay it out or go. Ough ! Ough !" Tall young Mr. Creighton smiled down at him cheerfully :—" She's right as a trivet ! Take a spell, sir." He looked at them stonily with bloodshot, sleepless eyes. The rims of his eyelids were scarlet, and he moved his jaw unceasingly with a slow effort, as though he had been masticating a lump of india-rubber. He shook his head. He repeated :—"Never mind me. I must see it out—I must see it out," but he consented to sit down for a moment on the skylight, with his hard face turned unflinchingly to windward : the sea spat at it—and, stoical, it streamed with water as though he had been weeping. On the weather side of the poop the watch, hanging on to the mizen rigging and to one another, tried to exchange encouraging words. Singleton, at the wheel, yelled out :—"Look out for yourselves !" His voice reached them in a warning whisper. They were startled.

A big, foaming sea came out of the mist ; it made for the ship, roaring wildly, and in its rush it looked as mischievous and discomposing

as a madman with an axe. One or two men, shouting, scrambled up the rigging ; most, with a convulsive catch of the breath, held on where they stood. Singleton dug his knees under the wheel-box, and carefully eased the helm to the headlong pitch of the ship, but without taking his eyes off the coming wave. It towered close to and high, like a wall of green glass topped with snow. The ship rose to it as though she had soared on wings, and for a moment rested poised upon the foaming crest, as if she had been a great sea-bird. Before we could draw breath a heavy gust struck her, another roller took her unfairly under the weather bow, she gave a toppling lurch, and filled her decks. Captain Allistoun leaped up, and fell ; Archie rolled over him, screaming :—"She will rise !" She gave another lurch to leeward ; the lower deadeyes dipped heavily ; the men's feet flew from under them, and they hung kicking above the slanting poop. They could see the ship putting her side in the water, and shouted all together :—"She's going !" Forward the forecastle doors flew open, and the watch below were seen leaping out one after another, throwing their arms up, and, falling on hands and knees, scrambled aft on all fours along the high side of the deck, sloping more than the roof of a house. From leeward the seas rose, pursuing them ; they looked wretched in a hopeless struggle, like vermin fleeing before a flood ; they fought up the weather ladder of the poop one after another, half naked and staring wildly ; and as soon as they got up, they shot to leeward in clusters, with closed eyes, till they brought up heavily with their ribs against the iron stanchions of the rail ; then, groaning, they rolled in a confused mass. The immense volume of water thrown forward by the last scend of the ship had burst the lee door of the forecastle. They could see their chests, pillows, blankets, clothing come out floating upon the sea. While they struggled back to windward, they looked. The straw beds swam high, the blankets, spread out, undulated ; while the chests, waterlogged and with a heavy list, pitched heavily, like dismasted hulks, before they sank ; Archie's big coat passed with outspread arms, resembling a drowned seaman floating with his head under water. Men were slipping down while trying to dig their fingers into the planks ; others, jammed in corners, rolled enormous eyes. They all yelled unceasingly :—"The masts ! Cut ! Cut !" A black squall howled low over the ship, that lay on her side with the lower yardarms pointing to the clouds ; while the tall masts, inclined nearly to the horizon, seemed to be of an unmeasurable length. The carpenter let go his hold, rolled against the skylight, and began to

crawl to the cabin entrance, where a big axe was kept ready for just such an emergency. At that moment the topsail sheet parted, the end of the heavy chain racketed aloft, and sparks of red fire streamed down through the flying sprays. The sail flapped once with a jerk that seemed to tear our hearts out through our teeth, and instantly became a bunch of fluttering narrow ribbons that tied themselves into knots and became quiet along the yard. Captain Allistoun scrambled, managed to stand up with his face near the deck, upon which men swung on the ends of ropes like nest-robbers upon a cliff. One of his feet was on somebody's chest; his face was purple; his lips moved. He yelled also; he yelled, bending down:—"No! No!" Mr. Baker, one leg over the binnacle-stand, roared out:—"Did you say no? Not cut?" He shook his head madly. "No! No!" Between his legs the crawling carpenter heard, collapsed at once, and lay full length in the angle of the skylight. Voices took up the shout—"No! No!" Then all became still. They waited for the ship to turn over altogether, and shake them out into the sea; and upon the terrific noise of wind and sea not a murmur of remonstrance came out from those men, who each would have given ever so many years of life to see "them damned, bloody sticks go overboard!" They all believed it their only chance; but a little, hard-faced man shook his grey head and shouted "No!" without giving them as much as a glance. They were silent, and gasped. They gripped rails, they had wound ropes' ends under their arms; they clutched ringbolts, they crawled in heaps where there was foothold; they held on with both arms, hooked themselves to anything to windward with elbows, with chins, almost with their teeth: and some, unable to crawl away from where they had been flung, felt the sea leap up, striking against their backs as they struggled upwards. Singleton had stuck to the wheel. His hair flew out in the wind: the gale seemed to take its life-long adversary by the beard, and shake his old head. He wouldn't let go, and, with his knees forced between the spokes, flew up and down like a man on a bough. As Death appeared unready, they began to look about. Donkin, caught by one foot in a loop of some rope, hung, head down, below us, and yelled, with his face to the deck:—"Cut! Cut!" Two men lowered themselves cautiously to him; others hauled on the rope. They caught him up, shoved him into a safer place, held him. He shouted curses at the master, shook his fist at him with horrible blasphemies, called upon us in filthy words to "Cut! Don't mind that murdering fool!"

Cut, some of you!" One of his rescuers struck him a back-handed blow over the mouth; his head banged on the deck, and he became suddenly very quiet, with a white face, breathing hard, and with a few drops of blood trickling from his cut lip. On the lee side another man could be seen, stretched out as if stunned; only the washboard prevented him from going over the side. It was the steward. We had to sling him up like a bale, for he was paralysed with fright. He had rushed up out of the pantry when he felt the ship go over, and had rolled down helplessly, clutching a china mug. It was not broken. With difficulty we tore it from him, and when he saw it in our hands he was amazed. "Where did you get that thing?" he kept on asking, in a trembling voice. His shirt was blown to shreds; the ripped sleeves flapped like wings. Two men made him fast, and, doubled over the rope that held him, he resembled a bundle of wet rags. Mr. Baker crawled along the line of men, asking:—"Are you all there?" and looking them over. Some blinked vacantly, others shook convulsively; Wamibo's head hung over his breast; and in painful attitudes, cut by lashings, exhausted with clutching, screwed up in corners, they breathed heavily. Their lips twitched, and at every sickening heave of the overturned ship they opened them wide as if to shout. The cook, embracing a wooden stanchion, unconsciously repeated a prayer. In every short interval of the fiendish noises around he could be heard there, without cap or slippers, imploring in that storm the Master of our lives not to lead him into temptation. Soon he also became silent. In all that crowd of cold and hungry men, waiting wearily for a violent death, not a voice was heard: they were mute, and in sombre thoughtfulness listened to the horrible imprecations of the gale.

Hours passed. They were sheltered by the heavy inclination of the ship from the wind that rushed in one long unbroken moan above their heads, but cold rain showers fell at times into the uneasy calm of their refuge. Under the torment of that new infliction a pair of shoulders would writhe a little. Teeth chattered. The sky was clearing, and bright sunshine gleamed over the ship. After every burst of battering seas, vivid and fleeting rainbows arched over the drifting hull in the flick of sprays. The gale was ending in a clear blow, which gleamed and cut like a knife. Between two bearded shellbacks Charley, fastened with somebody's long muffler to a deck ring-bolt, wept quietly, with rare tears wrung out by bewilderment, cold, hunger, and general misery. One of his neighbours punched him in the ribs,

asking roughly :—"What's the matter with your cheek? In fine weather there's no holding you, youngster." Turning about with prudence, he worked himself out of his coat and threw it over the boy. The other man closed up, muttering :—" 'Twill make a bloomin' man of you, sonny." They flung their arms over and pressed against him. Charley drew his feet up, and his eyelids dropped. Sighs were heard, as men, perceiving that they were not to be "drowned in a hurry," tried easier positions. Mr. Creighton, who had hurt his leg, lay amongst us with compressed lips. Some fellows belonging to his watch set about securing him better. Without a word or a glance he lifted his arms one after another to facilitate the operation, and not a muscle moved in his stern, young face. They asked him with solicitude :—"Easier now, sir?" He answered with a curt :—"That'll do." He was a hard young officer, and many of his watch said they liked him well enough because he had "such a gentlemanly way of damning us up and down the deck." Others, unable to discern such fine shades of refinement, respected him for his smartness. For the first time since the ship had gone on her beam ends Captain Allistoun gave a short glance down at his men. He was almost upright—one foot against the side of the skylight, one knee on the deck, and with the end of the vang round his waist swung back and forth with his gaze fixed ahead, watchful, like a man looking out for a sign. Before his eyes the ship, with half her deck below water, rose and fell on heavy seas that rushed from under her, flashing in the cold sunshine. We began to think she was wonderfully buoyant—considering. Confident voices were heard shouting :—"She'll do, boys!" Belfast exclaimed with fervour :—"I 'ould giv' a month's pay for a draw at a pipe!" One or two, passing dry tongues on their salt lips, muttered something about a "drink of water." The cook, as if inspired, scrambled up with his breast against the poop water-cask and looked in. There was a little at the bottom. He yelled, waving his arms, and two men began to crawl backwards and forwards with the mug. We had a good mouthful all round. The master shook his head impatiently, refusing. When it came to Charley one of his neighbours shouted :—"That bloomin' boy's asleep." He slept as though he had been dosed with narcotics. They let him be. Singleton held to the wheel with one hand while he drank, bending down to shelter his lips from the wind. Wamibo had to be poked and yelled at before he saw the mug held before his eyes. Knowles said sagaciously :—"It's better'n a tot of rum." Mr. Baker grunted :—

"Thank ye." Mr. Creighton drank, and nodded. Donkin gulped greedily, glaring over the rim. Belfast made us laugh, when with grimacing mouth he shouted:—"Pass it this way. We're all taytottlers here!" The master, presented with the mug again by a crouching man, who screamed up at him:—"We all had a drink, captain," groped for it without ceasing to look ahead, and handed it back stiffly as though he could not spare half a glance away from the ship. Faces brightened. We shouted to the cook:—"Well done, doctor!" He sat to leeward, propped by the water-cask, and yelled back abundantly, but the seas were breaking in thunder just then, and we only caught snatches that sounded like "providence" and "born again." He was at his old game of preaching. We made friendly but derisive gestures at him, and from below he lifted one arm, holding on with the other, moved his lips: he beamed up to us, straining his voice—earnest, and ducking his head before the sprays.

Suddenly some one cried:—"Where's Jimmy?" and we were appalled once more. On the end of the row the boatswain shouted hoarsely:—"Has any one seed him come out?" Voices exclaimed dismally:—"Drowned—is he? . . . No! In his cabin! . . . Good Lord! . . . Caught like a bloomin' rat in a trap. . . . Couldn't open his door . . . Aye! She went over too quick and the water jammed it . . . Poor beggar! . . . No help for 'im. . . . Let's go and see . . ." "Damn him, who could go?" screamed Donkin. "Nobody expects you to," growled the man next to him; "you're only a thing." "Is there half a chance to get at 'im?" inquired two or three men together. Belfast untied himself with blind impetuosity, and all at once shot down to leeward quicker than a flash of lightning. We shouted together with dismay; but, with his legs overboard, he held and yelled for a rope. In our extremity nothing could be terrible; so we judged him funny, kicking there and with his scared face. Some one began to laugh, and, as if hysterically infected with screaming merriment, all those haggard men went off laughing, wild-eyed, like a lot of maniacs tied up on a wall. Mr. Baker swung off the binnacle-stand, and tendered him one leg. He scrambled up rather scared, and consigning us with abominable words to the "divvle." "You are . . . Ough! You're a foul-mouthed beggar, Craik," grunted Mr. Baker. He answered, stuttering with indignation:—"Look at 'em, sorr. The bloomin' dirty images! laughing at a chum going overboard. Call themselves men, too!" But from the break of the poop the

boatswain called out:—"Come along," and Belfast scrambled in a hurry to join him. The five men, poised and gazing over the edge of the poop, looked for the best way to get forward. They seemed to hesitate. The others, twisting in their lashings, turning painfully, stared with open lips. Captain Allistoun saw nothing: he seemed with his eyes to hold the ship up in a superhuman concentration of effort. The wind screamed loud in sunshine; columns of spray rose straight up; and in the glitter of rainbows bursting over the trembling hull the men went over cautiously, disappearing from sight with deliberate movements.

They went swinging from belaying pin to cleat above the seas that beat the half-submerged deck. Their toes scraped the planks. Lumps of green, cold water toppled over the bulwark and on their heads. They hung for a moment on strained arms, with the breath knocked out of them, and with closed eyes—then, letting go with one hand, balanced with lolling heads, trying to grab some rope or stanchion further forward. The long-armed and athletic boatswain swung quickly, gripping things with a fist hard as iron, and remembering suddenly snatches of the last letter from his "old woman." Little Belfast scrambled rageously, muttering:—"Bloody nigger." Wamibo's tongue hung out with excitement; and Archie, intrepid and calm, watched his chance to move with intelligent coolness.

When above the side of the house, they let go one after another, and falling heavily, sprawled, pressing their palms to the smooth teak wood. Round them the backwash of waves seethed white and hissing. All the doors had become trap-doors, of course. The first was the galley door. The galley extended from side to side, and they could hear the sea making hollow noises in there. The next door was that of the carpenter's shop. They lifted it, and looked down. The room seemed to have been devastated by an earthquake. Everything in it had tumbled on the bulkhead facing the door, and on the other side of that bulkhead there was Jimmy, dead or alive. The bench, a half-finished meat-safe, saws, grindstones, chisels, wire rods, axes, crowbars, lay in a heap besprinkled with loose nails. A sharp adze stuck up with a shining edge that gleamed dangerously down there like a wicked smile. The men clung to one another peering. A sickening, sly lurch of the ship nearly sent them overboard in a body, Belfast howled "Here goes!" and leaped down. Archie followed cannily, catching at shelves that gave way with him, and eased himself

in a great crash of ripped wood. There was hardly room for three men to move. And in the sunshiny blue square of the door, the boatswain's face, bearded and dark, Wamibo's face, wild and pale, hung over—watching.

Together they shouted:—"Jimmy! Jim!" From above the boatswain contributed a deep growl:—"You . . . Wait!" In a pause, Belfast entreated:—"Jimmy, darlin', are ye aloive?" The boatswain said:—"Again! All together, boys!" All yelled excitedly. Wamibo made noises resembling loud barks. Belfast drummed on the side of the bulkhead with a piece of iron. We ceased suddenly. The sound of screaming and hammering went on thin and distinct—like a solo after a chorus. He was alive. He was screaming and knocking below us with the hurry of a man prematurely shut in a coffin. We went to work. We attacked with desperation the abominable heap of things heavy, of things sharp, of things clumsy to handle. The boatswain crawled away to find somewhere a flying end of a rope; and Wamibo, held back by shouts:—"Don't jump! . . . Don't come in here, muddle-head!"—remained glaring, all shining eyes, gleaming fangs, tumbled hair; like an amazed and half-witted fiend gloating over the extraordinary agitation of the damned. The boatswain adjured us to "bear a hand," and a rope descended. We made things fast to it, and they went up spinning, never to be seen by man again. A rage to fling things overboard possessed us. We worked fiercely, cutting our hands, and speaking brutally to one another. Jimmy kept up a distracting row: he screamed piercingly, without drawing breath, like a tortured woman; he banged with hands and feet. The agony of his fear wrung our hearts, so that we longed to abandon him, to get out of that place deep as a well and swaying like a tree, to get out of his hearing, back on the poop where we could wait passively for death in incomparable repose. We shouted to him to shut up, for God's sake. He redoubled his cries. He must have fancied we could not hear him. Probably he heard his own clamour but faintly. We could picture him crouching on the edge of the upper berth, letting out with both fists at the wood, in the dark, and with his mouth wide open for that unceasing cry. Those were loathsome moments. A cloud driving across the sun would darken the doorway menacingly. Every movement of the ship was pain. We scrambled about with no room to breathe, and felt frightfully sick. The boatswain yelled down at us:—"Bear a hand!

Bear a hand! We'll be washed away from here directly if you ain't quick!" Three times a sea leaped over the high side, and flung bucketfuls of water on our heads. Then Jimmy, startled by the shock, would stop his noise for a moment—waiting for the ship to sink, perhaps—and begin again, distressingly loud, as if invigorated by the gust of fear. At the bottom the nails lay in a layer several inches thick. It was ghastly. Every nail in the world, not driven in firmly somewhere, seemed to have found its way into that carpenter's shop. There they were, of all kinds, the remnants of stores from seven voyages. Tin-tacks, copper tacks (sharp as needles), pump nails, with big heads, like tiny iron mushrooms; nails without any heads (horrible); French nails polished and slim. They lay in a solid mass more inabordable than a hedgehog. We hesitated, yearning for a shovel, while Jimmy below us yelled as though he had been flayed. Groaning, we dug our fingers in, and very much hurt, shook our hands, scattering nails and drops of blood. We passed up our hats full of assorted nails to the boatswain, who, as if performing a mysterious and appeasing rite, cast them wide upon a raging sea.

We got to the bulkhead at last. Those were stout planks. She was a ship well finished in every detail—the *Narcissus* was. They were the stoutest planks ever put into a ship's bulkhead—we thought—and then we perceived that, in our hurry, we had sent all the tools overboard. Absurd little Belfast wanted to break it down with his own weight, and with both feet leaped straight up like a springbok, cursing the Clyde shipwrights for not scamping their work. Incidentally he reviled all North Britain, the rest of the earth, the sea—and all his companions. He swore, as he alighted heavily on his heels, that he would never, never any more associate with any fool that "hadn't savee enough to know his knee from his elbow." He managed by his thumping to scare the last remnant of wits out of Jimmy. We could hear the object of our exasperated solicitude darting to and fro under the planks. He had cracked his voice at last, and could only squeak miserably. His back, or else his head, rubbed the planks, now here, now there, in a puzzling manner. He squeaked as he dodged the invisible blows. It was more heartrending even than his yells. Suddenly Archie produced a crowbar. He had kept it back; also a small hatchet. We howled with satisfaction. He struck a mighty blow and small chips flew at our eyes. The boatswain above shouted:—"Look out! Look out there. Don't kill the man. Easy

does it!" Wamibo, maddened with excitement, hung head down and insanely urged us:—Hoo! Strook 'im! Hoo! Hoo!" We were afraid he would fall in and kill one of us; and, hurriedly, we entreated the boatswain to "shove that blamed Finn overboard." Then, all together, we yelled down at the planks:—"Stand from under! Get forward," and listened. We only heard the deep hum and moan of the wind above us, the mingled roar and hiss of the seas. The ship, as if overcome with despair, wallowed lifelessly, and our heads swam with that unnatural motion. Belfast clamoured:—"For the love of God, Jimmy, where are ye? . . . Knock! Jimmy darlint! . . . Knock! You bloody black beast! Knock!" He was as quiet as a dead man inside a grave; and, like men standing above a grave, we were on the verge of tears—but with vexation, the strain, the fatigue; with the great longing to be done with it, to get away, and lie down to rest somewhere where we could see our danger and breathe. Archie shouted:—"Gi'e me room!" We crouched behind him, guarding our heads, and he struck time after time in the joint of planks. They cracked. Suddenly the crowbar went halfway in through a splintered oblong hole. It must have missed Jimmy's head by less than an inch. Archie withdrew it quickly, and that infamous nigger rushed at the hole, put his lips to it, and whispered "Help" in an almost extinct voice; he pressed his head to it, trying madly to get out through that opening one inch wide and three inches long. In our disturbed state we were absolutely paralysed by his incredible action. It seemed impossible to drive him away. Even Archie at last lost his composure. "If ye don't clear oot I'll drive the crowbar thro' your head," he shouted in a determined voice. He meant what he said, and his earnestness seemed to make an impression on Jimmy. He disappeared suddenly, and we set to prizing and tearing at the planks with the eagerness of men trying to get at a mortal enemy, and spurred by the desire to tear him limb from limb. The wood split, cracked, gave way. Belfast plunged in head and shoulders and groped viciously. "I've got 'im! Got 'im," he shouted. "Oh! There! . . . He's gone; I've got 'im! . . . Pull at my legs! . . . Pull!" Wamibo hooted unceasingly. The boatswain shouted directions:—"Catch hold of his hair, Belfast. . . . Pull straight up, you two! . . . Pull fair!" We pulled fair. We pulled Belfast out with a jerk, and dropped him with disgust. In a sitting posture, purple-faced, he sobbed despairingly:—"How can I hold on to 'is bloomin' short wool?" Suddenly Jimmy's head and

shoulders appeared. He stuck half-way, and with rolling eyes foamed at our feet. We flew at him with brutal impatience, we tore the shirt off his back, we tugged at his ears, we panted over him ; and all at once he came away in our hands as though somebody had let go his legs. With the same movement, without a pause, we swung him up. His breath whistled, he kicked our upturned faces, he grasped two pairs of arms above his head, and he squirmed up with such precipitation that he seemed positively to escape from our hands like a bladder full of gas. Streaming with perspiration, we swarmed up the rope, and, coming into the blast of cold wind, gasped like men plunged into icy water. With burning faces we shivered to the very marrow of our bones. Never before had the gale seemed more furious, the sea more mad, the sunshine more merciless and mocking, the position of the ship more hopeless and appalling. Every movement of her was ominous of the end of her agony and of the beginning of ours. We staggered away from the door, and, alarmed by a sudden roll, fell down in a bunch. It appeared to us that the side of the house was more smooth than glass and more slippery than ice. There was nothing to hang on to but a long brass hook used sometimes to keep back an open door. Wamibo held on to it and we held on to Wamibo, clutching our Jimmy. He had completely collapsed now. He did not seem to have the strength to close his hand. We stuck to him blindly in our fear. We were not afraid of Wamibo letting go (we remembered that the brute was stronger than any three men in the ship), but we were afraid of the hook giving way, and we also believed that the ship had made up her mind to turn over at last. But she didn't. A sea swept over us. The boatswain spluttered :—"Up and away. There's a lull. Away aft with you, or we will all go to the devil here." We stood up surrounding Jimmy. We begged him to hold up, to hold on, at least. He glared with his bulging eyes, mute as a fish, and with all the stiffening knocked out of him. He wouldn't stand ; he wouldn't even as much as clutch at our necks ; he was only a cold black skin loosely stuffed with soft cotton wool ; his arms and legs swung jointless and pliable ; his head rolled about ; the lower lip hung down, enormous and heavy. We pressed round him, bothered and dismayed ; protecting him we swung here and there in a body, and, on the very brink of eternity, we tottered all together with sheltering and absurd gestures, like a lot of drunken men embarrassed with a stolen corpse.

Something had to be done. We had to get him aft. A rope was

tied slack under his armpits, and reaching up at the risk of our lives we hung him on the foresheet cleet. He emitted no sound; he looked as ridiculously lamentable as a doll that had lost half its sawdust, and we started on our perilous journey over the main deck, dragging along with care, that pitiful, that limp, that hateful burden. He was not very heavy, but, had he weighed a ton, he could not have been more awkward to handle. We literally passed him from hand to hand. Now and then we had to hang him up on a handy belaying pin, to draw a breath and reform the line. Had the pin broken he would have irretrievably gone into the Southern Ocean, but he had to take his chance of that; and after awhile, becoming apparently aware of it, he groaned slightly, and with a great effort whispered a few words. We listened eagerly. He was reproaching us with our carelessness in letting him run such risks:—"Now, after I got myself out from there," he breathed out weakly. "There" was his cabin. And he got himself out! We had nothing to do with it apparently. . . . No matter. . . . We went on and let him take his chances, simply because we could not help it; for though at that time we hated him more than ever—more than anything under heaven—we did not want to lose him. We had so far saved him; and it had become a personal matter between us and the sea. We meant to stick to him. Had we (by an incredible hypothesis) undergone similar toil and trouble for an empty cask, that cask would have become as precious to us as Jimmy was. More precious, in fact, because we should have had no reason to hate the cask. And we hated James Wait. We could not get rid of the monstrous suspicion that this astounding black man was shamming sick, had been malingering heartlessly in the face of our toil, of our scorn, of our patience—and now was malingering in the face of our devotion—in the face of death. Our vague and imperfect morality rose with disgust at his unmanly lie. But he stuck to it manfully—amazingly. No! It couldn't be. He was at all extremity. His cantankerous temper was only the result of the provoking invincibleness of that death he felt by his side. Any man may be angry with such a masterful chum. But, then, what kind of men were we—with our thoughts! Indignation and doubt grappled within us in a scuffle that trampled upon the finest of our feelings. And we hated him because of the suspicion; we detested him because of the doubt. We could not scorn him safely—neither could we pity him without risk to our dignity. So we hated him, and passed him carefully from hand to hand. We cried:—"Got him?"—Yes. All right. Let

go." And he swung from one enemy to another, showing about as much life as an old bolster would do. His eyes made two narrow, white slits in the black face. He breathed slowly, and the air escaped through his lips with a noise like the sound of bellows. We reached the poop ladder at last, and it being a comparatively safe place, we lay for a moment in an exhausted heap to rest a little. He began to mutter. We were always incurably anxious to hear what he had to say. This time he mumbled peevishly:—"It took you some time to come. I began to think the whole smart lot of you had been washed overboard. What kept you back? Hey? Funk?" We said nothing. With sighs we started again to drag him up. The secret and ardent desire of our hearts was the desire to beat him viciously with our fists about the head; and we handled him as tenderly as though he had been made of glass.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

(To be continued.)

“BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE”

THE “Stewarts all were brave,” says Burns ; who further opines that they “were but fools—not one of them a knave.” The first conclusion, though not indisputable, is perhaps not more disputable than the second, or even the third. On the whole the courage of the Stewarts is one of their main titles to respect. It shines out conspicuously in the dominant rule of James I—the most accomplished and, it may be, the ablest of this royal line—as well as in his strenuous, though vain, struggle for life against the minions of the brutal Graham ; it was plainly not wanting in the second James, he of the “fiery face,” who with his own dagger rid himself of the defiant Douglas ; in James III it is scarce so manifest as the folly ; it was fatally illustrated in the quixotism of James IV, the victim of Flodden, and in the headstrong obstinacy of James V, not less the victim of Solway Moss. But with Mary—whose distinctive title “Queen of Scots” sounds almost derisive—the Stewart line acquired a novel celebrity. She played for higher stakes than any forbear ; her luck was no better than theirs, and her temperament sadly handicapped her skill ; but she was so greatly daring that her career and fate became of European moment, and even her astounding failure is surrounded with a special halo. Now, in the character of this singular Queen the two dominant notes are (1) a quenchless ambition for sovereignty—sovereignty of the most absolute kind and sovereignty on a colossal scale—and (2) an ultimate determination to live her life, to be herself, and in the pursuit of a purpose or a passion to spare “neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness.” And these, however modified by individual traits, are the radical characteristics of the Stewarts. The most of them, like Mary, were among the bravest of the brave, and some were reckoned almost poltroons ; several were dowered with shining talents, and others were dull of brain and narrow of soul ; the many were lovers of pleasure, and a few finally developed a kind of puritanic sanctity ; but brave or cowardly, clever or doltish, noble or mean-souled, epicurean or ascetic, each and all cherished a deathless

passion for absolute personal rule, and all, with one or two wavering exceptions, were ready to hazard life and sovereignty, that they might indulge a darling freak, gratify a particular desire, or achieve a favourite purpose, good or bad, great or insignificant. Thus, Mary's son, though, probably from anti-natal causes, shrinking with almost abnormal timidity from the first glimpse of danger, and by reason of the semi-captivity of his earlier years exceeding cautious and crafty, was ever capable of screwing up his courage to the sticking point; and, besides becoming the philosophic exponent of the darling Stewart doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, he set himself—mere burlesque of royalty in mind and person though he was—with rare ingenuity and persistence to realise the Stewart dream of absolutism. Moreover, the fates put it in his power to exemplify in a quite peculiar fashion the frantic strength of his ambition for the English throne; for, rather than dim this shining prospect, he consented, almost without a murmur, to the execution, as he had all along consented to the captivity, of his own mother.

It were waste of time to touch particularly upon the manifestation of the Stewart master-impulses in the case of the two Charleses, or the second James of England. He who runs may read. As to him who is variously styled the Old Pretender, the Chevalier de St. George, and James VIII, since Mr. Lang has lately announced that "he has everything to gain from an unprejudiced examination of his career," it may be rash to venture any definite opinion; but it is, perhaps, safe to say that no forthcoming evidence will enable him to rank with the most distinguished of his ancestors; while, if he be deprived of the special Stewart eccentricities, it is hard to believe that anything can remain which shall be found definite enough to constitute a personality.

Most persons will agree with Mr. Lang that James was "quite a different man" from his son, Prince Charlie. Many, however, will prefer to reverse the terms of the formula so as to read that Prince Charlie was "quite a different man" from his father. The son, indeed, if not morally or conventionally the "better man," was the stronger or the more vehement personality, and in his father's own lifetime virtually eclipsed and superseded him as the hero of Jacobitism. The career of Prince Charlie both began and ended with the '45: it was in those few pregnant months that he lived his life; his after doings mainly represent their effect. The present year has seen the publication of two works which, though very different in scope and character, are quite invaluable as authorities, the one on the '45, the other on the Prince's years of

decadence. The former, written by Mr. Walter Blaikie, and printed for the Scottish History Society, is an *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart from his Landing in Scotland, July, 1745, to his Departure in September, 1746*. It purports to be compiled from *The Lyon in Mourning*, "supplemented and corrected from other contemporary sources"; but this modest description conveys but an inadequate impression of the monotony of toil, the minute thought and research to which every page—nay every paragraph—bears witness. Something of this may, however, be realised if we state that Mr. Blaikie's task has been to outline the main details of *every day of the Prince's life during his stay in Scotland*, that this outline is verified by the quotation of all available authorities, published or unpublished, and that the author has not even spared himself a toilsome exploration of the trackless wilds and fastnesses of the Highlands in order that the minutest problem might be solved, and that every slightest discrepancy, real or apparent, in contemporary narratives might so far as possible be adjusted. In short, the volume is in every respect a model handbook; and it would be hard to find in historic literature a piece of work which in so small compass comprises such an amount of thoroughly sifted information. The other work, *Pickle the Spy*, by Mr. Andrew Lang, has a more romantic title, and, according to its author, is rather a sacrifice to "the passion of curiosity," than a serious historic study; but it tells for the first time the main drift of Prince Charlie's story during 1750-63. It is founded "on documents never hitherto published, or never previously pieced together"; and its light and flowing narrative tends to conceal from the superficial reader the varied labour and ingenuity implied in its compilation. There is one matter for regret: its hero is not Prince Charlie, and its main personage is Pickle the Spy. Into this templatation Mr. Lang appears to have been led by (1) surprise at the discovery that one belonging to that "race of gentlemen and ladies, the Highlanders," could, notwithstanding the classic instance of Lord Lovat—to name no more—have been a false-hearted Jacobite, and politically what a modern Saxon would term a scoundrel; and (2) by the conviction that Prince Charlie was the victim, not of himself or of Jacobitism, but of "the age." Mr. Lang naturally shrinks from facing the ruins of a Jacobite ideal. Instead, therefore, of boldly grappling with facts, and seeking to elucidate and sift them so that they might enlighten or modify his original conviction, he contents himself with admitting that "Prince Charlie's character was incapable of enduring misfortune," and with

advising the members of the White Rose to concentrate their attention on his dreary father: this because it may be possible to prove that in the end the father became a most respectable character!

Says Mr. Lang of the Young Chevalier:—"A hundred musical notes keep green the memory of the last Prince of Romance, the beloved, the beautiful, the brave Prince Charlie—*eversò missus succurrere saeclo*. The overturned age was not to be rescued by charms and virtues which the age itself was to ruin and destroy. Loyal memories are faithful, not to what the Prince became under stress of exile, and treachery, and hope deferred, and death in life, *de vivre et de pas vivre*—but to what he once was, *Tearlach Rìgh nan Gael*." No doubt this estimate scarce harmonises with various explanations and admissions throughout the volume; but, since it is put forth as the final verdict on the Jacobite hero, it is fair to infer that, whatever the seeming purport of these statements, their real purport leaves Mr. Lang's ultimate conviction unruffled by any ripple of misgiving. Now, the fatal objection to such a picture is that it represents a mere Prince of Romance, a sort of glorified schoolgirl, or White Rose, ideal—that it does not paint a personality. No such person as this Prince of Romance, who sought to "rescue an overturned age," and who, ruined by "the overturned age," for which he was far too good, "took to the bottle," and varied the monotony of existence by cudgelling his mistress, ever did or could exist except in the imagination of loyal enthusiasts. It is a merely ceremonial or full-dress portrait. This "beloved, beautiful, brave Prince Charlie," was a creature of flesh and blood, and, more, a Stewart of the Stewarts. Equally with Mary he had a quenchless passion—not for any such thing as rescuing an overturned age, but—for personal sovereignty; and equally with Mary he was determined to live his own life, to be himself, and in pursuit of a purpose or a passion to spare "neither honour, conscience, hazard, nor greatness."

Prince Charlie—leaving sex out of account—was by no means so richly endowed in natural gifts as his renowned ancestress. He dabbled in books after a fashion, and for the gratification of special curiosities, but only in mockery could he be described as intellectual. A special writ of the Court of Rome enabled him to hold all kinds of benefices; but he would have had no chance in a theological tilt with Knox, whereas between Knox and Mary honours were easy. As a diplomatist he could not have held a candle to Queen Bess—in fact, he was first and last a diplomatic dupe; whereas, had Mary not been more

than a match in this respect for her dear cousin, the necessity for her execution would not have been so flagrant as it was. Wrath seemed to sharpen the wits of the Scottish Queen ; it made her descendant blindly furious. And notwithstanding the testimony of a few devoted Jacobites—who never themselves experienced from him any evil—he was greatly Mary's inferior in steadfastness of attachment and capacity for gratitude ; while she never forgot any one who had done her a service, and lavished a warm and constant affection on all her intimate dependents, he, although courteous and good-humoured, unless he were specially irritated, lamentably failed to appreciate the devotion of his followers, and quarrelled most violently with those to whom he was most deeply indebted. His main endowments were, in fact, physical ; and, except in one respect, these even were not stupendous. "In physical qualities," says Mr. Lang, "he was dowered by a kind fairy. He was firmly, though slimly built, of the best stature for strength and health." But does this exactly define the Prince's case ? He got to be muscular and healthy, though rather delicate in his earlier years. His constitution became hardened through his love of outdoor sports—hunting, shooting and fishing, not to mention golf ; but was he an exceptional athlete ? Was not his best gift the abnormal strength of his nervous system ? Is it not here that we have the secret of his strange career ? Does this peculiarity not explain his unequalled prowess as a toper as well as his passion for music, the brilliant episode of the '45 not less than the eccentricities of his decadence ? His extraordinary nervous power may have helped to dull his other susceptibilities ; and at any rate, but for it and the latent Stewart idiosyncrasies, and the conviction that he was born to be a King, there was little to distinguish him from the common herd of gentlemen. He had physical beauty as well as physical strength, but the beauty was merely physical. It was enhanced by the ardour of his temperament, and the courtly grace of his manners ; but it did not indicate any marked individuality any predominance of intellect, any scintillation of genius, or any special nobility of soul. "Hundreds of faces like his," writes Mr. Lang, with blunt candour, "may be seen at the public schools ; indeed, Charles had many doubles, who sometimes traded on the resemblance, sometimes wittingly misled the spies who continually pursued him. His adherents fondly declared that his natural air of distinction, his princely bearing, were too marked to be concealed in any travesty. Yet no man has in disguises of his person been more successful."

The truth is that, for rashness, his dash for the throne of his ancestors was beyond the wildest conception of any one out of Bedlam save himself. The disasters of the '15 were beacons of warning to ordinary mortals against such a headstrong adventure; but the Prince had mused on the iniquity of exclusion from the succession until his whole being revolted against the wrong, and the range of the possible in redressing it was outstripped by passionate desire or overmastering determination. The weak, discontented acquiescence of his father only served to whet the fire of his impatience; the supineness or duplicity of France stung him to more heroic resolve; the reluctance of the Highland chiefs suggested the urgent need of his presence to inspire them with his own ardour. As soon as he had placed himself beyond the reach of recall, with cool yet adroit flattery he wrote to his Royal parent:—"Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father—you yourself did the like in the year '15." Naturally he refrains from alluding to the fact that his father, then as now, was the head of the family, but, instead, he gravely assures him that the circumstances are now "much more encouraging," and adds naively, that "the particulars are too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you by writing, which has been the reason that I have presumed to take upon me the management of all this without even letting you suspect there was any such thing abrewing." Having thus broadly hinted to his father that he, and not his father, was the person to decide this momentous matter, he further tells him that "he had been obliged to steal off without letting the King of France so much as suspect it," and this for two very good reasons: (1) "They might have stopped me," and then "made a merit of it to you by saying that they had hindered me from doing a wild and desperate thing"; and (2) "My being invited by my friends would not be believed"—[If he had shown the invitation, it would surely have been believed. The difficulty was that invitation he had none; but the opposite.]—"or would have made little or no impression on the French Court." Two precautions for success, however, he did not neglect: he wrote to the King of France, whose ships and men he had taken the liberty to borrow without leave, that "the least help would make the affair infallible"; and he appointed Sir Thomas Geraldine to "demand succours" from Spain "in my name to complete the work." And thus, in the pleasant assurance that he had stolen a march on friends as well as foes, and that he was reading not merely his father but two great

European Powers a lesson in daring and enterprise, he set out with a following of eight—the attainted Duke of Atholl, five obscure Irishmen, a Highland merchant, and his own Italian valet—and landed at a Highland farmhouse in remote Arisaig to proceed upon the conquest of Great Britain. The boldness of the undertaking is only too manifest; but can it be called the boldness of ability or genius? Is there any sign of insight into possibilities, mastery of difficulties, a right acquaintance with methods? Is it not rather a case of the temperament—the confident assurance and untiring resolution—of genius, with a total lack of its illumination? The conception may be partly accounted for by the nature of the Prince's upbringing. He had been reared on day-dreams, and though his wits were sharpened by constant intercourse with the world of courtiers, he was as ignorant of the realities of life as any *ingénue* in a French play.

Over and above this he was a Stewart of the Stewarts; and the only parallel in history to the colossal infatuation of his design is found in that of the vastly cleverer Queen Mary—albeit she was blinded in this instance by the fatal Stewart delusion—conspiring with an Italian fiddler to obtain the mastery of the "raucle" Scottish nobles, and then to conquer Scotland and England for herself and Catholicism.

The enterprise had not, perhaps, been wholly desperate had the Prince, though a mere child in politics and diplomacy, had such a genius for war as (say) Oliver or Marlborough. His main difficulties were (1) that the Scots were mostly Presbyterians, and were fanatically prejudiced against the Stewarts by centuries of conflict with those hereditary foes of the Kirk; and (2) that the English were mostly Protestants, and that many among these Protestants, otherwise favourable, were sorely perplexed by the later Stewart predilections for the Church of Rome. Still, a considerable proportion of both nations, not including the more devoted Jacobites, was by no means unalterably attached to the Hanoverian Succession; and a great *coup-de-main*, planned and done with supreme skill as well as daring, had at least a faint chance of winning yet another trial of the art of sovereignty for the senior Stewart line. But Prince Charlie had been almost ostentatiously neglectful of everything that proper forethought should have suggested. He had done his best to make success impossible by arriving on the scene at the very moment when he was least expected by his friends, when organisations were in a state of suspended animation, and nothing was in readiness. Yet his energy, his entire self-confidence, his

ardent hope, his personal fascination, and his unscrupulous assurances of English and foreign assistance, exercised a marvellous influence on the more ingenuous Highland chiefs. Although the adventure seemed at first blush mere midsummer madness to each and all of them, the barrier of reluctance once broken down in one or two, a respectable force became almost immediately possible. The adventure brought out all that was best in the Adventurer. His whole soul was in it; his enthusiasm was contagious; with the fire of hope burning so brightly in his heart, his nobler traits were for the nonce supreme. Also, he had made up his mind to set an example to his followers in hardihood and daring. Here he was an ideal Highlander; and, marching on foot with his followers, clad in all the bravery of the royal chieftain of their race, he aroused a personal affection that bordered on idolatry.

As Lord Elcho said, Prince Charlie "had a body made for war": he was hardy, healthy, agile, valiant—"a first-class fighting man." The spirit was more than willing, the flesh anything but weak. So far all was well. But what of the intellect behind the purpose of this "very pretty fellow"? Must it not be sorrowfully confessed that the iron nerve, the overmastering temperament, the blindness to danger rather neutralised than developed the qualities necessary to a soldier of the highest type? The Prince himself had no generalship in him. His experience was slight, but years of war could have done him no sort of good. Now, to make up for his own lack of strategy, in Lord George Murray he had a general who could handle Highland troops to perfection, in whom daring and caution were admirably blent, and who, had fit and full opportunity been granted him, might have shown himself a worthy successor to Montrose and Dundee. It is impossible quite to agree with the Chevalier Johnstone:—"Had Prince Charles slept during the whole of the expedition, and allowed Lord George to act for him according to his own judgment, there is every reason for supposing he would have found the Crown of Great Britain on his head when he awoke." But the chance of success would certainly have been less hopeless had the Prince been more inclined to give Lord George a free hand. The two would have made an admirable blend—had it been possible to blend them; acting in frequent consultation and entire harmony their struggle against such tremendous odds must certainly have been less unequal and more prolonged than it was. But nothing could place so completely beyond doubt the hopeless

incapacity of the Prince than his inability to appreciate the great qualities of Lord George. And if he were not wholly and utterly devoid of insight in this respect, what is to be said for the littleness of soul to which Lord George's soldiery gave such dire offence? What for the ignoble postscript in a letter, dated Paris, ye 3rd Aprill, 1747 (printed by Mr. Blaikie, in an Appendix to the *Itinerary*, from the Stuart papers at Windsor), in which, having learned that Lord George proposed to visit Rome, he advises his father, the old Chevalier, that he should be secured "until he can justify himself to me for his past conduct"? This was simply to suggest the perpetual incarceration of his old general. "*En fin*," he writes, "besides for what he deserves, I humbly represent your Majesty it wou'd be of ye most Dangeross consequences iff such a Divill was not secured immediately in sum Castle, where he might be at his ease, but without being able to escape, or have ye Liberty of Pen or paper."

The luck that was going—and it was by no means small—was wholly on the Prince's side until the last. Had Cope been in the Prince's pay, he could not have played the Prince's game more admirably than he did. He was an ideal antagonist for Highland troops by reason (1) of his torpidity and (2) of his rigid adherence to routine. Such an enemy as the clansmen upset all his calculations. Let it be granted, too, that the Prince's sole chance lay in reckless daring, and that Gladsmuir would probably not have been won by a Highland force whom his enthusiastic confidence had not inspired. Also, since the Prince did succeed by sheer force of will, backed by cajolery and misrepresentation, in inducing that outlandish array to follow his fortunes so far as Derby, it seems ten thousand pities that the world was deprived of the wondrous spectacle of the siege of London by a band of ragged caterans. As this horde of savages had outwitted two powerful armies of veterans especially sent to bar its approach, the chances are that Prince Charlie would, had it persevered, have experienced the transport of entering London in triumph as he had entered Edinburgh; and, though the sequel might not have been like unto Gladsmuir, the ridicule, whatever the issue, would have lighted rather on the Hanoverian dynasty than on Prince Charlie's men. For them there must have been deathless renown; and far better for the majority of them to have died fighting against overwhelming odds than to have lived to experience the tender mercies of Cumberland. As to the Prince, had he been permitted to rush on such an inevitable fate, he would certainly have perished in a

blaze of glory, and have lived immortally in the Valhalla, not merely of Jacobitism but, of the world.

But the Fates had no such happy destiny in store for him. All at once the council of officers—in whom misgiving had been hard at work since their experience of the apathy of Lancashire—informed the Prince that it was unanimous in advising a retreat to Scotland. It was a bolt from the blue, and it smote him to the soul. He would still have gone on had even half the troops been ready to follow him. "Rather than go back," he cried, "I would wish to be twenty feet under the ground." He "endeavoured," so he afterwards told, "to persuade some of them to join with him, but could not prevail upon one single person." His disappointment was inordinate, and he bore it with a bad grace. Compared, for example, with Napoleon in his retreat from Moscow, he cuts a poor figure.

Dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge,

were absent meanwhile from his brows, and in their place sate sulky dejection. No demeanour was better fitted to demoralise a retreating army; and, but for the constant alertness of Lord George Murray, a terrible disaster might have been the wearer's reward. But the brilliant affair at Clifton both saved the reputation of the Highlanders, and taught the enemy such a lesson that there was no further attempt at molestation. For the wanton folly of leaving a garrison of four hundred men in Carlisle, a mere prey to the enemy, the sole responsibility—it is now proved beyond doubt—rests with the Chevalier.

The hope that had almost died out of his heart during the retreat from Derby was rekindled by the lucky victory at Falkirk; but, soon afterwards, the respectful representations of the chiefs that, at that season of the year, and with numbers rapidly diminishing from desertion, it was impossible to stay longer "in so dangerous a situation," woke him rudely from his day-dreams to immediate contact with reality. To break the blow, they deemed it advisable to make a solemn declaration, "in the presence of God," that they were "still firmly resolved to stand by him and the glorious cause." But the blow was not broken; the declaration elicited no becoming acknowledgment; the experienced skill of his leaders was ignored; and he gave them substantially to understand that he (a mere ninny in generalship) was the only competent judge of the situation, and that though he could not make them stay, he would make them if he could. "After all this," writes the intrepid

but foolish youth, "I know I have an army yet I cannot command any further than the chief officers please, and therefore if you are resolved upon it I must yield, but I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance, and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences which I foresee but cannot help." In short, he had but one stereotyped method of campaign: never in any circumstances to retreat; but in any situation, and against any number of his foes, to give instant battle. Yet quixotic as were his notions of war, one with his masterful purpose was bound—since, especially to use his own words, he was supposed to have come "vested with all the authority the King could give" him—sooner or later, and more or less, to override the sane and experienced judgment of his officers. He had his opportunity at Culloden; and that mishap forever whelmed the cause of which he deemed himself the heaven-sent champion.

From Culloden, 16th April, 1746, until 20th September, the Prince was a wandering fugitive. His capacity of endurance, physical and mental, was placed almost constantly under the severest strain. The physical discomforts alone were enough to try the hardest constitution. One night, for example, necessity, in the shape of armed soldiers, compelled his party to remain on the top of a high hill in an open cave, where the Prince "could neither lean nor sleep, being wet to the skin, with the heavy rain that had fallen the day before, and having no fuel to make a fire the only method he had of warming himself was smoking a pipe." Compelled, another night, to keep to the open sea, and having no food but raw oatmeal, they "began to make dramach with salt water and lick it up": the Prince ate of it very heartily, and "much more than" the narrator, Donald M'Cleod, "could do for his life." Waiting for Flora Macdonald, he had to take refuge under a rock, "which," says his attendant, Neil MacEachan, "had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain, which poured down upon him as if all the windows of heaven were broken open, and to complete his torture, there lay such a swarm of mitches"—and West Highland midges are the very noblest specimens of the breed—"upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair." To give yet a final instance out of many: one blazing day he lay with his companions on the face of a hill above a river that ran through Glenshiel, when they were "seized with such a drouth" that they "were like to perish," but durst not venture from their hiding until sunset, when they "all went stagern to the river side, and drank water

at no allowance." At other times they were lodged more comfortably, and fared, if not sumptuously, at least abundantly, every day. For three days they remained at a poor grass-keeper's bothy, and provided themselves in victuals by fowling and fishing; at the Forest House in Glen Coridale, they stayed twenty days, the Prince enjoying capital sport in "papping down" muircocks and hens; one night was passed in a cow byre, where the Prince, sitting in wet clothes, fell into an uneasy doze, starting suddenly in his sleep and staring "boldly in the face of every one of them as if he meant to fight them," and sometimes crying out: "O Poor England! O Poor England"; for three days they were entertained by the seven men of Glenmoriston in their famous cave, where they were "as comfortably lodged as if they had been in a palace"; one whole month was spent in a tent of fir branches in the Chisholm Woods in "peace and plenty," neither aqua vitæ nor tobacco being awanting; finally, after many wanderings the Prince arrived at Cluny's cage in Benalder, where, after some ten days, the joyful tidings reached him of the arrival of French ships in Lochnanuagh. But the mere external hardships were the smallest of his trials. There was ever the wearying pressure of sleepless care, the torturing sense of insecurity, the constant possibility of death or capture. The whole region was alive with Cumberland's redcoats; and sometimes the Wanderer, ere he knew, would find himself walking into their midst; mounting a hill, or emerging from a glen, he would discover that he was almost surrounded by them; or a scout would come in with intelligence that one detachment was marching in front and another behind them; or, having chosen what they deemed an admirable hiding place, they would awake to find the enemy encamped on both sides of it. But never for an instant did the Prince's presence of mind desert him or his courage waver: he faced perpetual danger, as he endured hardship, with a cheery fortitude which completely captivated the hearts of his rude companions. Also, he had even more than your Highlander's appreciation of, and power of resistance to, a dram. On the arrival of the trusty MacEachan at Stialay with provisions and a few bottles of brandy, "Come, come," said the Prince, "give me one of the bottles and a piece of bread, for I was never so hungry since I was born." Seizing the liquor, he took two or three hearty pulls of it before he came near the rest, with the result, according to his admiring henchman, that he ate two or three times more than ever he had done before. On the desert island of Euirn, they had sugar as well as brandy, and

were able, till a blunder broke the earthenware kettle, to make "warm punch to cheer their hearts in that cold place"; in the Forest Hut the only drink they had was brandy out of a clean shell, and "the Prince stood it out better than any one of them in drinking the healths of the day"; and in the hut in South Uist they made merry for three days and three nights, and still the Prince had the better of his companions—"even of Boisdale himself," says the glowing narrator, "notwithstanding his being as able a bowlsman, I daresay, as in Scotland."

Escaping from Scotland, Prince Charlie did not join his father in Rome. He went straight to Versailles, where he was received by King Louis with effusive cordiality, and presented at Court as Prince Regent of Great Britain and Ireland. But such barren glory did not satisfy him. His task was not completed, and he was loath even to postpone it. He had come to make a practical proposal: that, since he had proved himself so worthy a champion of his dynastic rights, King Louis should grant him some twenty thousand men to "repair the mistakes of the past." Also, his achievements entitled him in his own opinion to take over, without leave asked of his father, the entire management of the Stewart cause. If he had not resolved to supersede his father as candidate for the throne held by the usurping Hanoverians, he took for granted that he alone was fit to act as chief conspirator or negotiator for the Stewart restoration. It may even be that he had all along determined that he and not his father should be the Restoration King. Unknown to his father he had, as Mr. Lang notes, carried on a correspondence with the English Jacobites some time before he set out from Rome in 1744; and it is not unlikely that certain among them "wished James to resign in his favour." The Prince was scarce the man to oppose such wishes, and had there been a Restoration without doubt he would have ruled, whether his father reigned or not. In addition, the Prince saw clearly that Catholicism could not be restored with the restoration of the dynasty; that, sooner or later, it would be necessary to throw this Jonah overboard, and this implied a parting with his father. In his talks with his attendants in his Highland seclusion he did not conceal his opinion that his grandfather had committed a fatal blunder in favouring Catholicism. It is, in fact, quite unnecessary and quite wrong to associate, as some have done, his indifference to Catholicism with what is called his moral deterioration. He was constitutionally non-religious, and it so happened that, while the Catholic conventionalism might in a sense be made a means towards his great end, the Protestant

conventionalism was in this respect the more important of the two. This sufficiently explains his bitter and unappeasable indignation at his brother's acceptance of a Cardinal's hat. Mr. Ewald scoffingly refers to this as one of his pet grievances. Was it not rather a proof that, headstrong though he was, he was still not utterly innocent of common-sense? He could not but regard the step as a piece of wanton folly, and henceforth he washed his hands of both father and brother. They ceased to share his confidence, and he resolved to fight solely for his own hand. Another event, which co-operated with this quarrel to mould his future, was his expulsion from France on the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Declining with scorn the French King's offer of an asylum at Fribourg, he resisted expulsion till he was carried out by force. Then he went to Avignon, and, finding residence there impossible, disappeared from public view.

His life in seclusion has for the first time been fully outlined by Mr. Lang in *Pickle the Spy*, in a chapter called "The Prince in Fairyland." It is a romantic and charming headline; but "The Prince in a Huff," "The Prince in his Cups," "The Prince in a Nightmare," or "The Prince in Bedlam," had been nearer the truth. The idea of a life in hiding may have been suggested by d'Argenson; but it was not at first adopted—not adopted until it happened to jump with Prince Charlie's mood. It was under the stress of passionate indignation that he suddenly resolved, as he expressed it, to take "refuge in some hole in a rock." Being in utter disagreement with his circumstances, and unable to resign himself to the condition of impotency assigned to him through English diplomacy, he resolved to dissemble his identity and to retire from the world until he was able to make good his right to the sovereignty of Britain. But for those Highland wanderings of his, however, it is doubtful if he would have had recourse to such a strange shift for either the preservation of his dignity or the advancement of his interests. The old fugitive life had burned itself into his brain; the fascination of its peril and excitement had more or less taken possession of him; and, just as it is "once a burglar always a burglar," so in his case the romance of concealment, the excitement of baffling detection, became almost a necessary of life; and the fashion of his existence became a sort of pale reflex of his wanderings in the Highlands. As to his intrigues, conspiracies, contrivances, enterprises, they were all more or less fantastic, chimerical, impossible. Unchecked, he could no doubt have done a deal of mischief both to friends and foes, but never an iota

of good to the cause he had at heart. That cause he and his father between them had irretrievably ruined; and Pickle the Spy—who, I don't doubt, was, as Mr. Lang supposes, young Glengarry—is on the whole to be regarded as a public benefactor. He was time and again the means of preventing much useless bloodshed, and he thus so far helped even to save Prince Charlie from himself. As to Pickle's motives—well, there is no means of completely fathoming them. How far he was actuated by mere "cussedness," or devilry, or self-interest, or revenge, it were hard to say. Any person of discernment must have seen that the Prince had become impossible; as a Highland chief, Glengarry had abundant reasons for circumventing his endeavours to entice the clans into a third disastrous rebellion; as a Macdonald, it would not have been surprising had he cherished a lasting grudge at the Prince for placing his clan on the left at Culloden; and even had none of these motives influenced him, since the Prince inevitably wounded the susceptibilities of all who came into close contact with him, it is not impossible that Glengarry cherished a personal grudge.

Necessarily the Prince's character continued to deteriorate. But did it do so because of the uncommon quality of his "original charms and virtues"? Or because he was not good enough or great enough for his task? Engaged in an adventure for which such abilities as he had were quite unsuited, he became inevitably a bungler, and all the greater bungler for his iron nerve, his hard, unbending will, and his quenchless ambition. In hope or in success he was chivalrous, tolerant, and merciful; thwarted, he became quite unmanageable—morose, irrational, mean, bad-tempered, and brutal. But he could not have become what he did become had chivalry, magnanimity, and ruth been fundamentals in his character. The fundamental in his character was resolution; but its uncommon strength made him abnormally hard and intolerant. The same Prince who, when things were going badly with him, quarrelled with all his best friends—turned off Goring "like a common footman"; treated the Earl Mareschal in such a fashion that he renounced him in sheer disgust; and is described by Dawkins as "in some degree devoid of reason," "obstinate," "ungrateful," "unforgiving and revengeful for the very smallest offence," had at Culloden, and before Culloden, shown a fatal inability to appreciate the talents and fidelity of his best and ablest friends. His excessive drinking no doubt tended to exaggerate his worst qualities; but it also was but a form of the same fundamental weakness.

The Walkinshaw connexion is still more or less involved in mystery. As to the Prince's French mistresses or female friends—Madame de Guéméné, the Princess de Talmond, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, Mademoiselle Ferrand—his relations with them were more or less accidental and superficial. But Miss Walkinshaw's was a different case. According to her daughter, the Prince first met her at Bannockburn, when he got from her a promise to follow him "wherever Providence might lead him, if he failed in his attempt." Was it, then, Miss Walkinshaw, and not the second daughter of the King of France, the Prince meant when he toasted the "Black Eye" in Highland drinking bouts? And if, as Mr. Lang seems to affirm, Miss Walkinshaw did not join the Prince till the summer of 1752, how are we to account for her long delay? If both were passionately attached from the spring of 1746, how could they keep apart for six long weary years? The affair had, of course, an unhappy ending. They are said to have got drunk together, and to have quarrelled almost daily. The Prince was accustomed to beat her unmercifully with a stick. But, when his friends asked him to give her up, he replied:—"I would rather lose my chance of a crown than do wrong to the woman who has loved me for many years, and who has now only my protection to depend upon." And when at last the lady took refuge from him in a convent, he wrote to the King of France asking that orders should be given for her immediate return. Neither this request, nor one that at least their daughter should be sent to him, was complied with; and not until his wife, the Princess of Stolberg, left him, was Miss Walkinshaw induced to agree to an arrangement by which the daughter, then a lady of thirty, should go to him. He was then a mere wreck, and whether on this account, or from recollections of her mother, or because she was his daughter, or because of certain qualities in herself, he not only became warmly attached to her, but permitted her to guide and influence him as no one else had ever been able to do. "She checked him," wrote Mrs. Piozzi, "when he drank too much, or when he talked too much. Poor soul! Though one evening he called Mr. Greathead up to him, and said in good English, and in a loud, though cracked voice:—'I will speak to my own subjects in my own way, *sare*. Ay, and I will soon speak to you, sir, in Westminster Hall'—the Duchess shrugged her shoulders."

T. F. HENDERSON.

THE LITERATURE OF ANARCHISM

THE explosion in Aldersgate Street Station, like the murder of Canovas del Castillo, was the work of an Anarchist ; and that, in the terms of the Report of the Board of Trade, is a very "formidable" fact. For once more we are reminded that there exists a class of men who have declared war upon society, and that Anarchism, that strange, detestable product of modern "intellectualism," is a terrible reality. To dismiss the subject as a fruit of divers half-crazed brains would be unphilosophic ; for a doctrine which has some kind of scientific basis, and in whose name the most horrible crimes have been committed by men who risked their own lives in the act, and then went glorying to the scaffold, has a claim to consideration. Here is a faith, which on the one hand is passionately advocated by men like Kropotkin and Réclus, and on the other is acted on by ruffians like Ravachol and Angiolillo. The matter, then, is one of deadly interest.

The Literature of Anarchism is already voluminous : it has even attained to the dignity of a bibliography.* And whether we look at it from the point of view of the ability, or the number, or the versatility of its authors, it is remarkable. In the form of books, pamphlets, articles, poems, journals, placards, and manifestos, it is unceasingly producing in many languages over the whole civilised world. That any other gospel—not purely religious—was ever more widely preached, may well be doubted ; and an activity so restless in a cause which leads to such results is a fact which cannot be ignored. What, then, it may be pertinently asked, is the origin of Anarchism ? What are the arguments by which it is supported ? And by what literary agencies is its propagandism contrived and done ?

Anarchism, as a determined system of the negation of all authority and government, is of recent growth and of Franco-Russian origin. Its modern advocates, however, refer their beliefs in writers comparatively old. The basis of the creed is discovered in the Middle Ages, when a society called the Association of the Brothers and

* *Bibliographie de l'Anarchie*, by M. Nettelau.

Sisters of the Free Spirit denied the moral basis of every kind of government. Then, from the writings of authors of established fame, various statements or *obiter dicta* are culled, which seem, apart from their context, to support the Anarchist idea. They are the texts, so to speak, from which Anarchy is preached: as the "Fais ce que veux" of Rabelais, and the "À chacun selon ses besoins et selon la possibilité" of the Anabaptist Münzer. So, too, La Boétie, Montaigne's friend, is laid under contribution, and his treatise, *De la Servitude Volontaire*, is quoted with approval. Right, he said, has not created man for Service; where there is no Liberty, men live under a tyranny. Even La Fontaine does not escape, but is placed among the fathers of Anarchy; for his aphorism, "Notre ennemi, c'est notre maître," often figures at the head of revolutionary placards. Stranger still, Bossuet is claimed as an Anarchist, for did he not denounce the rich for their insolent oppression of the poor, and in his righteous indignation commit himself to the statement that God had given all things as a common gift to men, just as He had given the air and the light, and that there was nothing over which any one had any individual claim? that, in fact, "tout est proie à tous"? These words now form part and parcel of the Anarchist creed, and by a monstrous irony of fate, Bossuet, the lover of humanity, is claimed as a patron by the most cold-blooded class of malefactors that the world has seen. Strangest of all, Burke, the arch-enemy of Revolution, is also among the prophets. His *Vindication of Natural Society; or a View of the Miseries and Evils Arising to Mankind from Every Species of Artificial Society*, a satirical parody of Bolingbroke, has been taken seriously, and is given a place in Anarchist literature. That Diderot, and then Rousseau, whose *Contrat Social* Voltaire called "a code of anarchy," should be cited, is not surprising: they were the "oracles that set the world in flames," and no one can wonder that they lead the way to Dartmoor and Bicêtre to this day. "Nature," said Diderot, "has made neither masters nor servants: I will neither give laws nor accept them." That is a dictum which has been received by Anarchists with a chorus of applause. Again, when Rousseau proclaimed that inequality is a social product and the result of education, he was sowing the seeds of a more portentous growth than he ever dreamed of in his wildest flights of fancy. So, too, with his philosophy of the origin of society: as when he said that "the first person who, having a plot of land, thought of declaring it *Mine*, and found people simple enough to believe him,

was the true founder of civil society." Paine and Godwin are claimed as Anarchists in theory. The first, because he said that Society is produced by our wants and Government by our wickedness, and that Government, even at its best, is only a necessary evil ; the second, because he gave these remarks the stamp of his approval. Even Alexander von Humboldt, J. S. Mill, and Herbert Spencer are among the Fathers of this Church. So often do disciples pervert and torture the teaching, and borrow the authority of their masters, in support of dogmas to which they would never have assented !

That some, however, should have been made the texts of Anarchy is only what might have been expected. Take Rousseau, for example—Rousseau the mischievous, the irresponsible, the ungibbeted. Dr. Johnson used to say that he should have been transported ; and it would have been better for his country if transported he had been. For during the Revolution Anarchism was put in practice in fact, if not in name ; and Jacques Roux and Hébert, chief of the Enragés, were the dynamitards of '93. But the doctrine was not yet formulated—the floating ideas had not yet been crystallised into a system ; so that the first to give them form and substance was Proudhon. Born at Besançon in 1809, this man was known not only for ability, but also for character. His lectures and his writings were distinguished alike for their quality and their piety. But in 1840 he startled the world by the production of that remarkable book, *Qu'est-ce que la Propriété?* the answer to which question is :—"*la Propriété, c'est le Vol.*" To own is to plunder : there is no such robber as he that hath something to steal ! He afterwards went to jail for his part in the Revolution of 1848, and was again imprisoned in 1858. He died seven years later in comparative obscurity. But he has the distinction of being the first to systematise the negation which is Anarchism. According to his theory, there must be no more State : there shall be only a sort of Administration charged with the duty of securing liberty and justice for all. No more masters, if you please, and no more classes, high or low ; sovereignty resides in every several citizen ; everything is decentralised ; from Government there emerges No-Government—in a word, Anarchism. Moreover, there is an end to national frontiers and *la Patrie* : for all the peoples of the world will fraternise together. That is Proudhon, and Proudhon is almost identical with Anarchism.

With Proudhon Anarchism was little more than a philosophical abstraction ; and though he is responsible for a whole "littérature

proudhonnienne," it was reserved for two Russians to give the theory a forward impulse into practical politics. These two were Michael Bakunin and Peter Kropotkin. Bakunin was born in 1814, of an aristocratic family, and entered the Russian Army. He left it at twenty-one, and, taking up his residence at Moscow, he studied Hegel and Schopenhauer, and formed one of a circle of young men, among whom were Katkoff, afterwards famous as the Editor of *The Moscow Gazette*, and the redoubtable Herzen. In 1846 he visited Paris, where he imbibed something from Proudhon and George Sand. He was first distinguished as an active Panslavist, and of course took a part in the Revolution of 1848. For his work at Dresden he was surrendered to the Russian authorities, who sent him to Siberia, whence he succeeded in making his escape. It was not, however, until 1865 that he turned his attention to social questions; for it was only then that he founded the International Association of Working Men, of which Karl Marx was the dominating spirit. It was in connexion with this Association that the two men ultimately quarrelled. They agreed that Society must be reconstituted; but while the Socialism of Marx meant Liberty gagged and chained, the Anarchism of Bakunin meant Liberty turned License. Bakunin thereupon founded the International Alliance of Democratic Socialism, which subsequently became known as the Federation of the Jura. His rivalry with Marx was very bitter, and the triumph of his ideas at the Congress of the International in 1873 proved the destruction of that institution. He died in 1876, leaving behind him a great mass of letters, pamphlets, and addresses, but only one work of much renown:—*Dieu et l'État*, which has been translated into many tongues.

Such were the sources of the Anarchist idea. Who, then, are its preachers, and what is their propagandist work? The literature of Anarchism may conveniently be classified in groups:—books and pamphlets, journalism, poems and popular songs, placards and manifestos; and of each a few words will be said. Of books properly so called there are very few, but of articles and pamphlets there is an abundance. Some bear the names of popular authors; many are anonymous. They vary in price from five to seventy-five centimes, and the covers are often inscribed with a request to "read and pass on." A very few are distributed gratis, the most popular of these being one entitled *Riches et Pauvres*, of which fifty thousand copies are said to have been scattered. The best articles may be ascribed to Kropotkin

and Réclus, men of high character and pre-eminently the literary Anarchists. The first has had a romantic past. Born in 1842, he began as a Page in the Imperial household, entered the army, and afterwards travelled in Siberia, and made a reputation by examining the glacial deposits of Finland and Sweden. It was not until 1872 that he visited Belgium and Switzerland, where he joined the advanced or Anarchist section of the International. Returning to Russia, he was imprisoned for joining in a revolutionary plot; he escaped; he once more made his way to Switzerland, and joined the Jura Federation. As for Elisée Réclus, the famous geographer, he took part in the Paris Commune; he was transported; he was amnestied. It is to these two, above all, that the world is indebted for its knowledge of what Anarchism means: they are the authors of what may be called the Anarchist's library:—Kropotkin's *Paroles d'un Révolté* and *la Conquête du Pain*, with prefaces by Réclus; and the latter's *Evolution et Révolution* and *les Produits de la Terre*. For the benefit of English readers, both Kropotkin and Réclus have written articles in English reviews. These articles, unconvincing though they be, deserve consideration as excellent expositions of the Anarchist theory. In the second class of writers, two deserve a special mention: Jean Grave and Charles Malato. Grave's *Société Mourante* and *Société au lendemain de la Révolution* have been very widely read; while Malato's *Philosophie de l'Anarchie* is a very useful exposition.

Journalism, as might have been expected, is the form which, in the main, the Literature of Anarchism takes; and in this department the Anarchist has been wonderfully active. To give a connected account of Anarchist journals is by no means easy; for most of them have been exceedingly short-lived. They are written in almost every European language, and a few years ago at any rate there were some fifty, all speaking at once. The Press, in fact, is a most important means of propagandism. Journals supported by writers who give their services, and relying upon their sales to cover their expenses, can be carried on only with considerable difficulty. Yet a few have been decidedly successful. The *Avant-Garde*, which was actually the first (it was produced in 1878), had a very brief career; but *le Révolté*, founded by Kropotkin, and published first at Geneva and afterwards at Paris (where the name was changed to *la Révolte*), was regularly issued until it was suppressed in 1894. To its columns, which were grave and doctrinaire in character, the chief contributors were Kropotkin and

Réclus. Jean Grave was its director ; and for many a year this philosopher-mechanic—he made shoes before he took to writing—carried on the paper with indefatigable zeal. In a garret in the Rue Mouffetard, clothed in a long black blouse, and with papers and pamphlets heaped around him, for a dozen years or more he was always to be found engaged upon his editorial duties. A logician with a style, he made *la Révolte* as successful as an Anarchist journal could be made. This Anarchist *Times*, as I may term it, had at one time, it is said, a circulation of eight thousand, of which eight hundred were subscribed. One of its features was the literary supplement, in which extracts from well-known writers were given: the passages being selected which were held to support in any way the Anarchist idea. So that, whatever may be thought of Anarchism, *la Révolte* had considerable literary merit. Very different was *le Père Peinard*; for if *la Révolte* represented the brain of the party, *le Père Peinard* was the exponent of its passions. Founded in 1888, it was edited by Emile Pouget, a vigorous writer, once in a good position, but imprisoned for his share in an *émeute*. Though the letterpress was more remarkable for invective than for argument, the illustrations were the feature that gave the paper its notoriety. Appearing regularly on the last sheet, always rude and sometimes revolting in type, they held up the Bourgeois and the Capitalist to odium and contempt, and gave the paper a circulation of about 8,500 copies, rising to twice that number when a general election was in progress. That so incendiary a print should have been summarily suppressed in 1894 can hardly be a matter of surprise. Another, the *International*, went further still: it appealed openly to violence, and brought out a tiny leaflet called *l'Indicateur Anarchiste*, where the manufacture and the use of the most dangerous explosives—"produits anti-bourgeois," as they were humorously called—were carefully explained. In close connexion with these sheets are the illustrated almanacs and the revolutionary calendars, published to commemorate the chief events in the history of Anarchy, and to establish a sort of martyrology of those who have perished in the cause; for with the good Anarchist the movement is a religion, and Ravachol, Henry, and Vaillant are canonised. The manifestos and the placards are an expression of print, which in its way is exceedingly important. The work of different independent "groups" of Anarchists, they are scattered broadcast, and are often of the most inflammatory kind. Usually described as printed by some agency with a fantastic name, they

are difficult to trace to their sources, but at times of general election they are produced in great abundance, with the twin objects of inducing electors to abstain, and of bemerding candidates of all parties. *La Vengeance est un devoir!* says one; *Mort aux juges, mort aux jurés!* howls another; *On ne tuera jamais assez*, concludes a third; and so on. Here are specimens of two manifestos that appeared in France during a general election:—"Comrades, election times can be only a favourable occasion to show the People how it is exploited, and the social injustice of which it is the victim, and to preach rebellion. Every human being has a right to live and thrive; and we only regard as robbers the rich, and those who exploit and take from the poor." And again:—"Down with the Chamber, people! Take back your liberty, your initiative, and keep them. The Government is the flunkey of Capital. Down with the Government! Down with King Carnot! To the gutter with the Senate! To the river with the Chamber! To the dunghill with all this old social rottenness! Down with the Chamber! Down with the Senate, the Presidency, Capital! Up with the Social Revolution! Up with Anarchy!"

Some of these manifestos are specially written for the Army. The "group" known as the "League of Anti-Patriots" is particularly active in this line, especially at times when conscripts are leaving home for barracks. The *Chant des Anti-patriotes* belongs to the League. Here is a scrap from one of its manifestos:—"Conscripts, we are enemies of law; all laws are barbarous, unjust, idiotic, contrived by capitalists and their flunkies wholly to their own profit and to the hurt of the producers, the poor, the unlucky. A struggle has been entered upon with the poor, who resist the exploitation of which they are the victims, and the middle-classes arm in self-defence. They call you, soldiers, to their aid, wishing to make you their hired assassins; but at what wages? Conscripts, as you go to barracks, reflect upon what the Anarchists tell you; reflect!" It is with allurements of this kind and with anti-patriotic songs that the recruits are accompanied right up to the town halls where the lots are drawn; while those already enlisted are corrupted by leaflets distributed in barracks. Strenuous efforts are also made to reach the peasantry, and many bagmen—known in France as *trimardeurs*; from *trimard*, which is slang for a long route—pad the hoof in the service of the Anarchist Idea. A special form of literature has been designed for the country people, one well known example of which is the little pamphlet by Réclus, called *A mon Frère le Paysan*.

That Anarchism should have its poets is natural ; but they need not detain us long. An Anarchist anthology would but weary and disgust. One singer only need be named, the laureate of Anarchy, as I may call him, Paul Paillette. Several volumes of his poems have been published: *Tablettes d'un Léopard*, *Echos Anarchiques*, *Voix Nouvelle*, being probably the best known. His *Chanson des Enfants de la Nature*, in which he glorifies Free Love, is very popular, and is a fair example of his style. Plato, with his quiet irony, once said that he thought that all poets should be crowned with garlands, and then led out of the city ; but in the case of Paul Paillette he would certainly have dispensed with the preliminary crowning. Here it is that mention should be made of the Anarchist song, though, strictly speaking, it ought not to be spoken of as poetry. Some have become great favourites in revolutionary circles, as *Père la Purge*, and *le Droit du Travailleur*, with the refrain :—

Ouvrier, prends la machine !
Prends la terre, paysan !

Another, *le Père Duchesne*, was made notorious, because three lines from it were Ravachol's last words :—

Si tu veux être heureux
Nom de Dieu !
Pends ton propriétaire.

These specimens will suffice.

Such, in brief, are the forms which the Literature of Anarchism takes. As to the meaning of it all, the Anarchist philosopher has set out his creed so plainly you cannot mistake it. Réclus says :—"Our object is to live without government and without law." Kropotkin remarks that "the ideal of the political organisation of society is a condition of things where the functions of government are reduced to a minimum" : that "the ultimate aim of society is the reduction of the functions of government to nil—that is to a society without government, to Anarchy." Jean Grave argues thus :—"Anarchy desires to assert the negation of Authority. Now, Authority pretends to justify its existence by the necessity of defending social institutions—as the Family, Religion, Property, &c.—and it has created a great machinery to assure its exercise and its sanction—as the Law, the Army, the Legislative and Executive Powers, &c. The Anarchist, then, is sworn to attack all institutions of which Power has been created the defender,

and whose utility it seeks to demonstrate in order to justify its own existence." However absurd it may appear, the doctrine has a reasonable basis. It is the quintessence of Individualism and the antithesis of Bureaucracy. A colony of St. Simonians is said to have worn a coat so made that none could take it off without another's help: this as a perpetual reminder of mutual dependence. Anarchism is the exact opposite: it is the gospel of individual independence. Bismarck once remarked that freedom is a luxury which few could allow themselves, but the Anarchist holds it a necessary of life. And in so far as it is a protest against excessive interference by the State, Anarchism has a firm basis on the ultimate facts of human nature. When Réclus said that "a man can be truly moral only when he is his own master," he did not greatly err (the connexion of morality and freedom was long since pointed out by Aristotle). The conclusion, then, at which the Anarchist arrives is, that in the ideal social system all things are held in common, and every one is free from restraint. And this brings me to consider causes. In the first place the effect called Anarchy may be due in part to that overgrown bureaucracy which, together with excessive taxation and compulsory service, has so far reduced the liberty of the subject in some parts of Europe that everybody is more or less subject to the policeman, the tax-gatherer, and the drill-sergeant. Even Socialism, the panacea of some reformers, has perhaps stimulated Anarchism; for the Socialist rather trenches on liberty than extends it. The two creeds, indeed, are mutually repellent. Self-government, moreover, in modern democracies is really nothing else than government by others, and majorities are as tyrannical as absolute monarchs. The name of the thing is changed, and that is all. It is perhaps against this failure of Democracy—that Democracy which, it was fondly believed, was destined to regenerate the earth—that Anarchism cries out aloud. Between the theoretical Anarchist and the Anarchist who does not shrink from force a distinction must be drawn. The former is well-meaning but mad: the latter is a dangerous ego-maniac, an anti-socialist who cannot adapt himself to circumstances. As Nordau says:—"Discontent as the consequence of incapacity of adaptation, want of sympathy with his fellow creatures arising from weak representative capacity, the instinct of destruction as the result of arrested development of mind—these things make the Anarchist." This is the man who is so "incensed" by "the vile blows and buffets of the world" that he is reckless what he does to spite the world, and

is ready to take up what is euphemistically called "la propagande par le fait." Bring this man beneath the influence of the literature of Anarchism, and he turns bomb-thrower straight. Certain writers repudiate the use of violence, but their responsibility is none the less heavy: is, indeed, the heavier, because they do not scruple to sympathise with the miscreants who suffer for their crimes. The dynamitard, you are asked to believe, is in truth a saintly character who is content to lose his life in the pursuit of an ideal. In his *Philosophie de l'Anarchie*, Malato quotes a saying of Karl Marx, that force is the "midwife of societies," and he goes on to remark (but in perfect seriousness) that the Anarchist will play the part of (so to speak) the *accoucheuse* of the Twentieth Century. This is just one of those passages which, by seeming to justify the use of violence, directly tend to the encouragement of outrage; and it is because of this tendency that the Literature of Anarchism has become a subject of practical importance.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

DANISH COMPETITION

ERRARE est humanum. Error is hard to overtake, and no form of error—involving so much conflict of opinion, so many well-intentioned but futile essays, and so many *doctrinaire* lectures—has for so long a period disturbed the peaceful side of the agricultural world as the mistaken teaching that the British farmer is to blame for the success of the Danish farmer in our markets. The British farmer is said to be hopeless and stupid, bigoted, and conservative. Is it because he refuses to budge at the bidding of the thousand and one amateurs who so philanthropically advise him from week to week? Or is it because with little money remaining, he declines to embark in enterprises for which he knows he is by training and climate unfitted? To-day it is Mr. Ernest Williams who, while writing with the hand of Esau, speaks with the voice of Jacob, producing from one pocket the Land Court and from the other Protection. Yesterday it was Lord Winchilsea, whose faith in the regeneration of agriculture through the medium of "Co-operation for Sale" has, perhaps, ere this been shaken at its foundation. To-morrow, when the Danish bubble has been pricked, some other mistaken policy will be proposed by those who, with every good wish for agricultural prosperity, have neither the knowledge nor the experience necessary to shape it.

With the exception of Her Majesty's Government, and Mr. Chamberlain in particular, no member of the community is so alternately counselled and abused as the British farmer, but he is as little perturbed as the Secretary of the Colonies, and goes—if with a less clear course before him—as steadily on his way. Since the year 1889 the profits of the farmer in this country have been both unsteady and unsatisfactory. Concurrent with an annual increase in the imports of produce of almost every kind, there has been a series of disastrous seasons, so that low prices have been accompanied by diminished crops. The population, meanwhile ever increasing, has (owing to the prosperity of our general trade) been endowed with greater purchasing power, and from year to year foreign and colonial producers have been enabled to ship large

and still larger consignments of goods to our markets—these not being obtainable in sufficient quantity at home. With the enormous depreciation in the value of wheat and meat it is not surprising that prophets should have arisen to declare that the farmer's occupation was gone. Subsidiary means of extracting money from the land were, however, extended, and among these Dairy Farming came to the front. It has been my lot to be identified with this delightful industry for the past twenty years, to watch its growth, to take part, with a handful of friends, in the inception of the earliest—as in the latest form of technical instruction—and to search in remote districts of many countries for that knowledge which is so essential to its expansion. Twenty years ago Cheese-making was a method largely depending upon the skilful application of rule of thumb; to-day it is an art with scientific rules behind it. Butter production was a considerable industry, but although there were opinions there were no rules; there was empirical advice, but there were no remedies when things went wrong, which was the case about twice a week on well regulated farms. The best authorities of the time knew nothing of principles, for while a few makers—owing to a respectable use of the scrubbing brush, and to circumstances over which it alone had any control—consistently made a good article by which the public were enabled to learn what butter really was, the general body of farmers' wives—butter was pin-money and the housekeeping bank then—manufactured an article which to-day would be rejected by the millions who are satisfied with the cheapest Danish. For my own part I determined to interview the makers of France, which was then the leading butter-exporting country of the world, but even there little was to be gained, apart from the object-lessons which the union of farmer and wife presented, in their labours for the delectation of the Parisian and the London public.

In 1879 we imported a little more than two million cwts. of butter, valued at ten and a quarter millions sterling. In 1896 the imports exceeded three and a third million cwts., valued at fifteen and a third millions sterling, besides nearly a million cwts. of margarine of the value of two and a half millions. Since the earlier year Denmark has come to the front, and it is the remarkable expansion of her trade which has led to so many superficial enquiries and to so much unsound advice to our farmers. Taking the average of the six years, 1874-79, the butter exported from Denmark in 1879 was only 263,000 cwts., increasing but slightly during the following five years, in one of which I went over to

learn something of the system followed. At that time the imports were about 50,000 cwts. In 1896 the exports had increased to 1,210,000 cwts., practically all which came to this country, but the imports had increased to 323,490 cwts. The above figures are those given by M. Böggild, the Chief Consul of the Royal Agricultural Society of Denmark, whereas the imports from Denmark for 1896 given by the British Board of Agriculture are considerably larger, probably on account of the different periods at which the statistical year terminates. Now let us see what these prodigious figures mean:—

$$1,210,000 \text{ cwts.} = 135,520,000 \text{ lbs.}$$

equivalent, at a ratio of $25\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of milk, to some 338,800,000 gallons of milk. If we assume that the average yield of the British cow is 420 gallons, we arrive at the fact that the Danish butter export represents the milking capacity of 806,666 cows. Now the total number of cows and heifers in Great Britain in 1896 amounted only to 2,511,000, and of these probably 25 per cent. were not in milk. In other words, we import from this one little country butter alone representing more cows than there are in Scotland and Wales combined, or half as many as are milked at any one time by the whole of the farmers of England. The number is sufficient to maintain over 40,000 farmers, representing 200,000 persons, each owning 20 cows, and occupying their own land.

We have seen that the Danish farmers have in the course of some thirteen years raised a moderate export trade into one of leviathan proportions. By so doing they have converted agricultural depression into agricultural prosperity. By the employment of the term "prosperity" I do not suggest that they are accumulating wealth, but that they are enabled to obtain all that man needs to make him contented and happy—substantial food, good clothing, education, and all the remaining actual necessities of life. There can be no permanent happiness in the mere collection or acquisition of property, whether it be land or gold, nor does the prosperity of a people depend upon the accumulation of either. Those who devote a life to this form of industry too often find, when it is too late, that they have collected only for the eagles to distribute. In Denmark, however, the prosperity of the farmer is a national safeguard; it secures the best of all forms of industry—productive labour; it prevents the unequal distribution of wealth, and it has the effect of preserving a class which is the backbone of the nation, while preventing the too rapid growth of those undesirable

creatures who fawn upon the rich and the titled, and patronise labour—the *jeunesse dorée*—the gilded youth of English snobland.

Let us then examine the causes of this prosperity. Practically they are three in number :—Education, Co-operation, and Ownership in the Land.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDUSTRY

In 1879 Denmark was a corn-exporting country ; it is now a corn-importing country. The change from corn-production is the result of education, without which co-operation would have been of little avail. In all countries with which we are acquainted, and in which the farms are small, some form of co-operation is essential for the profitable production of butter and cheese. A few years ago I was staying with a French farmer, the Mayor of his Commune, who owned a small factory, in which he daily received the milk from nearly a hundred small cowkeepers who owned and occupied from two to twenty acres of land. In this district there were some 20,000 small plots and fields farmed by the peasantry, to whom a factory was essential. In Switzerland, in Parma, and in Emilia the factory system is a *sine quâ non*, in consequence of the small size of the farms and the large size of the cheese made. In Scandinavia the factory system prevents that inferiority of produce which has until recently been the bane of Ireland. Where it becomes necessary to export butter to a distant market, it is necessary to pack it in bulk, as in 56 lb. boxes or casks. The small farmer cannot do this with success, because quality depends upon the whole of the butter in each cask being the produce of one churning, whereas as the owner of only two to a dozen cows he is unable to produce more than a few pounds daily. At one time, it is true, especially in Ireland, the small producer filled his cask during the course of ten to twenty days by adding layers of butter from time to time, so that when it arrived at the market it was found—as might be supposed where lack of skill was added to lack of system—variable both in colour and quality. To-day the small farmers deliver their milk to the factory, receiving payment in accordance with its productive power and the market price of butter. It should be pointed out that at the inception of the factory system many difficulties were encountered. Sometimes the cream was purchased from the farmers, this having been raised under a variety of methods in more or less unsuitable apartments. It was soon found that, weight for weight or measure for measure, the

cream of one farmer was much more valuable than that of another ; but nevertheless all were paid at the same rate. The process of churning each farmer's cream separately was tried, with the result that, while each man was accurately credited with the weight to which he was entitled, the quality was so variable that it became impossible to mix or blend it for marketing in bulk without considerable loss, however skilfully it was graded. When, finally, the whole of the milk from numerous contributing farmers was mixed and passed through the centrifugal separator, butter of uniform quality was produced, but that quality was still too variable and too often inferior. It was apparent that this was owing to the imperfect condition of the milk which some of the farmers delivered. How was the difficulty to be remedied ? It is here that the Danes have done such good work. By the assistance of their Government, and the energy and skill of such men as the late Professor Fjord, Professor Storch, and of Professor Segelcke, almost every obstacle has been overcome, and the true *rationale* of butter-production has been developed. Denmark has been one of the chief cradles of Dairy science, for upon a mastery of the principles the success of its new and growing industry depended. The variability of milk depends upon its composition and its purity, but the composition of the milk produced by Danish cattle is very regular ; this, therefore, was not a source of difficulty. The purity of milk, however, depends entirely upon the cleanliness of the farmer, his stables, his cattle, his milk-vessels, the hands and clothing of the milkers, and the atmosphere in which milking takes place. Formerly it was erroneously supposed that more milk was obtained by the exclusion of light and of air for the provision of warmth. It is now recognised that both are as essential to health as to life ; and that as the admission of air into the cattle-buildings diminishes the number of germs per cubic foot by dilution of the atmosphere, so does the admission of sunlight destroy them. If, therefore, one farmer, by carelessness and want of cleanliness in any particular, delivered milk contaminated by dirt, and especially by destructive bacteria, he infected the whole volume with which it was mixed, and *per se* the butter produced from it. But *nous avons changé tout cela*. The bacteriologist has shown that, although the presence of specific bacteria is necessary to effect that change in cream upon which the maker depends to obtain a large yield of butter of high quality, he can safely destroy all the germs present in milk from which cream is to be taken, depending upon subsequent inoculation for the

introduction of those germs which are alone essential. It is for this reason that in the modern factories of Denmark and Sweden the process of pasteurisation at a temperature of 175 degrees F. is adopted. This process not only destroys germs which are destructive from the butter-maker's point of view, but those which are dangerous to the health of the consumer. In order to maintain high quality, and consequently position in the British markets, Butter Shows are continually held in both Denmark and Sweden. There is no such thing as preparing for competition; makers are required to send, immediately on receipt of a telegram, casks of butter which are ready made, and these are examined by experts with infinite care, as well for the determination of their keeping properties as of their quality. As under the Danish system the youth intended for an agricultural career are sent in the course of their education to first-class farmers for instruction in practical work, it follows that the authorities have always a list of the best makers on hand, and it is to these that they are entrusted. Such, then, are the lines on which Danish farmers have been educated—lines which have been developed by patient and exhaustive research and experiment in the laboratory and on the farm.

THE YOUNG FARMER'S EDUCATION

Let us next glance at the broad system under which young rustic Denmark is educated. In various parts of the country are distributed combined High Schools and Agricultural Schools, which are attended by about six thousand young men and women of almost mature years and chiefly drawn from the small farming class. Among the factors which have been responsible for their success, says Captain la Cour, the Director of the School at Lyngby, are "a most excellent system of rural tenure with a numerous class of peasant proprietors, and an equal distribution of wealth which enables people of all classes to sacrifice something for the education of their children." These schools, adds the same authority, are intended to "prepare the young so as to give them a better chance in the fight for existence." The students attend for six months at a time, their age being from eighteen to twenty-five years, at the Agricultural School, and they receive instruction in physics, chemistry, natural history, anatomy, physiology, among other subjects, and take part in demonstrations and examinations, and all for the payment of 33s. 4d. to 40s. a month, board and lodging included.

Adjoining the High and Agricultural Schools at Lyngby, which I was permitted to inspect a year or two ago, is an agricultural experiment station and a well conducted farm, the property of the Director. To the maintenance of these schools the Government contributes £10,000. If the student desires more advanced knowledge he is provided with the means of acquiring it at the Royal Veterinary and Agricultural College at Copenhagen, where at the time of a visit to the city in July there were three hundred and seventy-six young men, who pay fees out of all proportion to the charges made at the leading colleges in this country; but there is also this difference, that the students at the Danish institution are intended for a working career. Attached to the college is a laboratory for agricultural research in which the purely practical questions affecting the farmer's prosperity are handled, and where some of the best work known to the agricultural world has been accomplished, with chemical, bacteriological, and physiological laboratories, in each of which splendid research work has been and is still being done. Here Storch has isolated and studied the bacteria of milk, and Herr Bang has almost completed a life work in the study of the tubercle bacillus in relation to cattle and discovered the organism responsible for epizootic abortion—two feats of giant importance and capacity which has placed him on a dazzling pinnacle and which are alone sufficient to make Denmark famous in agricultural science. To these laboratories the State annually contributes £5,500. It is not surprising that, owing to the practical results which have been achieved by those who direct them, a thousand co-operative factories should have been established in ten years, and that the Government should have voted large annual sums, now £5,600, for the purpose of combating a disease which, as in England, so largely affects the prosperity of the farmer—tuberculosis—the disease better known as consumption in man. To the greater knowledge which has been obtained by investigation, and to improved practice resulting from the dissemination of that knowledge, the greater part of the increase in the export of butter, from twenty-two to eighty-eight millions of pounds yearly, must be put down. So says Bernard Bøggild, the chief expert to the Royal Agricultural Society of Denmark.

A brief reference to the system of instruction in Sweden must complete this reference to education. The State College of Alnarp includes (1) a higher Agricultural School, (2) a lower Agricultural College, (3) a higher Dairy School, (4) a lower Dairy School, (5) a Dairy School for girls, besides Schools of Horticulture and Farriery. The

fees, which cover the two years' course in the higher college, including board and lodging, amount to £75. The subjects embrace a wide range in science and rural economics, with exercises and demonstrations in the fields and among the stock. The students in the lower school—twenty-four of whom are free—in addition to lessons in the elements of education, receive instruction in a smaller range of scientific subjects, but they are required to work on the farm. For shorter courses of one year students are received at a fee of £5 10s., in addition to 30s. a month for board. The one year's course in the higher Dairy School is only open to those who have passed through the course in the higher college and subsequently spent a whole year in practical dairy work, and in this way they receive an efficient training as instructors and "consultants"; in a word, in addition to thorough practical knowledge of the farm and the dairy they must possess a more or less intimate acquaintance with the work of the chemical, physical, and bacteriological laboratory. The charge in this school is £33, again inclusive of board and lodging. The success of the system is a sufficient answer to those who are so often pleased to ridicule the technical and scientific education of the farmer. Dairy managers and others intending to become expert makers are educated in the lower Dairy School, and for an inclusive fee of £22 for the year's course they receive instruction in a less extensive range of subjects. The course for females is one of two years' duration, and for one and three quarter years of this time they work in selected dairies, completing their term with theoretical study in the college. In this case no fees are paid; instruction, food, and lodging are all free, and, in addition, each pupil receives 55s. for working dresses. We can testify to the solidity of the work, the highly appropriate character of the farm, the cattle, the buildings, and the whole equipment. Our two leading schools—the British Dairy Institute, now working in conjunction with the University Extension College at Reading, and the Midland Institute near Derby—provide instruction which is quite upon an equality, although upon far different terms to the general public; but apart from these institutions we have neither college nor school which is equipped in anything like the same thorough manner; again, however, it is the Swedish Government which comes to the rescue with a subsidy of £2,080. In England the intending dairy instructor, expert, or factory manager must enter a Dairy School and take his chance with the short term and imperfectly-educated pupils who are sent up by the County Councils from country villages. He may if he chooses take a University

or college course and a diploma or even a degree, but until lately there has been absolutely no provision for the preparation of students of this class. Such provision as does exist is ridiculously inadequate. Large sums have been expended in carrying the itinerant Dairy School to the heart of our rural villages, but absolutely nothing has been done by the authorities responsible, and very little by any one else, in the preparation of those intended to teach within them. The great majority of our teachers—smart, clever, and industrious, as so many are—have received no special training for their work beyond that of an entirely elementary character. The reason is not far to seek. The County Councils, with money at their disposal a hundred times larger in amount than the total expenditure of Denmark and Sweden combined, although in some cases contributing to training institutions, have left this work to a central authority, while the central authority—lacking means and perhaps initiative—has been content, English like, to let things take their course. Thus it is that years after the establishment of a technical instruction system in agriculture, and when hundreds of thousands of pounds have filtered into a variety of channels, there is neither school nor course of instruction in existence which provides the student with that help which he obtains in the higher Dairy School of Sweden. Still more might be written about the curious arrangements of our County Councils in connexion with general agricultural education—a subject which demands trenchant treatment. In Lancashire, lads intending to embark in an agricultural career can not only obtain a free course of instruction by attendance at the Harris Institute, but under certain easy conditions an allowance is made them to provide for their railway fares or their board. In counties like Herts not a shilling is spent for the farmers' benefit in this direction, the Council absolutely declining to accept as a gift a property which Earl Cowper designed for educational purposes, with the inevitable result that the sons of Hertfordshire farmers receive no training whatever for their future lifework. One almost blushes for a county which is such a strength to Unionism. Nor is anything done in the way of investigation in connexion with a single English school or college which is worthy of remark, and yet problems of enormous importance to the industry remain unsolved. It is not surprising that when commenting on this subject in Sweden it should be remarked to the writer:—"These things have no importance for you. You in England have plenty of money."

CO-OPERATION

The system of co-operation which the Scandinavian has found successful is simple in the extreme; it has long been extended to Germany, and to the United States, and lastly, by Mr. Plunkett's aid, to Ireland. It also exists in many parts of France, especially in the Vosges, in Switzerland, and in Italy. It is a plant which flourishes vigorously on a fertile soil and under given conditions, but those conditions are absolutely essential to its success. The small producer living far from a good market is enormously handicapped when he makes his own butter or cheese, and depends upon his own efforts for its sale; yet a hundred small producers sending their raw material to one common factory assist each other in diminishing the cost of production and increasing the price of the finished article. In Denmark, the large producer runs a factory of his own, and in many cases purchases the milk of his smaller neighbours, for which he often pays as good a price as the co-operative factory. So long as the Danish farmer produced his own butter—if the British market was not actually closed to him—good prices were impossible, always excepting those who produced on a large scale. It must be remembered that Denmark is a land of peasant farmers, less than one per cent. of whom can by home dairying fill a 56 lb. tub of butter for export in a week. If this fact is fully recognised it will be admitted that without the co-operative or proprietary factory system the Danish national industry could not exist, while the enormity of the difference between the size of the farms in Denmark and England, and the conditions which follow as a matter of course, will be better understood.

In Denmark farms have for descriptive purposes been divided into three classes, the number in each being as follows:—Large farms, 2,000; medium farms, 75,000; small farms, 160,000. Exclusive of market gardens the area of cultivated land is about 6,900,000 acres, so that upon the basis of these figures the average size of a Danish farm is 29 acres. In Great Britain the returns for 1895 were supplied by, or estimated for, some 543,000 occupiers of 32,577,000 acres, excluding occupiers of less than an acre. The average area of British farms deduced from these figures appears, therefore, to be 60 acres. We have practically no third class of farms in this country, for if they exist in small numbers in a few counties they are not sufficiently numerous to count as a distinct class as in Denmark. It is probable, however, that

of the returns to the Board of Agriculture at least one-half were made by persons who are not farmers, but who occupy fields for pleasurable or accommodation purposes, and this belief is emphasised by the return made to the Royal Commission, in which it is shown that the actual number of farmers and graziers in 1891 was 249,000, which figure, added to the number of farms in the hands of owners, would approximately represent the number of farms in the country. According to the returns to which we have already referred 14·2 per cent. of the cultivated farm area of Great Britain was in the hands of owners; if, therefore, we deduct this percentage from the total area (32,577,000 acres) and divide the balance by the number of farmers and graziers given above (249,000) we arrive at 112 acres as the average area of British farms. Lastly, taking the figures obtained by a special inquiry made after the collection of the Agricultural Returns, and quoted in the *Rural World*, I find that by deducting the number of small holdings from 1 to 20 acres in extent, and the area of land they cover (averaging about $7\frac{1}{2}$ acres)—the number of farms remaining is shown to be 252,320, with an average size of 121 acres. Thus we are enabled to see that the farmer in this country does not live in an atmosphere in which “co-operation for sale” can thrive so well as in other countries:—

- (1) Because he produces on a much larger scale and is better able to take care of himself;
- (2) Because he is close to an enormous population and can obtain better prices by his individual efforts than a producer a thousand miles away; and
- (3) Because the raw material, milk, has a higher market value than is obtainable by its conversion into butter.

To this line of argument we might add the fact that as in the North of France, so with us, there are thousands of farmers who produce butter and cheese of a quality which factory-made goods have seldom equalled and never excelled. On the farm cleanliness is the handmaid to perfection in quality, and where this is maintained there is no necessity for the elaborate equipment of the factory. The finest butter can be made with the simplest utensils, and no butter or cheese in the world is equal to that produced by so many of our farmers who own herds in which Jersey or Guernsey cattle predominate. The rôle of our English tenantry is to produce the best, and to make it on the farm, that, if for

no other reason, their wives and daughters may remember the value of example and the virtue which exists in labour. In my experience, however, the best of all produce is manufactured on the farm, and there is no greater fallacy than the belief that this is not the case.

THE PEASANT PROPRIETOR

Although many Scandinavian farmers of good breeding and education are described as peasant farmers in their own country—as we think improperly—it is correct to state that the great majority of the land-owning farmers are peasant farmers, better educated though they be than men of corresponding position in this country. In estimating the relative capacity of the Danish or Swedish farmer and the British farmer to supply their own market with butter or with any other product of the land we are bound to consider the question of Land Tenure. It is stated that many of these farmers have mortgaged their holdings, but it is equally clear that very many have not, and we are just as much disposed to ignore that side of the question as we are to omit from this discussion all reference to the indebtedness of English farmers to their bankers and their friends. The fact remains that in one case the producer is in possession of the soil and that in the other he is not. We have observed that wherever small occupiers are the owners of the land they occupy they exhibit moral qualities which greatly enhance their chances of success. In times of depression as in times of prosperity they hold on to their property with dogged tenacity, dispensing with hired help, working laboriously from dawn to eve, living upon the simplest food, most of which they produce, and clothing their families rather with regard to durability than to appearance. They limit their expenditure in accordance with their means and treat their cattle almost as tenderly and thoroughly as members of their family. I have observed this to be the case among the small peasant proprietors of Holland as among those of every European country in which agriculture holds an advanced place. We in England are supposed by these people to live in a sort of *El Dorado*, but apart from a few districts, one of which includes the small highly-rented and hard-working farmers of South Lancashire, this kind of life is unknown in England. Our farmers as a body occupy a higher social position; their education, if academically defective according to modern requirements, is more cosmopolitan. They live in touch with a great, a numerous, and a

wealthy population, they form part of a ruling people, and they maintain, through prosperity and adversity alike, a place in the Empire which is occupied by no other body of agriculturists on the globe. The conditions of English life, its luxuries, its temptations, and its ceaseless whirl in the effort to succeed, impose demands upon the purse of the tenant which are absolutely unknown among the peasant farmers of Scandinavia, and so long as men and women are weak, pleasure-seeking mortals so long will rural families seek to emulate their near neighbours in town in dress, in the furnishing of their houses, in the acquisition of spurious imitations of artistic work, and in their general methods of living.

In this country the farmer is a tenant. Far be it from the writer to suggest that he does not attempt to do his duty to the land he occupies. But he recognises that his first duty is to himself and his family: it is a law of nature. In times when food was dear and crops were large, farmers prospered; their bank balance increased, and their habits grew with them. Money was liberally spent in the employment of labour, in the application of manure, and in the purchase of stock; but now, while the balances are no more, the habits remain; labour—more costly and less efficient—cannot be utilised to the full, the soil needs more tillage and the stock yards more cattle. So agriculture goes on—many notable examples, of course, excepted—in a certain humdrum fashion, and rents are paid, not certainly as of old—but they are paid all the same—with occasional remissions from small owners and substantial and repeated assistance from large owners like the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Bedford. A system of Peasant Proprietary in England might not work as it does abroad, for the reasons we have advanced in the case of the tenant farmer, but it is worth a trial. The small owner of land in old countries all the world over imposes conditions for its retention which are beneficial both to himself and the community. He can produce at the lowest price in the market, and he alone can compete against the peasant owners of other countries. In Ireland the value of milk is about equal to that in Denmark, but there is no comparison between the conditions of life and land tenure as between the Irish and the English farmer. At this value the English farmer cannot produce and pay his rent. If he is also a hirer of labour—especially where labour is dear—profitable production is still more impossible. Even in Ireland there is grave doubt whether the new co-operative industry will survive prices. Mr. Dillon recently deplored that the Irish will

sooner or later claim protection against bounty-fed butter, and the position as regards Ireland is likely to become sufficiently serious to demand the consideration of statesmen. We believe that in England, with a law protecting the producer against fraud, we can fight our own battles in this matter, but the Irish farmer holds a different position: he is already contending against terrific competition, while he is threatened with something still more severe from Canada and the United States.

CONCLUSION

The landscape in a Danish farming district is peculiar to the country. Let us take an example. The well-kept roads and the ditches which flank them, are, like the fields, unprotected by hedges. Here and there, happily placed, are little, white thatched houses of one storey without gardens, to which equally small and simple cattle buildings are attached. The fields, comprising the little farms, surround each homestead with its protecting group of trees—the only relief to the eye. The crops are chiefly rye, oats, barley, wheat, potatoes, beet, clover, carrots, and grass. There are no pastures as we recognise them in England, brilliant with the worthless buttercup, but the cattle—like the horses—are tethered, and the farmer's daughters are milking in the field. In this district all the farmers are owners—their farms may vary from 20 to 50 acres in extent, occasionally more. Every available member of the family is a worker, while the labourer—where employed—receives from 8*d.* a day in winter to 1*s.* 2*d.* in summer with his food. Let us briefly describe the leading farm of the district, consisting of some 180 acres, of which 90 acres are rented. The house forms part of a quadrangle, the buildings of which are simple—indeed humble—in the extreme. The interior is comfortable, if plain. There are 35 cows, all of which have been inoculated with tuberculin as a test for consumption, besides horses and young stock, the milk produced being sent to the Co-operative Factory a mile away. The hired land costs 30*s.* an acre, and the rates amount to 5*s.* The farmer is prosperous; but while he is described as a peasant, we notice that there is a refinement, as denoted by the manners, the education, and the dress, which removes the family from the “common people” and the farmers around them. The Co-operative Factory, which numbers 165 members, received 14,000 lbs. of milk and produced 5 cwts. of butter daily at the time of my visit in July. Assuming that every

member contributed, this would be equivalent to $8\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per member, suggesting that each farmer averages about six cows, which is actually the case, for the number of cows owned by the members was between 900 and 1,000. The little building is equipped with the best machinery, and probably returns the contributors $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a gallon for the milk supplied, payment being made in accordance with the market price of butter. Neither logic nor arithmetic is necessary to prove that a small farmer is not so burdened with income from the delivery of a daily yield of 8 gallons of milk for which he receives some *2s. 4d.*, that he has anything to spare for rent, labour, or riotous living, and milk is the one important article which he produces for sale. If we multiply the average production of milk by the British farmer by four, we are still unable to understand how, by the adoption of the same system and the acceptance of the same price, he can secure for himself more than the wages of a labourer.

JAMES LONG.

A WARNING TO NOVELISTS?

SOME eighty years since there was published in Paris the *Novel Reader's Guide*, which was nothing else than a complete dictionary of fable and romance. It was dedicated with appropriate stateliness to the subscribers of all the circulating libraries, and the utmost ingenuity was exercised in the proper classification of the bookseller's wares. The poor compiler was aghast at the difficulty of his own task, and plaintively confesses that you will often find the same romance set down in half-a-dozen classes, since a complexity of subject rendered a rigid arrangement a hapless impossibility. However, he did his work with much diligence and tact, and it would be ungracious to blame the unconscious humour which placed among the novels of desert lands and savage tribes so simple a pastoral as *The Isle of Wight, or Charles and Angelina*.

Thus might the grandfathers and grandmothers of M. Félix Faure thread their way through the tangled maze of fiction. If the romance of chivalry was to their taste, if they delighted in the adventures of brave and valiant men, they had but to turn to the proper page, and there they found *Montbart, the Exterminator, or the Last of the Fillibusters*. If the daintier style of Richardson attracted their fancy, they might "peruse" the letters of *Alicia, or the Cultivator of Schaffhausen*, while for those who preferred "phantoms" to reality there was *Brick Bolding, or What is Life*, an Anglo-Franco-Italian romance unrivalled in popularity. Then, again, that renowned masterpiece, *Zaflora, or the Good Negress*, was "pathetic and sentimental," and doubtless it furrowed the weather-beaten cheek with wholesome tears. In *Betzi, or the Oddities of Fate*, excitement was flavoured with a spice of convents and their secrets; while *Eufrasia, or the Ruins of the Castle of Floresca*, is described as black and sinister, and was packed moreover with assassinations and sudden deaths. The Anglo-maniac, and he flourished in the reign of Louis XVIII, had several hundreds of volumes wherewith to beguile his leisure. The titles, eminently in the manner of the time, tempt you to curiosity; but doubtless such

forgotten examples as *Alfred, or the Manor of Warwick*, *The Adventures of Milord Johnson*, and *The Bastard of Lovelace* would lose their mystery at a nearer vision. Yet all were not lachrymose or romantic. The lovers of gaiety, or, as we should say to-day, "the curious," need not have searched this dictionary in vain. *Le Compère Mathieu*, that foolish, entertaining piece of Shandyism, which may still be read in pages, is boldly recommended by the bookseller, along with *Faublas* and *Boccaccio*. But strangest of all is the class of "magic." Lewis's *Monk, Eblis, or the Magic of the Persians*, which makes you think of *Vathek*, *Guy Mannering*, *Astrologue*, *Don Quixote*, and *Amadis de Gaule*, are thrown together in an unreasonable omnibus. Strange it is to meet *Don Quixote* rubbing shoulders with *Amadis*, the victim whom he slew; and what, indeed, is *Guy Mannering* doing in this galley? The patient bookseller does not explain, but though rough and ready in his method, he did not lack ingenuity; and if he did not write for posterity, the weird titles which he gathered together are not without their drollery, while, in spite of himself, he drew up the heaviest indictment of the Novel ever left superbiy unanswered.

The taste of that time was not ours, and the glutton of to-day would find little sustenance for his queasy stomach in this ancient *Dictionnaire des Romans*. In the first youth of the century, mystery and romance held the world in thrall. *The Castle of Otranto* and Mrs. Radcliffe had done their work; miraculous escapes, heavy-browed pirates, and simple damsels in slippers and white muslin were necessary to tickle a palate hardened by a course of Maturin and Monk Lewis. But what a strange kingdom was this kingdom of forgotten romance—extravagant, transpontine, impossible! It had no touch with life, and its imagination was so dull of movement that you admire the industry of those readers who, with no other ambition than to amuse themselves, sat down to contemplate a pastoral romance, entitled *Gervais, or the Old Sailor's Cottage*. Indeed, they crawl, do these demodé novels, with an imbecile sensibility. Even at their bravest, they suggest the blue sash of the schoolgirl, and doubtless *The Cheats of London*, compiled by one Pissot, was a triumph of innocence. Indolent and leisurely must have been the subscribers who, with M. Marc's *Dictionnaire* in their hands, visited the circulating libraries in 1819. They did not expect information; they had no desire to support a theory of marriage or emancipation; they merely wished their sentiment tickled or surprised, and they set themselves down in good faith and with a smile of complacency to

Valmour, or the Passions Corrected. And so accurately had the hacks of the moment measured the prevailing taste, that the industrious novel-reader had thirty thousand specimens from which to choose.

Thirty thousand novels! And all forgotten save a score or so; forgotten irretrievably and beyond redress; forgotten as the withered news-sheet which covered them on Madame's table, or as the bit of ribbon which tied up the curls of Mademoiselle as she pored over the placid inventions of Charlotte Smith. Yet the authors of eighty years ago were doubtless as arrogant in their vast circulation and blameless influence as their heirs of to-day. Doubtless in righteous indignation they browbeat the critic who denied them the ultimate gift of perfection. Doubtless they were no less confident in the immortality, which awaited them round the corner, than are Messrs. A. and B., the newest favourites of the circulating library. And oblivion has overtaken them with so sure and relentless a hand that they live only in a tattered catalogue and in the ridicule inspired by their fantastic titles. Once their books were thirty thousand strong, all read and all glorious; but, as you turn over the stained pages of this comical guide, you seem to be consulting a dictionary of obsolete words. There stand the names in all the clarity of type, but they mean nothing; they have no relation to the world which still moves and thinks and even reads; they are the ghosts of long-perished success; and, in your own despite, you cannot but deplore these pallid spectres of the past. Thirty thousand several works! 'Tis a vast library, and all as dead as the law, the science, the theology of our great-grandfathers!

But we of to-day have no need to tremble for a future; the Victorian Era is the Golden Age of Fiction, and fears no competitors. When our Queen celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of her glorious reign, there was a vague feeling abroad that ten thousand British Novelists were sharing her triumph. The serious reviews proclaimed them with one accord the true marvels of the age. Their achievements were appraised in weighty articles, and it was pointed out with becoming eloquence that they have surprised not only the politician and the clergyman but even the actor in wealth and influence. Indeed, they have conquered so many fresh continents of readers that their profession is as profitable as diamond-mining or the search for gold. Every one remembers how, at the passing of an Act which America designed for the protection of her printers, the Authors' Society touched its millennium. Henceforth, said the voice of eloquence, the Novelist will

be rich beyond the dreams of avarice. At last Eldorado was discovered, and we were solemnly told that as soon as the Novelist's pocket was full, oppression would cease, and all men would be happy. The Novelist himself accepted his new position with pride, yet without effrontery. He spelt his name with a capital, and believed himself a part of the British Constitution. He was astonished that no place was found for him on the Privy Council, but in revenge he was energetic in sending messages to foreign Courts. At a critical moment in our history he backed America with his august sympathy, as in truth he should, since he owes his position of dignity and affluence to the moral and material support provided by American gold. In a less happily-inspired moment he supported Crete, with the result we know. Perhaps he thought that he was a link in the chain which coupled Homer with the literature of to-day, and that since Homer came from those parts he was bound in honour to differ from St. Paul in his estimate of the Cretans. But, whatever his motive, he played a pompous *rôle* in the discomfiture of Greece, and doubtless he is preparing another manifesto to prove that he is still mindful of European politics.

To be sure he has every right to regard his craft with affectionate admiration, for the qualities which go to the making of a successful Novelist are many and multiform. He is no mere trafficker with printer's ink; he is a man of affairs as well. He must have a perfect mastery of that brisk market whereon is quoted "the price per thousand," and whose jargon suggests the operations of the Wool Exchange. American copyright must keep no secrets from him, and the Colonies must be taught to yield him homage and profit. Above all he must discover a trusty "agent," who for a trifling percentage shall act the watch-dog upon the shifty publisher, and shall be quick to squeeze the welcome fiver from the pirate journals of Australasia. (Under his patronage the "agent" has become almost as great as himself, and not even malice can deny to this provident middleman the gift of creativeness.) To obtain a useful knowledge of these innumerable details absorbs for the Novelist many a long year of patient study; and even then he stands at the threshold of his profession. He must next learn how most accurately he shall "feel the public pulse"; and it is in the triumphant performance of this delicate duty that he best displays his genius. How he does it, no man may know, but the most arrant fool may gauge the supreme difficulty of the task. To feel the public pulse! Before you can feel it, it is manifestly necessary to find it, yet the

Novelist does not shrink. He constitutes himself as it were the doctor of the human race, and he is quick to prescribe, for a comfortable fee, the precise remedy which leisure and its consequent boredom demand.

And so, after sixty years of prosperity, we set our house in order, and discover that our most valuable possession is the Novelist. Verily he teaches us not only morals, but history. A page of his impassioned protest is sufficient to institute a prosecution or change a law. He has himself declared, in the proper person of a most distinguished writer, that "the foundation of good fiction seems to be rather ethic than æsthetic," and as the same authority declares that all novels are written "to meet a public demand," it follows perforce that the world is greedy of self-improvement. In fact "everything that appeals to the taste may ultimately perish as a mere matter of fashion," but morals are eternal as the truth, and outlive all things save the stability of fiction. Were the Novelist not infallible, we might here detect a contradiction. If, as we are assured, the novel is contrived "to meet a public demand," how shall it be independent of fashion? And if taste change, while morals know not the shadow of turning, why does not the Novelist forget "the public demand," and stake his money on the immutability of ethics? But this is pressing the man of genius too hardly; and it is sufficient to remember that with him a good motive and success are convertible terms. Moreover, he is not only the public's obedient servant; he is not only the loyal champion of morality; he is also busy in making history for future ages. The New Zealander of the centuries yet unborn will fly to fiction for a reconstruction of the past. He might, of course, betake himself to the Record Office, or to a file of the daily paper; but there he would find mere accuracy without elevation; he would miss the ethical impulse, the modest nobility of the popular novel. But, if he be wisely guided, he will discover in ancient fiction everything that is necessary to his enlightenment. For in the Novelist's gifted pages are neatly photographed all the aspirations, all the deeds of our generations, and none of its sins. Should the pilchard fishery engage his curiosity, he may take it on the word of an eminent critic, that a certain Novelist will tell him all that he could wish to know of that daring industry. And is not the turf laboriously pictured in another masterpiece? And are not "the scourges of doubt and repentance" acutely felt in the most moral and popular story of the day? Nor is this an end of the information freely offered by the prophets of invention. The New Zealander, should he be gifted with

industry, may discover at what date the theological romance was ousted from the field of ethics by the novel of adventure. He may mark the stealthy progress of the false Dumas ; he may note in what precise year the Novelist discovered from the public pulse that the kidnapping of princes was a sure resource, or that the cabbage garden yielded a fruitful crop, and he may strive to explain how, side by side with thrilling escapades, that masterpiece still flourished, whose boast was that it never told anything to anybody. A fine field, indeed, for the historian of the future ! But you think of the thirty thousand doomed, and tremble.

His ambition, being lofty and by no means limited to the production of his works, is nothing more nor less than a large circulation, or, in other words, a perfect assurance that he is making a proper appeal to the public. And in this ambition there is no paltry self-seeking. Firm in the conviction that his morals are the best possible morals, and that he holds up to history the most transparent of mirrors, he is only anxious for the good of the present and the profit of the future. Nor is he in any way to blame if in pursuing a large public, an end worthy by itself, he gathers large serial rights and larger royalties. Moreover, how can he avoid the energy of reporters, who will discover the vast sale which rewards his industry, and who will create an idle jealousy by the recital of his immense profits ? He, good soul, would willingly forego the mere pecuniary success, if only he might attain a vast circulation without it. But it may not be ; he must perforce pouch his cheques with the shrug of injured innocence, reflecting that, like blood, he is useless without circulation, and brave in the thought that the universal benefit he confers in some measure compensates for the unwelcome riches. But alas ! the circulation might still be brisker. At his most prosperous he is impelled to envy the newspaper, which, appealing to precisely the same public and the same passions, often overtops three hundred thousand a day. However, the newspaper is sold at a penny, and even moral sustenance may be made too cheap. Besides, what sort of a royalty can you extract from such a price ? The famous twenty-five per cent., which none but men of genius receive, yields no more than a farthing, and then the Agent is left unsatisfied.

But even now you hear the protest of the carping critic, who complains that in all this orgie of ethics there is neither truth nor probability that, in spite of the Novelist's condemnation of "the æsthetic side as a matter of fashion," the Novelist, holy and inspired

does but mimic the basely popular. Yet it is hardly worth while to give ear to an opinion which is obviously based upon envy and malice. For the ill-natured critic there is an answer always ready:—"You would not be so glib in your censure if you knew how to play the game yourself." And the answer is complete at all points. Assuredly no man lives who would not conquer wealth if he could, and who would not win the right which his wealth confers to influence his brothers, and to sign triumphant messages to foreign Powers. No: the Novelist is unassailed and unassailable; he occupies a position, after which the tyrants of old hankered in vain. He is philosophy and history incarnate; when he walks abroad he is pointed at in the street with an ominous reverence; his balance is the wonder of the halfpenny press; and it is not his fault that all the world does not know the fashion of his clothes. Cannot he, then, afford to smile at the impertinent critics, who suggest that a knowledge of grammar might profitably be added to an intimate acquaintance with American copyright? Of course he can, and he does; but the serenity even of his sleep is sometimes disturbed by the fateful memory of the thirty thousand.

Nor is the critic his solitary foe. Such is the blatant ingratitude of man that at a Congress lately held by the Librarians, a bitter attack was made upon his profession. More than one of these absurd pedants, whose peculiar glory it is to guard the masterpieces entrusted them by the elect, complained that the libraries were swamped with novels. As though you could be crushed to death by gold, or stifled with diamonds! The public, confessed the hireling keepers of literature's treasure-houses, cares for nothing but fiction. For what else should it care? History and that antiquated form of jewellery falsely called *belles lettres* have as little chance of a reading as poetry itself, the veritable outcast of the arts. Fiction at its lightest and most instructive, fiction the true echo of modern life, the only guide to philosophy, is demanded by the people, who should know well what is best for it. And that the people is sincere in its preference, a very little thought will convince you. Fiction makes no irrational appeal to taste or judgment. The most democratic form of literature, it may be enjoyed by every one. And though all men cannot master the varied arts of the Novelist, there is none who, in the phrase of the optimist, does not carry one novel in his head. Nor are there many who refrain from putting it on paper. Moreover, the novel does not attempt to bombast poverty of thought with an irrelevant style. It requires no training in

grammar or spelling, those foolish tricks, which are devised to separate the man of letters from the people. It comes before you, naked and unashamed, and seduces you to submission by those splendid qualities of "cleanliness and sweetness," which set it high above the charlatanry of mere literature. Yet the librarians are not content, and so glaring is their unreason, that their motive is evident at once. They would seek to shirk their responsibilities; they would pass their days in laborious idleness, contemplating the foolish experiments in verbal juggling, which never profited anybody. And then there enters a noble toiler, anxious for the amusement which elevates, and asks for the last wonder of fiction; and the librarian, aroused from an unworthy dream, must forget his idle research, and hasten to provide the toiler with his gilded pill. Of course he resents the intrusion, and in utter shamelessness visits his irritability upon the distinguished purveyor of august thought and accurate information.

Yet the tale of the Novelist's woes is not yet told. He must still contend with the miserable usurpers who have blasphemously assumed his title. These gentry have never congratulated America on a fitful love of arbitration; they have never advised Crete, at a safe distance, to take up arms against half the world; and yet they call themselves Novelists! Their ambition is spurious and incomplete. They are indifferent to the large "public," which is the life and soul of the novel; they have no care for history, and are ever deaf to the trumpet-call of that system of ethics, which defies the shifting of "mere fashion." They would as soon leave the world in blank ignorance as enlighten the darkness of the circulating library. They deny with an effrontery, which blanches the Novelist's cheek, that books are articles of commerce, and they have even been heard deploring the collapse of literature at the very moment when fiction is doing her best to regenerate the world. To these miscreants writing is no mere anodyne—it is a separate and an exacting art; and it is easy to detect their fallacy, for that which is excellent in itself surely needs not the cloak of jugglery. But they exist—do these false Novelists, though you can count them on the fingers of one hand, and even the real Novelist has been forced to examine their pretensions. What, then, are their pretensions? In the first place they will choose such material for the exercise of their skill as is sincere, intimate, and their own. They will attempt to put their puppets in a just, consistent atmosphere, and they will ever regard the motive of their novel as more important than the subject. For them invention

consists not in the contrivance of an ingenious embroilment, but in the just interaction of their characters upon one another. They esteem the proper portrayal of a real emotion superior to the clash of tin soldiers and wooden empires. So far from searching for local colour in a France which they have never visited, or hustling their brain by a hasty trip across an unknown colony, they are content to draw upon their own experience, or to rely upon the surer art of divination. And while they frankly delight in subtleties and the "finer shades," they believe also that a workman should master his tools. So that for them writing is less a means of conveying moral and historical information than an art in itself. In brief they are guilty of a delight in their medium. With a pride, which the Novelist cannot too loudly deplore, they exult in a mere skill of hand, forgetting meanwhile "the public demand" and the plain necessity of a large circulation. Worse than all, they are determined to drag from the English tongue all the music with which it is harmonious. A fine collection of words enchants them; they leap for joy at the proper snap of a phrase. As they write, the world of common statistics closes its windows to their vision. They think no more of literal fact than their readers. They present that which they have found in the manner best suited to their artistic conscience; and if it be well presented it will always seem true and consistent with itself. In one aspect their work may be a poem, for its periods will have a rhythm of their own; in another, it may be a symbol of life or history, for though their characters may have naught in common with the experience of every day they will never violate the law of their being; and they will be right with an eternal, because artistic, rightness. But they will give you no information upon the pilchard fishery, and the New Zealander of the future will prefer one page of *The Times* before their most impassioned chapter.

What, indeed, has this false Novelist to do with fiction—the art of satisfying an expressed demand? So overweening is his vanity, that he cares not a jot for the average man's applause. If at the end he attaches a handful of readers, it is by accident, and in spite of himself. Why, then, should he come to spoil the peace of the genuine Purveyor of Fiction, who is legitimately pursuing his legitimate calling? Why, indeed? He is not the glory of the Victorian Era; he is no anxiety to the Free Librarian. Manifestly born out of due season, manifestly covering up a faulty talent by a sleight of hand, he robs the honest Novelist of his repute, though fortunately he cannot reduce the number of

his readers. He has not even learnt the rudiments of his trade, though he is arrogant enough to compete with the full-grown professional. If you mentioned "price per thousand" to him, he would blink with misunderstanding. If you questioned him of American sales, he would refer you to a buttermilk. Manifestly he is disloyal to his craft, and he will only get his deserts when the laurels of immortality are meted out. For the warning voice of the thirty thousand is heard at the door. And to whom is its summons addressed? Surely to the half-a-dozen amateurs of a vain, misguided art. For Pangloss was right, and we live in the best of all possible worlds. The France of Louis XVIII was not the England of Victoria; and the Victorian Age is the Golden Age of the Novelist; and while the thirty thousand of eighty years since are forgotten, the sixty thousand greater ones of to-day shall be remembered till the crack of doom. And as for the half-dozen pretenders who never signed a petition to Crete, the world is already tired of them, and they shall go to swell the ominous catalogue to some thirty thousand and six.

A NOVEL-READER.

IMPERIALISM

I

IF the Royal Pageant in June was surpassed in gorgeousness by the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and in Oriental splendour by the Coronation of Nicholas II at Moscow, it is unique in history for its vast political significance. Originally intended to honour the Sovereign, and to make concrete to Englishmen, both at home and abroad, the magnificent expansion of her dominions since her accession in 1837, it became the medium by which the aspirations of a race first found fitting expression. Unlike any other pageant of the same kind, it developed from a great spectacle into the embodiment of a great principle. Impregnated by the passion of a united people, it brought forth the sentiment of nationality, and the British Empire ceases to deserve the sneer of its detractors, who describe it as "a mere geographical position." In the heyday of cosmopolitanism, as distinct from patriotism, Lord Palmerston declared that "steam bridged the Channel." This was a great achievement, no doubt; but from the Imperial point of view it has been dwarfed by one far greater. The genius of Watt gave to Her Majesty's widely-sundered realms the continuity denied to them by nature. The stormy Atlantic, the illimitable expanse of the Pacific, the lonely waste of the Southern Ocean, are bridged by the fleets of English ships, which ceaselessly traverse them. By means of a line of boats on the Hellespont, Xerxes made Europe and Asia one; by means of the Navy and Mercantile Marine, England unites a world. But, in spite of the cheap philosophy of what may be called the commercial school of thought, neither steam nor the telegraph-wire does much to advance the cause of the brotherhood of man. The real bond of union between the Mother Country and her Colonies is, and always has been, loyalty based on a common origin, a common history, and a common allegiance; and the lever, which is to surmount all those difficulties placed in the path of empire by nature, time, and diversity of interests, will be found in British hearts. "By faith ye shall remove mountains" is as true now as it was at the dawn

of Christianity. Inspired by it, England has reached the second milestone on her imperial journey, and to falter now would mean nothing less than the abdication of her present proud position among the nations. Should she, as she will do, keep on in the light by which she has hitherto been guided, a new era will open out before her, eclipsing all others in moral and material grandeur.

If the Royal Pageant was symbolical of a United Empire, the Jubilee celebrations as a whole were not less significant. They have demonstrated beyond dispute the existence of two political factors of the first magnitude. One is the commanding influence of the Queen on all the "people, nations, and languages" over which she rules; the other is the mighty awakening of the Imperial spirit in these Islands. Time was when the Prime Minister represented England in the eyes of the world. But since the ship of State has come to be guided by a captain, whose master is a shifting majority, and manned with officers and a crew who scout obedience, the Councils of Europe, which trembled at the name of a Chatham, a Pitt, or a Canning, have learned to ignore their successors, and, on occasion, to treat them with contempt. By exercising a sound political insight, Continental Sovereigns and Statesmen have come to recognise the majesty of England in the only element of the Constitution the modern iconoclast has left untouched. The Crown is a quantity in European affairs as certain as the British Cabinet is uncertain. To ripe judgment, sagacity, and decision, the Queen adds an unrivalled knowledge of political history since the beginning of her reign. She was a Statesman when the Tsar and the Kaiser were in their cradles, and when the Emperor Francis Joseph first took the helm of troubled Austro-Hungary; she was experienced when the Kings of Belgium, Denmark, and Sweden succeeded to their thrones; and to-day the Kings of Italy and Greece, the Queens-Regent of Spain and Holland, and all the responsible Ministers of existing Cabinets are pupils in the school of which she is a master. More potent still is her political influence as the revered relative of nearly all the Royal Houses of Europe. With what infinite tact she has played her part all the world knows. While one of her Ministers was embittering the feeling of the North against England on the outbreak of the American Civil War, by hailing the South as a nation, and others of the Cabinet were falling asleep over their duties as the responsible authorities of a neutral Power, *she* was doing her utmost in the cause of peace. The blunders of her Government cost the country three

million pounds; her tact smoothed away the menace of the *Trent* affair. Again, in '75 her influence was used to noble purpose in averting a second Franco-Prussian War; since when, how many times have Englishmen had cause to be grateful that the personality of the Sovereign is more potent in the world than either British statesmanship or British diplomacy?

But if the Queen is a power abroad, in her own dominions she is a force which it is impossible to over-estimate. Foreigners, indeed, pay her homage; but her own subjects regard her with a devotion whose intensity makes it akin to a passion. In her they recognise the sole remaining Constitutional link between England and her Colonies: the Great White Mother, the fame of whose virtue has won the loyalty of native races as the genius of an Alexander or a Napoleon never could. The secret of her unique position is also the secret of the expansion of the Empire; and so there was a peculiar fitness in the honour paid to both as if they were one. Other thrones have been filled by Sovereigns, who were the objects of a people's devotion, who were great and wise rulers, or who were admirable as wife, mother, and queen. But has any previous age been adorned by a Royal Lady who was all these, as well as an empire-builder second to none? Or has Time, since first he knew civilisation on the banks of the Nile, done reverence before to the Head of a State whose personal character linked a heterogeneous people in the bonds of love? It is this supremacy of the moral principle in English rule which gave the Pageant of June its peculiar suggestiveness. It was a triumph—the first since Rome sank, never to rise again, under the weight of barbarian hordes. But it was to the Temple of Jehovah the procession went, not to the Temple of Jupiter; its moving spirit was liberty, not despotism; its glory the glory of peace, not of war. Since the wise men saw the star in the East, Christianity has found no nobler expression; and it was in entire harmony with all our ideas of the fitness of things that it should have not only rivalled, but surpassed, the most imposing triumphs of the Pagan world. Rome was never mistress of territories to be compared to the British Empire, nor able to command the allegiance of races so diverse as those who people it. But it is not in size and variety alone that English dominion is unique. Its crowning glory is its freedom. The Protectorates and the Tributary States, the Crown Colonies and the self-governing Provinces, of which it is constituted, sent princes and nobles, premiers and officers, cavalry

and infantry, to swell the triumph of the Queen and the Imperial idea, not in obedience to a command, behind which was the force of victorious legions, but to give expression to their own enthusiastic loyalty. That is to say, the greatest Imperial spectacle on record had its origin in those silken ties which bind together the various parts of the Empire represented in it. All the dominant races have, unconsciously, raised themselves a monument in the sands of time, but none a monument so noble and inspiring as the English. A world-wide dominion, whose foundations are laid deep in the national character, is an achievement of which the gods themselves might be proud.

Without doubt the stability of the Crown has largely contributed to the growth of the Imperial sentiment. Since the Queen's accession the destinies of England have been entrusted to seventeen successive Administrations (including the present Coalition Government), ten Premiers, and thirty Colonial Secretaries. Some were enthusiasts, some were doctrinaires, some were slaves to the immediate, and some were statesmen. No two of them pursued the same policy, and so, though of late years all except one have agreed to do nothing in Imperial affairs which might safely be left undone, each has attained his object in a different way. In a feverish search for the elixir of social, political, and commercial life, the art of government itself has been lost. Human nature, existing conditions, the future, have all been forgotten by Nineteenth Century economists, as true religion was forgotten by the Churchmen of the Fifteenth. The Queen, being swayed by no considerations other than those which alone should influence the actions of statesmen, is thus steady as a rock amongst shifting sands. England sees in her, as it saw in George III, a bulwark against the selfishness, the insincerity, the never ending strife of the Conservative and Radical Parties: the Empire at large, the only Estate of the Realm to whom it owes obedience. Franklin, a few weeks before the outbreak of hostilities between the American Colonies and the Mother Country, voiced the sentiments of Colonials for all time:—"The sovereignty of the Crown I understand," he said. "The sovereignty of the British Legislature out of Britain I do not understand. . . . We are free subjects of the King, and fellow subjects of one part of his dominions are not superiors over subjects in any other part." This principle underlies the whole history of British expansion. Colonials from a long and varied experience have learned to place

little reliance on the good faith of either party in the State ; but the Queen has always had their fullest confidence. Bewildered by the number of men and ideas which have held the political stage during the past sixty years, they have naturally turned to that element of the Constitution which, unchanged and unchanging, has never been reached by the roaring tide of progress and reform. The Queen alone can look at a question of State with impartial eyes ; she alone can appeal to the whole nation ; she alone is above the temptation to sacrifice principle to a powerful minority. Her judgment is not warped by the fear of losing office, nor is her conscience dulled by trying to square her convictions with the teaching of Richard Cobden. And it is this disinterested influence at the head of affairs, which has been deprived of its proper function by a House of Commons, whose ineptitude and lack of restraint are every year growing more conspicuous !

The significance of the Queen's position is, however, an old story. That of Imperialism is, comparatively speaking, new : therefore it is the more vitally interesting to the race. The spirit entranced for nearly seventy years, and half asleep for ten, has fully awakened at the call of its kindred from over seas, and reveals itself with all its old power. Will it breathe fresh life into the Imperial idea to Federation, or will it be crushed into insensibility again by the dead weight of the materialism of the time ? In their zeal for Anglo-Saxon unity men too often forget that Colonial loyalty and Imperialism are not one and the same thing, and that English Imperialism, as we know it, is the growth of yesterday. Hence their impatience at the slow progress made by the race towards its manifest destiny. But if they would reason only from facts, instead of from their own desires, they would find that it is perfectly normal. Imagination is not a quality for which the average Briton is distinguished. He is too apt to act on the assumption that his attitude towards a great question is the attitude of the Empire in general, and so he talks most complacently of the "growing enthusiasm of the Colonies for the Imperial idea during the last year or two," not because it is true of them, but because it is true of him. As matter of fact Imperialism has been developing in Canada since the Confederation Act of '67, in Australia since French and German activities became pronounced in the South Pacific, and in South Africa since the advent to power of Mr. Rhodes. To confound it with loyalty is another common mistake. Imperialism is an instinct as well as a sentiment : loyalty is a pure sentiment, which circumstance has

developed into a passion. The one is born of the head, stimulated by interest, and inseparable from action, the other is born of the heart, is swayed only by feeling, and, while a noble influence in the political world, is incapable of generating the progressive force which is necessary to the continuance of the Empire. It has enormous cohesive power, it can even adapt itself to new conditions; but it cannot impel. Unlike Imperialism, it is an expression peculiar to the Colonies, having so little in common with British loyalty, except reverence for the Queen, as to be denied the name. In the very nature of things England never has been able to respond to it, and never will. The reason is clear enough to any one who admits that an Englishman abroad is something more than a buyer of Manchester cottons and Bradford woollens. In whatever part of the Empire he may settle he is an exile, a fortunate exile it may be, but still an exile. He knows quite well that the new country gives him of the good things of this life as the old never could; that, in a material sense, emigration has made him a prince, whereas contentment at home might have made him a pauper. But if the conditions do not admit of weeping, or hanging his harp on the willows, his heart goes out to his native land across the seas, as the heart of the Jew in Babylon went out to Zion. Should he be a commonplace man this is the best side of his nature in connexion with the outside world, and in no way does it reflect on his affection for the country of his adoption. True, it is likely in the progress of the years to lose its present lover-like intensity, and with the marriage of Britain and the Colonies, in the form of Federation, to wander further and further into the deserts of matter-of-fact. But, even were it to disappear altogether, it will always be remembered with gratitude for the noble part it played at a critical period of our Imperial history. When the Mother Country was groping in the darkness of Little Englandism, intent only on dismembering the glorious dominion the energy and self-sacrifice of our forefathers enabled us to build up, the Colonies, by the light of their loyalty, undeviatingly held on their way, and thus kept open the road to a united Empire: by means of its strength they saved her from committing Imperial suicide, and by its contagious enthusiasm awakened in a powerful minority of her public men the old Imperial spirit. A sentiment—yes! But a sentiment whose services to the Anglo-Saxon race will be honoured when many triumphs of science, practical statesmanship, and political thought have been forgotten, or have fallen into contempt. It is only too probable that the England of this latter half

of the Nineteenth Century will not hold the high place in the estimation of posterity which she has persuaded herself is her due. She will not, as she appears to think, be remembered for her progressive zeal, or her scientific discoveries, or any of those hundred-and-one material victories in which she takes so much pride, but as the England of Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Chamberlain: the England, that is, which returned a Minister to power who had broken the most sacred pledges given to British and native subjects in the Transvaal, lowered the national prestige in every corner of the globe, and betrayed to death the most chivalrous soldier of the Nineteenth Century. The Colonies, on the contrary, are likely to be given a niche in history more honourable than they have any idea of claiming and their contemporaries have any idea of conceding to them. It was they who kept the sacred fire burning in the family altar when the Mother Country put it out.

As there is nothing which is less appreciated than uninvited love, Colonial loyalty was, until lately, the butt of Radical sneers. It was based on self-interest was the cry; and, curiously enough, none were louder than those who would sacrifice the Colonies to Mammon, so ready is lust to impute its own motives to the genuine sentiment which stands in its way. Such a charge could only be brought by men, whose own hearts had never echoed to the music of early associations wafted across half-a-world, or thrilled at a chance word or incident, which recalled the far-off long ago. If our loyalty were not spontaneous, if it were not an emotion which lay at the very root of our being, it would have no practical value. Only because it works unconsciously has it given the tone to public thought, and pervaded the whole fabric of Colonial life. The feeling stimulated by the enormous advantages to each segment arising out of the wealth and power and prestige of a united Empire—in other words self-interest—is Imperialism. It, however, is of comparatively-speaking recent development in the Colonies: loyalty is coeval with them. On whatever spot of the earth's surface a body of Englishmen settles under the shelter of the British flag, fidelity to the traditions, institutions, and Imperial destiny of the Mother Country will be found, growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength. This is affection, says the political student, not loyalty. True, but in the Colonies they are so nearly one as to be undistinguishable.

Thus it is, as many critics have pointed out in varying degrees

of kindness, that the dominant sentiment in Colonial life has its origin in hearts, which beat their tenderest to the echoes they hear from the old home thousands of miles away. In spite of doleful warnings, however, it shows no signs of weakening with the increasing numbers of native-born. On the contrary, it has visibly strengthened. But in the nature of things it will not be permanent. Having served its purpose in the progress of the Empire towards consolidation, it will gradually be merged in Imperialism. As a sentiment it was valuable ; as a sentiment leavened by self-interest it will be invincible to any outside influence which may be brought against it. Like gold, it must have an alloy before it can be thoroughly useful. But no one will be found to regret the days in which its purity was unassailable. It is well that Imperialism should be born of a noble sentiment rather than of selfishness or the lust of power, and well that Colonial materialism should be moulded by an idealising force.

To speak of English and Colonial Imperialism as one and the same is not quite correct. Though they work towards a similar end, their origins are entirely different. Loyalty, as we know it, is an expression of feeling entirely unknown in England, and naturally, as she is its object. To her the Colonies turn in thought as the Mahommedan turns to Mecca, and, this being so, Imperialism at home has not the basis of passion which it has in the Empire at large. It is truly described as the awakening of the old Imperial spirit of the nation, but it must be remembered that Colonials, too, are the descendants of the men who made possible a Trafalgar and a Waterloo, and that since the rise of the Manchester School it cannot be maintained that they have been less true to the traditions of Raleigh and Blake, Chatham and Nelson, than the Mother Country. To deny them the Imperial spirit is to deny that there is an Empire. But if English Imperialism cannot claim a monopoly of the one, which has built up the other, nor respond to Colonial loyalty, it has an unique character of its own. Behind it is the strength generated by a thousand years of effort, the prodigious forces an unparalleled development of energy has brought into being. It has a great past, and a sense of responsibility for the future. It has poetry and romance and richness of setting. Above all, it has a lively appreciation of the claims of kinship, and a deep, if silent, determination to keep for the Anglo-Saxon race what the Anglo-Saxon has won.

Those members of Parliament, and other responsible persons, who

were wont to describe Colonial loyalty as actuated by the most sordid motives, have yet to be heard on the origin of their own and their fellow countrymen's Imperialism. Can they maintain for a moment that it has been stimulated by pure affection? Even the most cursory observer of contemporary history knows how very far this is from the truth, and, unconsciously, thinking men admit it. English Imperialism has been quickened by outside pressure, by the sudden realisation of Britain's isolation in the world, by a growing suspicion that Free Trade is a stupendous failure; and this is as it should be. An Empire, like a nation, must be united by a community of interests and the necessity for mutual defence; by a common ideal and a common allegiance. Sentiment alone will never develop nationality. It is the slowly worked-out result of action, of conflicting forces, of mutual sorrows and mutual triumphs. In short, its story is the story of individual character. Unfortunately, so far it has not made the progress it ought to have done.

Its most enthusiastic supporters cannot claim that modern Imperialism dates back further than twenty-five years. As a recognised national movement it is only thirteen years old. Owing to the popularity of the Manchester School amongst the educated classes, and the influence of Sir James Stephen on the official world, a belief gained ground during the Sixties that English commerce was hampered by the possession of Colonies, and the country would be infinitely stronger and richer without them. This, known to history as the Dismemberment Craze, was aptly described by a shrewd American as "the ass-born policy of the British Government." Never had the national spirit sunk so low. Liberals and Conservatives, peers and commoners, statesmen and budding politicians, all were victims of the same madness. But it was not until the appearance of the terrible Earl Granville that it began to declare itself in earnest. The cordial relations at present existing between the Mother Country and the Colonies are, we are told, entirely due to the Liberal Policy of Self-Government. This may or may not be, as the term "policy" is understood; but it is rather curious, to say the least, that at no time in their history were the Colonies worse contented than in the Sixties and early Seventies, when nearly all were the proud possessors of the Radical panacea for every political and social ill. This also was entirely due to the Liberal policy, but, strangely enough, one hears very little about it. In '48, owing to another phase of the Liberal policy—Free Trade—

a small knot of citizens in Montreal openly favoured annexation to the United States ; but because Canada was loyal to the backbone, as she always has been, the movement died a natural death. With Earl Granville at the Colonial Office, it was born again on the basis of independence. At a particularly critical time the Imperial troops were withdrawn, and the Dominion was given to understand that the sooner she parted company with the Mother Country the better Her Majesty's Ministers would be pleased. That this is not an exaggerated view of the situation is proved by Earl Granville's letter to Sir Alexander, then Mr., Galt. He had been offered a knighthood, and, fearing that his well-known opinions on a policy "framed with a reference to that which appeared to him inevitable, the separation of the Dominion from Great Britain," would be a bar to his acceptance of it, he had, at the request of the Governor, Sir John Young, made his position perfectly clear in writing. With dismemberment rampant at the Colonial Office, his fears were groundless. In the Canadian Parliament of February, 1870, he said :—"Holding these views, and reserving to himself the right to state them in public, he felt that he must not accept the distinction that was offered to him unless His Excellency would be allowed to convey his (Sir Alexander's) opinion to Her Majesty's Government, and that if he learned that Her Majesty's Government would be pleased to confer the honour, he would be extremely grateful for it, and would accept it ; but that if, on the other hand, they felt that there was anything in the views he entertained which ought to forbid its being conferred, he would accept the decision and acquiesce in the propriety of it. He was not at liberty to give the words of the answer, but they could judge from the facts that the decision was confirmative, and, therefore, if there was anything in his position which was *offensive to the loyalty of the honourable gentlemen*, all he could say was simply this—that *he stood on the same ground as the Ministers of the Crown in England!*" As an isolated instance, this might have passed without remark, but when it was only one of many, all tending in the same direction, Canadian loyalty began to take alarm. The excuse for the withdrawal of the Imperial troops was characteristic of the men who made it—a concentration of forces was needed for the defence of the Mother Country. But to attain this end, Colonists asked curiously, was it necessary to disband the Canadian Rifles, the West Indian regiments, the Cape Rifles, and the Ceylon Rifles? If not, why, then, were they disbanded? Even more ominous was the strength of

the conspiracy, whose headquarters were in New York. Among its members were such distinguished Canadians as Sir Alexander Galt, Hon. John Young, and Hon. L. S. Huntingdon, who favoured independence; English separationists; and American statesmen, who favoured annexation. Immediately before a meeting in '69, "assurances were received from their friends in England that *the Gladstone Cabinet could be depended upon to carry out the policy of independence*"; and later in the year "positive assurances were forwarded to Canada, *by friends who could speak semi-officially*, that the English Administration had resolved on the following programme with regard to Canada:—1. The withdrawal of the Imperial forces. 2. The cessation of Imperial guarantee. 3. The declaration of the independence of Canada at the earliest possible moment." The first two were duly carried out, and the last was only prevented by the rising tide of public opinion at home. But the intentions of Mr. Gladstone's Government were not to be mistaken, confirmed as they were by the fatal Treaty of Washington, and by British indifference to the Fenian raids.

In Victoria, Mr., now Sir Gavan, Duffy saw the drift of Earl Granville's new policy earlier than any of his contemporaries. It was he who called into being the Committee, afterwards transformed into a Royal Commission, which practically recommended the Disintegration of the Empire. But as the movement was nipped in the bud at home, it had no chance of fructifying in the Colonies, and so the Report of the Commissioners, inspired by an Irish exile, was forgotten almost as soon as it was published.

If the Imperial troops were withdrawn from Australia, Canada, and the Cape Colony, with no regard for Colonial sentiment, the circumstances attending their withdrawal from New Zealand will for ever remain a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Liberal Party. Earl Granville not only left the country defenceless in the midst of a native war, but actually recommended the authorities at Wellington to *acknowledge within Her Majesty's dominions the sovereignty of a Maori Chief!* Could cynical indifference to the first principles of Empire go further? When his insolent despatches had raised the drooping hopes of the natives, and thus rendered peace more than ever difficult, his cold contempt for their misfortunes dispirited the already severely tried settlers; his ostentatious anxiety to be rid of them and their Colony chilled their loyalty; and some of their leading men began to seriously consider the advisability of a union with the United States.

That the Government at Washington would have refused, no one who has the slightest acquaintance with American history can honestly believe. As a cute Yankee diplomatist once remarked :—"The United States is watching, and, I guess, will pick up everything you let drop." Happily, however, public opinion in England awoke in time, and so far the Republic has been able to profit only by the weakness of English statesmen, not by the disloyalty of English colonists. Four times has the surface of the sea of Colonial loyalty been disturbed by a ripple of treason, and every ripple has been caused by a puff of Liberal wind!

To deny that the Dismemberment Craze ever found favour with the Liberal Party, as so many Radicals are fond of doing, is to deny the written testimony of Sir Henry Taylor, Sir James Stephen, and Sir Frederick Rogers, and the public acts and speeches of Mr. Monsell, Mr. Cardwell, Sir Charles Adderley, Earl Granville, Lord Kimberley, and Mr. Gladstone. As matter of fact, the evidence both at home and abroad was overwhelming. In October, '69, Earl Grey wrote to *The Times*, in answer to a letter of the 26th August, signed by three Colonials :—"The breaking up of the great Colonial Empire of England would, in my opinion, be a calamity to the Colonies, to this country, and to the world, and I cannot doubt that you are right in believing this to be the result; which must be looked for from the policy distinctly declared by Her Majesty's Government." Sir George Grey, then in England, Sir Charles Clifford, late Speaker of the Legislative Assembly in New Zealand, and others, protested publicly against the tone and matter of Earl Granville's reckless despatch on New Zealand affairs (October, '69), "as fraught with danger," and "calculated to drive the Colony out of the Empire." The Fox Ministry described the Earl's innovations as the fruit of the "policy of the Imperial Government towards New Zealand since the accession of Mr. Gladstone to office," which "evidently contemplated the disruption of the Empire." Mr. Justice Richmond declared from the judicial bench, that "it had now become impossible to carry out the ordinary law in the ordinary way in the North Island. . . . If we were to be burdened with the responsibilities of independence, we should also be permitted to enjoy its powers." Mr. Firth, a well-known Colonist, in commenting on these remarks, wrote that Colonials contemplated a rupture with the Mother Country only as "a bitter and cruel necessity," inspired by the Imperial policy of abandonment. If Her Majesty's new advisers should adhere

to it, then "Rome would not be the only Empire to teach the world that the decay of national spirit is but the precursor of the decay of national power." Sir George Bowen, the Governor, in forwarding the letter to Earl Granville, said that he was "informed Mr. Firth's opinions are also expressed by a large portion of the Press and the general public." The Colonial Secretary's mischievous energies were not, however, confined to Colonies in the true sense of the term. France wanted the Gambia, a West African possession, which paid ten thousand pounds a year in salaries to English officials, besides two thousand pounds a year in pensions, and could boast of a surplus revenue; and Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were only too glad to oblige a friendly Government in such a cheap way as giving up English territory. But their intentions were discovered, and Parliament insisted on an explanation. "The Gambia," said the Duke of Manchester, in the House of Lords, "was the best river on the western coast of Africa, and he hoped the Government would not, on any account, give up so important a position to France. . . . He was the more anxious on this head, because he feared the projected transfer might be the first step towards abandoning our Colonies." In effect, the plan was frustrated by the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and the Gambia is still a portion of the British Empire.

So widespread was the feeling favourable to Dismemberment amongst the official classes, that Sir Francis Head, a retired Governor of Canada, wrote to *The Times* :—"Time was when no one louder than myself cried out to our Colonists and to Her Majesty's Government, 'Hold fast!' In the particular case, and under the altered circumstances alluded to, I now calmly counsel both parties to 'Let go!'" *The Times* went further, and gaily recommended British Columbia to enter the Union instead of the Dominion. It also gave its views on Great Britain as the Parent State :—"England is in this sense the Mother Country of Australia, and just in the same way some other land—without committing ourselves to the quarrels of ethnologists, we may say Schleswig-Holstein—is the Mother Country of England." Why not Central Asia at once? "If the policy now pursued," continued the Government Organ, "point, as the circular before us says, to the severance of the connexion between the Colonies and the Mother Country, it is well the end should be foreseen and provided for, so that it be not at last achieved hurriedly and in an unfriendly spirit." To a deputation of Colonists, whose spokesman, Mr. Wilson, "referred to the

policy of the Government in the Colonies, and the belief that it was intended to effect an early disruption of the Colonial Empire, such a policy struck the Colonists with dismay, but if it really was intended, Colonists should have timely notice of it." To this Earl Granville could only reply with polite evasions, though he did bring himself to say that he should "be sorry if England lost her Colonies." This his hearers understood to mean that the Ministry would be pleased when the last of England's possessions had cut the cable. As voiced by such a mouthpiece as the noble Earl, they sounded of less account than the worn-out ships of the Fleet.

At the Inauguration Banquet of the Royal Colonial Institute, Mr. Gladstone and other members of the Ministry, including Earl Granville, were forced to conceal their real sentiments under flowery rhetoric, in which was expressed their fervid devotion to "the great and noble tradition of the unity of the British race." But Colonists were not deceived by this astounding *volte-face*. Sir Charles Nicholson, for many years Speaker of the Legislative Council in Sydney, "deprecated the mischievous speculators who would have a severance of the Colonies from the Parent State." Sir Charles Clifford assured the distinguished audience that, to retain the sympathy of Colonials, "their feelings should not be maligned." Mr. Reverdy Johnson, the American Minister, proved that he, too, was well aware of the true inwardness of the situation. With the diplomatic tact peculiar to his countrymen, he informed his amazed and uncomfortable hosts that "it was possible some of the Colonies which now flourished under the dominion of Her Majesty . . . might in process of time find themselves under the Stars and Stripes, which coloured the flag of the United States." If Mr. Reverdy Johnson made a mistake, who was responsible for it? In the same spirit, the Queen's representative at the Cape publicly assured the assembly that "in North America we have unmistakable indications of the rapid establishment of a powerful independent State. In Australia it is probable that its several settlements . . . will see their way to a similar coalition. In New Zealand the severance is being accomplished under very painful circumstances." Who was responsible for this? *The Spectator*, the only Liberal organ of the day which took up a patriotic attitude on the question, told us very plainly that it was Mr. Gladstone. When public opinion declared itself unmistakably, the Colonies were asked to understand that "the British Government has really been converted at a

critical moment ; that it has been converted by the most impressive of all arguments—the argument that the people of England are thoroughly hostile to a policy of Colonial disintegration.” Later, when Lord Granville was transferred to the Foreign Office to destroy British *prestance* in the eyes of the world, as he had almost succeeded in destroying it in the eyes of the Empire, *The Spectator* sighed with relief to see him quit his department “before any Colony has declared at once its independence and its undying hostility to Great Britain. It was a very near thing indeed English people do not pay taxes that their country may become a third-rate Power.”

With history entirely against him, it is passing strange how Lord Rosebery came to make that “amazing” speech of his at the National Liberal Club last July. A luncheon given to Colonial Premiers by the remnants of the Radical Party, with Mr. Labouchere as vice-chairman, supported by Lord Ripon, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Kimberley, the two latter doing their best to tune their voices to the unfamiliar Imperial lay, could not fail to be suggestive, and, in political significance, could only be rivalled by a dinner given by the Boers to the Uitlanders, with Judge Gregorowski in the vice-chair, supported by Dr. Leyds and President Kruger, vowing eternal friendship to the English cause. The mantle of Imperialism sits on a Little Englander about as well as the mantle of peace and good-will sits on a Hollander. But even more surprising than the presence of the Radical Chiefs on such an occasion was the speech of Lord Rosebery, with Lord Carrington, the Chairman, the only one of the speakers who could describe himself as a genuine Imperialist. That most popular of Colonial Governors, in proposing the toast of “The Queen,” struck a national note, which was loyally echoed by Lord Kimberley and Sir William Harcourt. Lord Rosebery, however, rose superior to the best traditions of Party Politics. “It is somewhat remarkable,” he said, “that so much of the speeches that have been made has been devoted to the vindication of the Liberal Party as being connected with the Imperial movement. I do not think that that vindication is particularly necessary.” When Lord Rosebery indulges in a statement of this kind, he should be surrounded only by faithful adherents, whose knowledge of Imperial history might more properly be described as ignorance, not by experienced Colonials, who knew Mr. Gladstone as an enemy to the Empire before the flower of the Liberal Party saw in him an enemy to the Union. Perhaps Lord Rosebery was thinking of the Whig Party. He should have remembered

that both Liberals and Conservatives by changing their name have tacitly admitted their own unworthiness to carry on the great traditions of their respective parties. The Liberals by becoming Radicals have, unfortunately for themselves, done more—they have broken away from the mighty past so completely as to dishonour it. Between the Whigs, led by Chatham, and the Radicals, led by Mr. Gladstone, lies a century of effort to keep England isolated from the world: between the Tories, led by Pitt, and the Conservatives, led by Lord Beaconsfield, lie the dark ages of Imperial History. With the loss of the American Colonies both Parties in the State lost the secret of a sound Colonial Policy, and it was only re-discovered after much travail by the Colonies themselves. Neither the Liberal Party nor the Radical Party has ever been connected with the Imperial movement. None of the Liberal or Radical leaders, with two such notable exceptions as Lord Rosebery himself and the late Mr. Forster, have been, or are, pillars of the Empire, and in the rank-and-file Imperialists are not numerous enough to be a power. But if Liberalism has been barren of efforts to cement the Empire, it has been prolific enough in such efforts at dismemberment as Free Trade, the Belgian Treaty of '63 and the German Treaty of '67, the Abandonment Policy of Mr. Gladstone, the Home Rule Bill of '86, and Little Englandism.

"One amazing orator the other day," continued Lord Rosebery, "went so far as to trace the germ of the Imperial idea to the late Lord Beaconsfield." This is unworthy of the speaker. Such a poor attempt to pluck the crown from a dead man's brow might surely have been left to some one else. It is not what the Empire expects of Lord Rosebery. Why Sir Michael Hicks-Beach should be "amazing" because he pays a tribute to Lord Beaconsfield's greatest achievement one is at a loss to understand: particularly as his was a tribute which was paid to the dead Earl over and over again by Colonials. "Now we have it under Lord Beaconsfield's own signature and seal that he regarded the Colonies as unnecessary and heavy encumbrances, who would hasten to leave us at the shortest notice." The quotation is exact, *but it occurs in a letter written as early as '52*, which clearly indicates that Disraeli feared the disruption of the Empire. It is the only scrap of evidence which can be adduced to connect him with the policy that had even then begun to gain ground. As his first speech on Imperialism was not made until '72, there was an interval of twenty years in which his mind lay open to the influences of that

eventful period. He saw that whatever treason there was in the Colonies was due to the still greater treason in Downing Street; that in spite of their cavalier treatment by Lord Granville, they steadily remained loyal to the Queen and the Imperial connexion; that they entirely repudiated the Dismemberment Policy. Student of human nature as he was, too, he could not fail to note the recoil of the nation from a doctrine which threatened the very existence of England as a first-rate Power. Then came the petition to Her Majesty, signed by over a hundred thousand working men of London, praying that the Colonies might remain integral parts of the Empire; the circular, addressed to the Colonial Governments by three patriotic Colonials, calling for a Conference in London, "to consider the mutual relations of the Mother Country and the Colonies"; the Cannon Street meetings; the deputation to Lord Granville; the inauguration of the Royal Colonial Institute; and the Conference of '71. In the following year, Lord Beaconsfield made his great speech at the Crystal Palace, and modern Imperialism was born. Thus, between the letter quoted by Lord Rosebery and Disraeli's first utterance as an Empire-builder, exactly two decades had passed. Compared to the lightning changes to which Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Chamberlain have accustomed us, it may be described as a growth of centuries.

"The fact is that Lord Beaconsfield's Imperialism was mainly European and Asiatic, and it was not as the newer Imperialism is, not merely European and Asiatic, but American, African, and Australasian as well." If this means anything at all, it means that, as the Liberal Party had put back the clock of Colonial Imperialism for a generation, the only field left open to Lord Beaconsfield was India. How magnificently he took advantage of it all the world knows. The influence of those master-strokes of policy—the adoption by the Queen of the title of Empress, and the summoning of Indian troops to Europe—was felt from Cape Comorin to the snows of the Himalayas, and from there westwards to St. Petersburg. In the Peninsula it strengthened loyalty to British rule, producing, ten years later, that unique feature in history, a force voluntarily raised and maintained by tributary States. In Russia it brought home to the Government the homogeneity of the Empire. Sixteen years have elapsed since the greatest of all modern Imperialists was gathered to his fathers. How much has been done by English statesmen, to further what Lord Rosebery calls "American, African, and Australasian Imperialism"? Almost nothing.

But *was* Lord Beaconsfield's Imperialism "Asiatic"? Let the Colonies speak for themselves. On 29th July, '78, a meeting, called together by the Mayor, was held in the Town Hall, Melbourne, to congratulate the English Premier on his success at the Congress of Berlin. The chief speakers were Sir James Service, the Premier of Victoria, Mr. Francis, and Mr. Gaunson, a young and rising politician of the new generation. *The Argus* hoped "the meeting would convince the Earl of Beaconsfield and his colleagues of the strength of the Imperial sentiment . . . and help to invigorate the feeling in England in favour of closer union." At Sydney, a similar meeting was held, the chief speakers being Sir James Martin, the Chief Justice, Mr., afterwards Sir George, Dibbs, Sir John Hay, President of the Legislative Council, and Sir Saul Samuel, the present Agent-General of New South Wales. In Brisbane the chief speakers were the Hon. H. E. King, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the Premier, Mr. Douglas, and the Leader of the Opposition, Sir Thomas M'Ilwraith. There were also meetings at Adelaide, Perth, Newcastle, Ballarat, and Roma. That is to say, every town of any size on the Australian Continent moved that congratulatory telegrams be sent to Lord Beaconsfield, and an illuminated address by the following mail. The miners of New Zealand, the lumbermen of Canada—everywhere throughout the length and breadth of the Empire men met together to do honour to the Minister who had raised England to her old place among the nations. Has any other English statesman received an address from even one Colonial town congratulating him on an Imperial achievement? Has it not been exactly the reverse? And what of Lord Rosebery's "amazing" utterance now?

C. DE THIERRY ("Colonial").

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

XXIII.

MAISIE slept long and late ; she instantly recognised lateness in the way her eyes opened to Mrs. Wix, erect, completely dressed, more dressed than ever, and gazing at her from the centre of the room. The next thing she was sitting straight up, wide awake with the fear of the hours of "abroad" that she might have lost. Mrs. Wix looked as if the day already made itself felt, and the process of catching up with it began for Maisie with hearing her distinctly say :—"My poor dear, he has come !"

"Sir Claude?" Maisie, clearing the little bed-rug with the width of her spring, felt the polished floor under her bare feet.

"He crossed in the night ; he got in early." Mrs. Wix's head jerked stiffly backward. "He's there."

"And you've seen him?"

"No. He's there—he's there!" Mrs. Wix repeated. Her voice came out with a queer extinction that was not a voluntary drop, and she trembled so that it added to their common emotion. "He's there—he's there!" she declared once more, making on the child, with an almost invidious tug, a strained undergarment "meet."

"Do you mean he's in the *salon*?" Maisie asked again.

"He's *with* her," Mrs. Wix desolately said. "He's with her," she reiterated.

"Do you mean in her own room?" Maisie continued.

She waited an instant. "God knows!"

Maisie wondered a little why or how God should know ; this, however, delayed but an instant her bringing out :—"Well, won't she go back?"

"Go back? Never!"

"She'll stay all the same?"

"All the more."

"Then won't Sir Claude go?" Maisie asked.

"Go back—if *she* doesn't?" Mrs. Wix appeared to give this question the benefit of a minute's thought. "Why should he have come—only to go back?"

Maisie produced an ingenious solution. "To make her go. To take her."

Mrs. Wix met it without a concession. "If he can make her go so easily, why should he have let her come?"

Maisie considered. "Oh, just to see me. She has a right."

"Yes—she has a right."

"She's my mother!" Maisie tentatively tittered.

"Yes—she's your mother."

"Besides," Maisie went on, "he didn't let her come. He doesn't like her coming; and if he doesn't like it——"

Mrs. Wix took her up. "He must lump it—that's what he must do! Your mother was right about him—I mean your real one. He has no strength. No—none at all." She seemed more profoundly to muse. "He might have had some even with *her*—I mean with her ladyship. He's just a poor, sunk slave," she asserted with sudden energy.

Maisie wondered again. "A slave?"

"To his passions."

She continued to wonder, but that only added to the emphasis with which she presently said: "Well, I'm ready to see him."

Mrs. Wix spoke again as if without having heard her. "It's tremendously grave."

"It is—it is." Maisie treated it as if she were at last dressed quite up to the occasion; as if, indeed, with the final touch she had put on the judgment-cap. "I must see him immediately."

"How can you see him if he doesn't send for you?"

"Why can't I go and find him?"

"Because you don't know where he is."

"Can't I just look in the *salon*?" That still seemed simple to Maisie.

Mrs. Wix, however, instantly cut it off. "I wouldn't have you look in the *salon* for all the world!" Then she explained a little. "The *salon* isn't ours now."

"Ours?"

"Yours and mine. It's theirs."

"Theirs? You mean they want to keep us out?"

"They ought to, at least. The situation's too monstrous!"

Maisie stood there a moment—she looked about the room. "I'll go to him—I'll find him."

"I won't! I won't go *near* them!" cried Mrs. Wix.

"Then I'll see him alone." The child spied what she had been looking for—she possessed herself of her hat. "Perhaps I'll take him out!" And, with decision, she quitted the room.

When she entered the *salon* it was empty, but at the sound of the opened door some one stirred on the balcony, and Sir Claude, stepping straight in, stood before her. He was in light, fresh clothes and wore a straw hat with a bright ribbon; these things, besides striking her in themselves as the very promise of the grandest of grand tours, gave him a certain radiance and, as it were, a tropical ease; but such an effect only marked rather more his having stopped short and for a longer minute than had ever at such a juncture elapsed not opened his arms to her. The next minute, indeed, it was as if he caught an impression from her face: this made him hold out his hand. Then they met, he kissed her, he laughed, she thought he even blushed; something of his affection rang out as usual. "Here I am, you see, again—as I promised you."

It was not as he had promised them—he had not promised them Mrs. Beale; but Maisie said nothing about that. What she said was simply: "I knew you had come. Mrs. Wix told me."

"Oh, yes. And where is she?"

"In her room. She got me up—she dressed me."

Sir Claude looked at her up and down; a sweetness of mockery that she particularly loved came out in his face whenever he did that, and it was not wanting now. He raised his eyebrows and his arms to play at admiration; he was evidently, after all, disposed to be gay. "Got you up?—I should think so! She has dressed you most beautifully. Isn't she coming?"

Maisie wondered if she had better tell. "She said not."

"Doesn't she want to see a poor devil?"

She looked about, under the vibration of the way he described himself, and her eyes rested on the door of the room he had previously occupied. "Is Mrs. Beale in there?"

Sir Claude looked blankly at the same object. "I haven't the least idea!"

"You haven't seen her?"

"Not the tip of her nose."

Maisie thought ; there settled on her, in the light of his beautiful smiling eyes, the faintest, purest, coldest conviction that he was not telling the truth. "She hasn't welcomed you?"

"Not by a single sign."

"Then where is she?"

Sir Claude laughed ; he seemed both amused and surprised at the point she made of it. "I give it up."

"Doesn't she know you've come?"

He laughed again. "Perhaps she doesn't care!"

Maisie, with an inspiration, pounced on his arm. "Has she *gone*?"

He met her eyes, and then she could see that his own were really much graver than his manner. "Gone?" She had flown to the door, but before she could raise her hand to knock he was beside her and had caught it. "Let her be. I don't care about her. I want to see *you*."

Maisie fell back with him. "Then she *hasn't* gone?"

He still looked as if it were a joke, but the more she saw of him the more she could make out that he was troubled. "It wouldn't be like her!"

She stood looking up at him. "Did you want her to come?"

"How can you suppose——?" He put it to her candidly. "We had an immense row over it."

"Do you mean you've quarrelled?"

Sir Claude hesitated. "What has she told you?"

"That I'm hers as much as yours. That she represents papa."

His gaze struck away through the open window and up to the sky ; she could hear him rattle in his trousers pocket his money or his keys. "Yes—that's what she keeps saying." It gave him for a moment an air that was almost helpless.

"You say you don't care about her," Maisie went on. "*Do* you mean you've quarrelled?"

"We do nothing in life but quarrel."

He rose before her as he said this, so soft and fair, so rich, in spite of what might worry him, in restored familiarities, that it gave a bright blur to the meaning—to what would otherwise, perhaps, have been the tangible promise—of the words. "Oh, *your* quarrels!" she exclaimed with discouragement.

"I assure hers are quite fearful!"

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"I don't speak of hers. I speak of yours."

"Ah, don't do it till I've had my coffee! You're growing up clever," he added. Then he said: "I suppose you've breakfasted?"

"Oh no—I've had nothing."

"Nothing in your room"—he was all compunction. "My dear old man!—we'll breakfast then together." He had one of his happy thoughts. "I say—we'll go out."

"That was just what I hoped. I've brought my hat."

"You *are* clever! We'll go to a café." Maisie was already at the door; he glanced round the room. "A moment—my stick." But there appeared to be no stick. "No matter; I left it—oh!" He remembered, with an odd drop, and came out.

"You left it in London?" she asked as they went downstairs.

"Yes—in London: fancy!"

"You were in such a hurry to come," Maisie explained.

He had his arm round her. "That must have been the reason." Half way down he stopped short again, slapping his leg. "And poor Mrs. Wix!"

Maisie's face just showed a shadow. "Do you want her to come?"

"Dear, no—I want to see you alone."

"That's the way I want to see *you*!" she replied. "Like before."

"Like before!" he gaily echoed. "But I mean has she had her coffee?"

"No, nothing."

"Then I'll send it up to her. Madame!" He had already, at the foot of the stair, called out to the stout *patronne*, a lady who turned to him from the bustling, breezy hall a countenance covered with fresh matutinal powder, and a bosom as capacious as the velvet shelf of a chimneypiece, over which her round white face, framed in its golden frizzle, might have figured as a showy clock. He ordered, with particular recommendations, Mrs. Wix's repast, and it was a charm to hear his easy, brilliant French: even his companion's ignorance could measure the perfection of it. The *patronne*, rubbing her hands and breaking in with high, swift notes as into a florid duet, went with him to the street, and while they talked a moment longer Maisie remembered what Mrs. Wix had said about every one's liking him. It came out enough through the morning powder, it came out enough in the heaving bosom, how the landlady liked him. He had evidently ordered something lovely for Mrs. Wix. "*Et bien soigné, n'est-ce-pas?*"

"*Soyez tranquille*"—the *patronne* beamed upon him. "*Et pour madame?*"

"*Madame?*" he echoed—it just pulled him up a little.

"*Rien encore?*"

"*Rien encore.* Come, Maisie." She hurried along with him, but on the way to the café he said nothing.

After they were seated there it was different: the place was not below the hotel, but farther along the quay; with wide, clear windows, and a floor sprinkled with bran in a manner that gave it for Maisie something of the added charm of a circus. Sir Claude presently began to talk again, to tell her how London had looked, and how long he had felt himself, on either side, to have been absent; all about Susan Ash, too, and the amusement as well as the difficulty he had had with her; then all about his return journey and the Channel in the night and the crowd of people coming over, and the way there were always too many one knew. He spoke of other matters beside, especially of what she must tell him of the occupations while he was away of Mrs. Wix and her pupil. Hadn't they had the good time he had promised?—had he exaggerated a bit the arrangements made for their pleasure? Maisie had something—not all there was—to say of his success and of their gratitude: she had a complication of thought that grew every minute, grew with the consciousness that she had never seen him in this particular state in which he had been given back. She had seen him nervous, she had seen every one she had come in contact with nervous, but she had never seen him so nervous as this. Little by little it gave her a settled terror, a terror that partook of the coldness she had felt just before, at the hotel, to find herself on his answer about Mrs. Beale disbelieve him. She seemed to see at present, to touch across the table, as if by laying her hand on it, what he had meant when he confessed on those several occasions to fear. Why was such a man so often afraid? It must have begun to come to her now that there was one thing just such a man above all could be afraid of. He could be afraid of himself. His fear at all events was there: his fear was sweet to her, beautiful and tender to her, was having coffee and buttered rolls and talk and laughter that were no talk and laughter at all with her; his fear was in his jesting, postponing, perverting voice; it was in just this make-believe way he had brought her out to imitate the old London playtimes, to imitate indeed a relation that had wholly

changed, a relation that she had with her very eyes seen in the act of change when, the day before in the *salon*, Mrs. Beale rose suddenly before her.

"Do you mind," he broke out, "my asking you what Mrs. Wix has said to you?"

"Said to me?"

"This day or two, while I was away."

"Do you mean about you and Mrs. Beale?" Maisie felt the weight of the question. "Nothing," she rejoined at last.

He looked up in surprise. "Nothing?"

"Nothing," Maisie repeated; on which an interruption descended in the form of a tray bearing the preparations for their breakfast

These preparations were as amusing as everything else: the waiter poured their coffee from a vessel like a watering-pot, and then made it froth with the curved stream of hot milk that dropped from the height of his raised arm; but the two looked across at each other through the whole play of French pleasantness with a gravity that had now ceased to dissemble. "Hasn't she tried to affect you?" Sir Claude then asked.

Face to face with him thus it seemed to Maisie that she had tried so little as to be scarce worth mentioning; again therefore an instant she shut herself up. Presently she found her middle course. "Mrs. Beale likes her now; and there's one thing I've found out—a great thing. Mrs. Wix enjoys her being so kind. She was tremendously kind all day yesterday."

"I see. And what did she do?" Sir Claude asked.

"Everything she could think of. She was as nice to her as you are," the child said. "She talked to her all day."

"And what did she say to her?"

"Oh, I don't know. She made love to her."

"And did she make love to *you*?"

"No—to me she said very little. Very little indeed," Maisie continued.

"She was only sweet to Mrs. Wix?"

"As sweet as sugar."

Sir Claude looked amused at the comparison, but didn't contest it; he uttered on the contrary in an assenting way a little inarticulate sound. "I know what she *can* be. But much good may it have done her! Mrs. Wix won't come round. That's what makes it so fearfully

awkward." He eyed his companion hard; then made a visible effort. "Should you see your way to let her go?"

Maisie was bewildered. "To let who——?"

"Mrs. Wix simply. I put it at the worst. Should you see your way to sacrifice her? Of course I know what I'm asking."

Maisie's eyes opened wide again; this was so different from what she had expected. "And stay with you alone?"

He gave a push to his coffee-cup. "With me and Mrs. Beale. Of course it would be rather rum; but everything in our whole story is rather rum, you know. What's more unusual than for any one to be given up, like you, by her parents?"

"Oh, nothing is more unusual than *that!*" Maisie concurred, relieved at the contact of a proposition as to which concurrence could have lucidity.

"Of course it would be quite unconventional," Sir Claude went on—"I mean the little household we three should make together; but things have got beyond that, don't you see? They got beyond that long ago. We shall stay abroad at any rate—it's ever so much easier, and it's our affair and nobody else's: it's no one's business but ours on all the blessed earth. I don't say that for Mrs. Wix, poor dear—I do her absolute justice. I respect her; I see what she means; she has done me a lot of good. But there are the facts. There they are simply. And here am I and here are you. And she won't come round. She's right, from her point of view. I'm talking to you in the most extraordinary way—I'm always talking to you in the most extraordinary way, ain't I? One would think you were about sixty, and that I—I don't know what any one would think *I* am. Unless a beastly cad!" he suggested. "I've been awfully worried, and this is what it has come to. You've done us the most tremendous good, and you'll do it still and always, don't you see? We can't let you go—you're everything. There are the facts as I say. She *is* your mother now, Mrs. Beale, by what has happened, and I, in the same way, I'm your father. No one can contradict that and we can't get out of it. My idea would be a nice little place—somewhere in the south—where she and you would be together and as good as any one else. And I should be as good, too, don't you see? for I shouldn't live with you, but I should be close to you—just round the corner, and it would be just the same. My idea would be that it should all be perfectly open and frank. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, don't you know?"

You're the best thing—you and what we can do for you—that either of us has ever known:" he came back to that. "When I say to her,

'Give her up, come,' she lets me have it bang in the face: 'Give her up yourself!' It's the same old vicious circle—and when I say vicious I don't mean a pun or what-d'ye-call-'em. Mrs. Wix is the obstacle—I mean, you know, if she has affected you. She has affected *me* and yet here I am. I never was in such a tight place: please believe it's only that that makes me put it to you as I do. My dear child, isn't that—to put it so—just the way out of it? That came to me yesterday in London after Mrs. Beale had gone: I had the most infernal, atrocious day. 'Go straight over and put it to her: let her choose freely her own self.' So I do, old girl—I put it to you. *Can* you choose freely?"

This long address, slowly and brokenly uttered, with fidgets and falterings, lapses and recoveries, mottled face and embarrassed but supplicating eyes, reached the child from a quarter so close that after the shock of the first sharpness she could see intensely its direction and follow it from point to point; all the more that it came back to the point at which it had started. There was a word that had hummed all through it. "Do you call it a 'sacrifice'?"

"Of Mrs. Wix? I'll call it whatever *you* call it. I won't funk it—I haven't, have it? I'll face it in all its baseness. Does it strike you it *is* base for me to get you well away from her, to smuggle you off here into a corner and bribe you with sophistries and buttered rolls to betray her?"

"To betray her?"

"Well—to part with her."

Maisie let the question wait; the concrete image it presented was the most vivid side of it. "If I part with her where will she go?"

"Back to London."

"But I mean what will she do?"

"Oh, as for that I won't pretend I know. I don't. We all have our difficulties."

That, to Maisie, was at this moment more striking than it had ever been. "Then who will teach me?"

Sir Claude laughed out. "What Mrs. Wix teaches?"

Maisie smiled dimly; she saw what he meant. "It isn't so very, very much."

"It's so very, very little," he rejoined, "that that's a thing we've

positively to consider. We probably shouldn't give you another governess. To begin with, we shouldn't be able to get one—not of the only kind that would do. It wouldn't do—the kind that *would* do,” he queerly enough explained. “I mean they wouldn't stay—heigh-ho! We'd do you ourselves. Particularly me. You see I *can* now; I haven't got to mind—what I used to. I won't fight shy as I did—she can show out *with* me. Our relation all round is more regular.”

It seemed wonderfully regular, the way he put it; yet none the less while she looked at it as judiciously as she could the picture it made persisted somehow in being a combination quite distinct—an old woman and a little girl seated in deep silence on a battered old bench by the rampart of the *haute ville*. It was just at that hour yesterday; they were hand in hand; they had melted together. “I don't think you yet understand how she clings to you,” Maisie said at last.

“I do—I do. But for all that——!” And he gave, turning in his conscious exposure, an oppressed, impatient sigh; the sigh, even his companion could recognise, of the man naturally accustomed to that argument, the man who wanted thoroughly to be reasonable, but who, if really he had to mind so many things, would be always impossibly hampered. What it came to indeed was that he understood quite perfectly. If Mrs. Wix clung, it was all the more reason for shaking Mrs. Wix off. He came back to his question. “*Can* you choose? I mean can you settle it by a word yourself? Will you stay on with us without her?”

Now, in truth, she felt the coldness of her terror, and it seemed to her that suddenly she knew, as she knew it about Sir Claude, what she was afraid of. She was afraid of Maisie Farange. She looked at him in such a way that it brought, she could see, wonder into his face, a wonder held in check, however, by his frank pretension to play fair with her, not to use advantages, not to hurry nor hustle her—only to put her chance clearly and kindly before her. “May I think?” she finally asked.

“Certainly, certainly. But how long?”

“Oh, only a little while,” she said meekly.

He had for a moment the air of wishing to look at it as if it were the most cheerful prospect in the world. “But what shall we do while you're thinking?” He spoke as if thought were compatible with almost any distraction.

There was but one thing Maisie wished to do, and after an instant she expressed it. "Have we got to go back to the hotel?"

"Do you want to?"

"Oh no."

"There's not the least necessity for it." He bent his eyes on his watch; his face was now very grave. "We can do anything else in the world." He looked at her again almost as if he were on the point of saying that they might for instance start off for Paris. But even while she wondered if that were not coming he had a sudden drop. "We can take a walk."

She was all ready, but he sat there as if he had still something more to say. This too, however, didn't arrive, so she herself spoke. "I think I should like to see Mrs. Wix first."

"Before you decide? All right—all right. Come!"

XXIV.

She remained out with him for a time of which she could take no measure, save that it was too short for what she wished to make of it—an interval, a barrier indefinite, insurmountable. They walked about, they dawdled, they looked in shop-windows; they did all the old things exactly as if to try to get back all the old safety, to get something out of them that they had always got before. This had come before, whatever it was, without their trying, and nothing came now but the intenser consciousness of their quest and their subterfuge. The strangest thing of all was what had really happened to the old safety. What had really happened was that Sir Claude was "free" and that Mrs. Beale was "free," and yet that the new medium was somehow still more oppressive than the old. She met at present no demand whatever of her obligation to see Mrs. Wix again; she simply plunged, to avoid it, deeper into the company of Sir Claude. She saw nothing that she had seen hitherto—no touch in the foreign picture that had at first been always before her. The only touch was that of her companion's hand, and to feel her own in it was her mute resistance to time. She went about as sightlessly as if he had been leading her blindfold. If they were afraid of themselves, it was themselves they would find at the inn. All her instinct was to avoid that, to draw out their walk, to find pretexts, to take him down upon the sands, to take him to the end of the pier. He said not another word

to her about what they had talked of at breakfast, and she had a dim vision of how his way of not letting her see that he was waiting for anything from her would make any one who should know of it, would make Mrs. Wix, for instance, think him more than ever a gentleman. At last, at the far end of the *plage*, which they had already, in the many-coloured crowd, once traversed, he suddenly, with a look at his watch, remarked that it was time, not to get back to the *table d'hôte* luncheon, but to get over to the station and meet the Paris papers. On the way to the station she had a mental picture of the stepfather and the pupil established in a little place in the south, while the governess and the stepmother, in a little place in the north, remained linked by a community of blankness and by the endless theme of intercourse it would afford. The Paris papers had come in, and her companion, with a strange extravagance, bought no less of them than nine: it took up time while they hovered at the bookstall on the restless platform, where the little volumes in a row were all yellow and pink, and one of her favourite old women, in one of her favourite old caps, absolutely wheedled him into the purchase of three. They had thus so much to carry home that it would have seemed simpler, with such a provision for a nice straight journey through France, just to "nip," as she phrased it to herself, into the *coupé* of the train that, a little further along, stood waiting to start. She asked Sir Claude where it was going.

"To Paris. Fancy!"

She could fancy well enough. They stood there and smiled, he with all the newspapers under his arm, and she with the three books, one yellow and two pink. He had told her the pink were for herself and the yellow one for Mrs. Beale, implying in an interesting way that these were in France the vivid divisions of literature for the young and for the old. She knew that they looked exactly as if they were going to get into the train, and she presently brought out to her companion: "I wish we could go. Won't you take me?"

"Would you really come?"

"Oh yes, oh yes. Try."

"Do you want me to take our tickets?"

"Yes, take them."

"Without any luggage?"

She showed their two armfuls, smiling at him as he smiled at her, but so conscious of being more frightened than she had ever been in

her life that she seemed to see her own whiteness as in a glass. Then she knew that what she saw was Sir Claude's whiteness: he was as frightened as herself. "Haven't we got plenty?" she asked. "Take the tickets—haven't you time? When does the train go?"

Sir Claude turned to a porter. "When does the train go?"

The man looked up at the station clock. "In two minutes. *Monsieur est placé?*"

"*Pas encore.*"

"*Et vos billets?—vous n'avez que le temps.*" Then, after a look at Maisie, "*Monsieur, veut-il que je les prenne?*" the man inquired.

Sir Claude turned back to her. "*Veux-tu bien qu'il en prenne?*"

It was the most extraordinary thing in the world: in the intensity of her excitement she not only, by illumination, understood all their French, but fell into it with an active perfection. She addressed herself straight to the porter: "*Prenny, prenny. Oh, prenny!*"

"*Ah, si mademoiselle le veut—!*" He waited there for the money.

But Sir Claude only stared—stared at her with his white face. "You *have* chosen, then? You'll let her go?"

Maisie carried her eyes wistfully to the train where, amid cries of "*En voiture, en voiture!*" heads were at windows and doors were banging aloud. The porter was pressing. "*Oh, vous n'avez plus le temps!*"

"It's going—it's going!" cried Maisie.

They watched it move, they watched it start; then the man went his way with a shrug. "It's gone!" Sir Claude said.

Maisie crept some distance up the platform; she stood there with her back to her companion, following it with her eyes, keeping down tears, nursing her pink and yellow books. She had had a real fright, but had fallen back to earth. The odd thing was that in her fall her fear, too, had been dashed down and broken. It was gone. She looked round at last, from where she had paused, at Sir Claude's, and then she saw that his was not. It sat there with him on the bench to which, against the wall of the station, he had retreated, and where, leaning back and, as she thought, rather queer, he still waited. She came down to him, and he continued to offer his ineffectual intention of pleasantry. "Yes, I've chosen," she said to him. "I'll let her go if you—if you——"

She faltered. He quickly took her up. "If I—if I——?"

‘If you’ll give up Mrs. Beale.’

“Oh!” he exclaimed; on which she saw how much, how hopelessly he was afraid. He was afraid of his weakness—of his weakness.

She could not have told you afterwards how they got back to the inn: she could only have told you that even from this point they had not gone straight, but once more had wandered and loitered, and in the course of it had found themselves on the edge of the quay, where—still, apparently, with half an hour to spare—the boat prepared for Folkestone was drawn up. Here they hovered as they had done at the station; here they exchanged silences again, but only exchanged silences. There were punctual people on the deck, choosing places, taking the best; some of them already contented, all established and shawled, facing to England and attended by the steward, who, confined on such a day to the lighter offices, tucked up the ladies’ feet or opened bottles with a pop. They looked down at these things without a word; they even picked out a good place for two that was left in the lee of a lifeboat; and if they lingered rather stupidly, neither deciding to go aboard nor deciding to come away, it was, quite as much as she, Sir Claude who wouldn’t move. It was Sir Claude who cultivated the supreme stillness by which she knew best what he meant. He simply meant that he knew all she herself meant. When at last they lounged off, it was as if his fear, his fear of his weakness, leaned upon her heavily as they followed the harbour. In the hall of the hotel, as they passed in, she saw a battered old box that she recognised, an ancient receptacle with dangling labels that she knew, and a big painted W, lately done over and intensely personal, that seemed to stare at her with a recognition, and even with some suspicion, of its own. Sir Claude caught it, too, and there was agitation for both of them in the sight of this object on the move. Was Mrs. Wix going, and was the responsibility of giving her up lifted, at a touch, from her pupil? Her pupil and her pupil’s companion, transfixed a moment, held, in the presence of the omen, communication more intense than in the presence either of the Paris train or of the Channel steamer; then, and still without a word, they went straight upstairs. There, however, on the landing, out of sight of the people below, they collapsed so that they had to sink down together for support: they simply seated themselves on the uppermost step, while Sir Claude grasped the hand of his stepdaughter with a pressure that at another moment would probably have made her squeal. Their books and papers were all scattered. “She thinks you’ve given her up!”

"Then I must see her—I must see her," Maisie said.

"To bid her good-bye?"

"I must see her—I must see her," the child only repeated.

They sat a minute longer, Sir Claude with his tight grip of her hand and looking away from her, looking straight down the staircase to where, round the turn, electric bells rattled and the pleasant sea-draught blew. At last, loosening his grasp, he slowly got up, and she did the same. They went together along the lobby, but before they reached the *salon* he stopped again. "If I give up Mrs. Beale——?"

"I'll go straight out with you again, and not come back till she has gone."

He seemed to wonder. "Till Mrs. Beale——?"

He had made it sound like a bad joke. "I mean till Mrs. Wix leaves—in that boat."

Sir Claude looked almost foolish. "Is she going in that boat?"

"I suppose so. I won't even bid her good-bye," Maisie continued. "I'll stay out till the boat has gone. I'll go up to the old rampart."

"The old rampart?"

"I'll sit on that old bench where you see the gold Virgin."

"The gold Virgin?" he vaguely echoed. But it brought his eyes back to her, as if, after an instant, he could see the place and the thing she named—could see her sitting there alone. Oh, with what a face, for an instant, he wondered if that could be! He pushed open the door, and she went in with him. The *salon* was empty, but as an effect of their entrance Mrs. Beale appeared at the door of the bedroom. "Is she going?" he then demanded.

Mrs. Beale came forward, closing her door behind her. "I've had the most extraordinary scene with her. She told me yesterday she'd stay."

"And my arrival has altered it?"

"Oh, we took that into account! She promised she'd stay even if you should come."

"Then why has she changed?"

"Because she's an idiot. The reason she herself gives is that you've been out too long."

Sir Claude stared. "What has that to do with it?"

"You've been out an age," Mrs. Beale continued; "I myself couldn't imagine what had become of you. The whole morning," she exclaimed, "and luncheon long since over!"

Sir Claude appeared indifferent to that. "Did Mrs. Wix go down with you?" he only asked.

"Not she; she never budged!"—and Mrs. Beale's flush, to Maisie's vision, deepened. "She moped there—she didn't so much as come out to me; and when I sent to invite her she simply declined to appear. She said she wanted nothing, and I went down alone. But when I came up, fortunately a little primed"—and Mrs. Beale smiled a fine smile of battle—"she *was* in the field!"

"And you had a big row?"

"We had a big row"—she assented with a frankness as large. "And while you left me to that sort of thing, I should like to know where you were!" She paused for a reply, but Sir Claude merely looked at Maisie; a movement that promptly quickened her challenge. "Where the mischief have you been?"

"You seem to take it as hard as Mrs. Wix," Sir Claude returned.

"I take it as I choose to take it, and you don't answer my question."

He looked again at Maisie, and as if for an aid to this effort; whereupon she smiled at her stepmother, and offered: "We've been everywhere."

Sir Claude consulted his watch. "I had no idea it was so late, nor that we had been out so long. We weren't hungry. It passed like a flash. What *has* come up?"

"Oh, that she's disgusted," said Mrs. Beale.

"Disgusted? With whom?"

"With Maisie." Even now she never glanced at the child, who stood there equally associated and disconnected. "For having no moral sense."

"How *should* she have?" Sir Claude tried again to shine a little at the companion of his walk. "How, at any rate, is it proved by her going out with me?"

"Don't ask *me*; ask that woman. She drivels when she doesn't rage," Mrs. Beale declared.

"And she leaves the child?"

"She leaves the child," said Mrs. Beale with great emphasis, and looking more than ever over Maisie's head.

In this position suddenly a change came into her face, caused, as the others could the next thing see, by the reappearance of Mrs. Wix in the doorway which, on coming in at Sir Claude's heels, Maisie had left

gaping. "I *don't* leave the child—I don't, I don't!" she thundered from the threshold, advancing upon the opposed three, but addressing herself directly to Maisie. She was girded, positively harnessed for departure, arrayed as she had been arrayed on her advent, and armed with a small, fat, rusty reticule which, almost in the manner of a battle-axe, she brandished in support of her words. She had clearly come straight from her room, where Maisie in an instant guessed she had directed the removal of her minor effects. "I don't leave you till I've given you another chance: will you come *with* me?"

Maisie turned to Sir Claude, who struck her as having been removed to a distance of about a mile. "Will *you* come? Won't you?" she inquired, as if she had not already seen that she should have to give him up. It was the last flare of her dream; by this time she was afraid of nothing.

"I should think you'd be too proud to ask," Mrs. Wix interposed. Mrs. Wix was herself conspicuously too proud.

But at the child's words Mrs. Beale had fairly bounded with a wail of dismay and reproach. "Don't be silly and cruel, dear, but go straight to your room and wait there till I can come to you."

Maisie made no motion to obey, but Mrs. Wix raised a hand that forestalled every evasion. "Don't move till you've heard me. *I'm* going, but I must first understand. Have you lost it again?"

Maisie surveyed, for the idea of a particular loss, the immensity of space. Then she replied, lamely enough: "I feel as if I had lost everything."

Mrs. Wix looked dark. "Do you mean to say you *have* lost what we found together with so much difficulty two days ago?" As her pupil failed of response, she continued: "Do you mean to say you've already forgotten what we found together?"

Maisie dimly remembered. "My moral sense?"

"Your moral sense. *Haven't* I, after all, brought it out?" She spoke as she had never spoken even in the schoolroom, and with the book in her hand.

It brought back to the child's recollection of how sometimes she couldn't repeat on Friday the sentence that had been glib on Wednesday, and she thought with conscious stupidity of the mystery on which she was now pulled up. The only thing was the old, flat, shameful school-room plea. "I don't know—I don't know."

"Then you've lost it." Mrs. Wix seemed to close the book as she

fixed the straighteners on Sir Claude. "You've nipped it in the bud, sir. You've killed it when it had begun to live."

She was a newer Mrs. Wix than ever, a Mrs. Wix high and great ; but Sir Claude was not, after all, to be treated as a little boy with a missed lesson. "I've not killed anything," he said ; "on the contrary, I think I've produced life. I don't know what to call it—I haven't even known how decently to deal with it, to approach it ; but, whatever it is, it's the most beautiful thing I've ever met—it's exquisite, it's sacred." He had his hands in his pockets, and, though a trace of the sickness he had just shown still perhaps lingered there, his face bent itself with extraordinary gentleness on both the friends he was about to lose. "Do you know what I came back for?" he asked of the elder.

"I think I do!" cried Mrs. Wix, while Mrs. Beale uttered a loud, inarticulate protest, and, averting herself, stood a moment at the window.

"I came back with a proposal," said Sir Claude.

"To me?" Mrs. Wix asked.

"To Maisie. That she should give you up."

"And does she?"

Sir Claude wavered. "Tell her!" he then exclaimed to the child, also turning away as if to give her the chance. But Mrs. Wix and her pupil stood confronted in silence, Maisie whiter than ever—more awkward, more rigid, and yet more dumb. They looked at each other hard, and as nothing came from them Sir Claude faced about again. "You won't tell her?—you can't?" Still she said nothing ; whereupon, addressing Mrs. Wix, he broke into a kind of ecstasy. "She refused—she refused!"

Maisie, at this, found her voice. "I didn't refuse. I didn't," she repeated.

It brought Mrs. Beale straight back to her. "You accepted, angel—you accepted!" She threw herself upon the child, and, before Maisie could resist, had sunk with her upon the sofa, possessed of her, encircling her. "You've given her up already, you've given her up for ever, and you're ours and ours only now, and the sooner she's off the better!"

Maisie had shut her eyes, but at a word of Sir Claude's they opened "Let her go!" he said to Mrs. Beale.

"Never, never, never!" cried Mrs. Beale. Maisie felt herself more compressed.

"Let her go!" Sir Claude more intensely repeated. He was looking

at Mrs. Beale, and there was something in his voice. Maisie knew, from a loosening of arms, that she had become conscious of what it was ; she slowly rose from the sofa, and the child stood there again, dropped and divided. "You're free—you're free!" Sir Claude went on ; at which Maisie's back became aware of a push that vented resentment, and that placed her again in the centre of the room, the cynosure of every eye, and not knowing which way to turn.

She turned with an effort to Mrs. Wix. "I didn't refuse to give you up. I said I would if *he'd* give up——"

"Give up Mrs. Beale?" burst from Mrs. Wix.

"Give up Mrs. Beale. What do you call that but exquisite?" Sir Claude demanded of all of them, the lady mentioned included ; speaking with a relish as intense, now, as if some lovely work of art or of nature had suddenly been set down among them. He was rapidly recovering himself on this basis of fine appreciation. "She made her condition—with such a sense of what it should be! She made the only right one."

"The only right one?"—Mrs. Beale returned to the charge. She had taken a moment before a snub from him, but she was not to be snubbed on this. "How can you talk such rubbish, and how can you back her up in such impertinence? What in the world have you done to her to make her think of such stuff?" She stood there in righteous wrath ; she flashed her eyes round the circle, and Maisie took them full in her own. "*Have* you made, my own love, any such condition as that?"

"Will you give *him* up? Will you?" the child asked.

"Ah, leave her alone—leave her, leave her!" Sir Claude, in sudden supplication, murmured to Mrs. Beale.

Mrs. Wix, at the same instant, found another apostrophe. "Isn't it enough for you, madam, to have brought her to discussing your relations?"

Mrs. Beale left Sir Claude unheeded, but Mrs. Wix could make her flame. "My relations? What do you know, you hideous creature, about my relations, and what business on earth have you to speak of them? Leave the room this instant, you horrible old woman!"

"I think you had better go—you must really catch your boat," Sir Claude said distressfully to Mrs. Wix. "Won't you start—won't you just get off quickly?"

"With the child as quickly as you like. Not without *her*." Mrs. Wix was adamant.

"Then why did you lie to me, you fiend?" Mrs. Beale almost yelled. "Why did you tell me an hour ago that you had given her up?"

"Because I despaired of her—because I thought she had left me." Mrs. Wix turned to Maisie. "You were *with* them—in their connexion. But now your eyes are open, and I take you!"

"No, you don't!" and Mrs. Beale made, with a great fierce jump, a wild snatch at her stepdaughter. She caught her by the arm and, completing an instinctive movement, whirled her round in a further leap to the door, which had been closed by Sir Claude the instant their voices had risen. She fell back against it and, even while denouncing and waving off Mrs. Wix, kept it closed in an incoherence of passion. "You don't take her, but you bundle yourself; she stays with her own people and she's rid of you! I never heard anything so monstrous!" Sir Claude had rescued Maisie and kept hold of her; he held her in front of him, resting his hands very lightly on her shoulders and facing the loud adversaries. Mrs. Beale's flush had dropped; she had turned pale with a splendid wrath. She kept protesting and dismissing Mrs. Wix; she glued her back to the door to prevent Maisie's flight; she drove out Mrs. Wix by the window or the chimney. "You're a nice one—'discussing relations'—with your talk of our 'connexion' and your insults! What in the world is our connexion but the love of the child, who is our duty and our life, and who holds us together as closely as she originally brought us?"

"I know, I know!" Maisie said with a burst of eagerness. "I did bring you."

The strangest of laughs escaped from Sir Claude. "You did bring us—you did!" His hands went up and down gently on her shoulders.

Mrs. Wix so dominated the situation that she had something sharp for every one. "There you have it, you see!" she pregnantly remarked to her pupil.

"*Will* you give him up?" Maisie persisted to Mrs. Beale.

"To *you*, you abominable little horror?" that lady indignantly inquired, "and to this ignorant old demon who has filled your dreadful little mind with her wickedness? Have you been a hideous little hypocrite all these years that I've slaved to make you love me, and deludedly believed that you did?"

"I love Sir Claude—I love *him*," Maisie replied with a sense, slightly rueful and embarrassed, that she appeared to offer it as something that

would do as well. Sir Claude had continued to pat her, and it was really an answer to his pats.

"She hates you—she hates you," he observed with the oddest quietness to Mrs. Beale.

His quietness made her blaze. "And you back her up in it and give me up to outrage?"

"No; I only insist that she's free—she's free."

Mrs. Beale stared—Mrs. Beale glared. "Free to starve with this pauper lunatic?"

"I'll do more for her than *you* ever did!" Mrs. Wix cried. "I'll work my fingers to the bone."

Maisie, with Sir Claude's hands still on her shoulders, felt, just as she felt the fine surrender in them, that over her head he looked in a certain way at Mrs. Wix. "You needn't do that," she heard him say; "she has means."

"Means?—Maisie?" Mrs. Beale shrieked. "Means that her vile father has stolen!"

"I'll get them back—I'll get them back; I'll look into it." He smiled and nodded at Mrs. Wix.

This had a fearful effect on his other friend. "Haven't *I* looked into it, I should like to know, and haven't I found an abyss? It's too inconceivable, your cruelty to me!" she wildly broke out. She had hot tears in her eyes.

He spoke to her very kindly, almost coaxingly. "We'll look into it again; we'll look into it together. It *is* an abyss, but he *can* be made—or Ida can! Think of the money they're getting now!" he laughed. "It's all right, it's all right," he continued. "It wouldn't do—it wouldn't do. We *can't* work her in. It's perfectly true—she's unique. We're not good enough—oh no!" and, quite exuberantly, he laughed again.

"Not good enough and that beast *is*?" Mrs. Beale shouted.

At this, for a moment, there was a hush in the room, and in the midst of it Sir Claude replied to the question by moving with Maisie to Mrs. Wix. The next thing the child knew she was at that lady's side with an arm firmly grasped. Mrs. Beale still guarded the door. "Let them pass," said Sir Claude at last.

She remained there, however; Maisie saw the pair look at each other. Then she saw Mrs. Beale turn to her. "I'm your mother now, Maisie. And he's your father."

"That's just where it is!" sighed Mrs. Wix with an effect of irony positively detached and philosophic.

Mrs. Beale continued to address her young friend, and her effort to be reasonable and tender was in its way remarkable. "We're representative, you know, of Mr. Farange and his former wife. This person represents mere illiterate presumption. We take our stand on the law."

"Oh the law, the law!" Mrs. Wix superbly jeered. "You had better indeed let the law have a look at you!"

"Let them pass—let them pass!" Sir Claude pressed his friend—he pleaded.

But she fastened herself still to Maisie. "*Do* you hate me, dearest?"

Maisie looked at her with new eyes, but answered as she had answered before. "Will you give him up?"

Mrs. Beale's rejoinder hung fire, but when it came it was noble. "You shouldn't talk to me of such things!" She was shocked, she was scandalised to tears.

For Mrs. Wix, however, it was her resentment that was the scandal. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she roundly cried.

Sir Claude made a supreme appeal. "Will you be so good as to allow these horrors to terminate?"

Mrs. Beale fixed her eyes on him, and again Maisie watched them. "You should do him justice," Mrs. Wix went on to Mrs. Beale. "We've always been devoted to him, Maisie and I—and he has shown how much he likes us. He would like to please her; he would like even, I think, to please me. But he hasn't given you up."

They stood confronted, the step-parents, still under Maisie's observation. That observation had never sunk so deep as at this particular moment. "Yes, my dear, I haven't given you up," Sir Claude said at last to Mrs. Beale, "and if you'd like me to treat our friends here as solemn witnesses I don't mind giving you my word for it that I never, never will. There!" he dauntlessly exclaimed.

"He can't!" Mrs. Wix as distinctly commented.

Mrs. Beale, erect and alive in her defeat, jerked her handsome face about. "He can't!" she literally mocked.

"He can't, he can't, he can't!" Sir Claude's gay emphasis wonderfully carried it off.

Mrs. Beale took it all in, yet she held her ground; on which Maisie addressed Mrs. Wix. "Shan't we lose the boat?"

"Yes, we shall lose the boat," Mrs. Wix remarked to Sir Claude.

Mrs. Beale meanwhile faced full at Maisie. "I don't know what to make of you!" she launched.

"Good-bye," said Maisie to Sir Claude.

"Good-bye, Maisie," Sir Claude answered.

Mrs. Beale came away from the door. "Good-bye!" she hurled at Maisie; then passed straight across the room and disappeared in the adjoining one.

Sir Claude had reached the door and opened it. Mrs. Wix was already out. On the threshold Maisie paused; she put out her hand to her stepfather. He took it and held it a moment, and their eyes met as the eyes of those who have done for each other what they can. "Good-bye," he repeated.

"Good-bye." And Maisie followed Mrs. Wix.

They caught the steamer, which was just putting off, and, hustled across the gulf, found themselves on the deck so breathless and so scared that they gave up half the voyage to letting their emotion sink. It sank slowly and imperfectly; but at last, in mid-channel, surrounded by the quiet sea, Mrs. Wix had courage to revert. "I didn't look back, did you?"

"Yes. He wasn't there," said Maisie.

"Not on the balcony?"

Maisie waited a moment; then "He wasn't there," she simply said again.

Mrs. Wix also was silent awhile. "He went to *her*," she finally observed.

"Oh, I know!" the child replied.

Mrs. Wix gave a sidelong look. She still had room for wonder at what Maisie knew.

HENRY JAMES.

THE END

CORRESPONDENCE

THE SECOND DIVISION OF THE HOME CIVIL SERVICE

To the Editor of THE NEW REVIEW

THE article on "The Organization of the Home Civil Service," contributed to the August number of *THE NEW REVIEW*, signed "A Civil Servant," contains so much that is calculated to deceive and mislead the British public that it cannot be allowed to pass unnoticed by any self-respecting Second Division clerk. To most of the statements and opinions respectively made and expressed therein the present writer, a Second Division clerk, is prepared to enter unqualified denials.

First, as to "A Civil Servant's" sneers at the educational qualifications of the Second Division clerks, whom he sets down as of Seventh Standard Board School attainments. The Second Division Examination certainly includes only English subjects, to wit the following:—1, Handwriting; 2, orthography; 3, arithmetic; 4, copying MS. (to test accuracy); 5, English composition (an essay upon one of three given themes); 6, geography (of all the world, practically including physiography); 7, indexing or docketing; 8, digesting returns into summaries; 9, English history (from Julius Cæsar's invasion up to the present time); 10, book-keeping. The questions set assume that these subjects have all been studied in their fullest possible development, those in history and geography being most searching and varied. Orthography and handwriting are marked on a very severe standard. The book-keeping exercise is always long and involved, comprising a complete set of transactions to be entered in journal, ledger, and cash-book, in addition to special end questions. The arithmetic paper is not on arithmetic pure and simple, but requires a not inconsiderable acquaintance with algebra and euclid, although the use of algebraic symbols is not permitted.

The time allowed for each paper is very short; and as the number of competitors is so great (in February, 1896, which is the latest book of questions and marks that comes to hand at the moment, there were 1,079 for 125 places), and their state of preparedness under the excellent coaching of the various Civil Service tutors so complete, it is necessary for the aspiring student to get up each subject with the most minute and comprehensive thoroughness, and, above all, to learn by constant practice to work both quickly and well when in the examination-room. That this is no light undertaking "A Civil Servant" himself bears witness when he says that "boys from grammar and public schools, sons of clergymen, solicitors, medical men, old Civil Servants, &c., on leaving school, cannot compete in commercial subjects with boys who have been steadily coached in these subjects from the age of thirteen or fourteen." Now, as the lower limit of age for competing at a Second Division Examination is seventeen, and the average Seventh Standard boy is only thirteen or fourteen, by "A Civil Servant's" own showing the youngest Second Division clerk must have gone considerably beyond Seventh Standard work. Moreover, "A Civil Servant's" cool assumption that Second Division clerks have no knowledge of any subject not

included in the Second Division Examination is very far from being justified by facts. Most Second Division clerks will tell you that there is nothing they deplore more than the narrowness, or apparent narrowness, of the Second Division Examination Syllabus; that they would have welcomed the addition or inclusion of subjects generally classed as superior: a language or two, some mathematics, even some science. Their long and arduous preparation would have been more congenial, and far less of a grind. However, the authorities know better than to do anything that would rob them of the power they now have, or think they have, of dismissing the claims of Second Division clerks with a cheap sneer at their assumed educational shortcomings.

A further refutation of this sneering assumption lies in the fact that nearly all the competitors for the few posts intermediate between First and Second Division (notably that of Assistant Surveyor of Taxes) are Second Division clerks. The writer knows a Department—a small one—in which there is a class of superior clerks; and of six of these who entered by open competition, five were previously in the Second Division, and the sixth only got his appointment because the Second Division clerk who headed the list was rejected on medical grounds. It will probably be found, too, that, excluding Higher Division clerks who entered the Service directly from the Universities, there are more degrees (London), B.A., B.Sc., M.A., &c., held by men who are or have been in the Second Division than by men who entered by superior examinations. The present writer, at any rate, could point to one office where this is the case.

Now, as to the work done by Second Division clerks. In the first place, posting up Savings Bank Accounts is not the only, or even the principal work done by such clerks in the Savings Bank Department; nor is it a fact that "the routine work of the Public Departments is generally all on the same level." "A Civil Servant" divides the work of Government Departments into three main groups. Second Division clerks maintain that in many Departments it is difficult to divide it into even two; that the work of supervision or direction of routine work is itself merely routine; that checking work already done is far easier than actually doing it; and that, speaking generally, the alleged superiority of the work done by officially superior clerks is purely factitious, not to say imaginary. Take a case in point. In a certain Department a superior clerkship became vacant, and the authorities decided to fill it by open competition. Against this the Second Division clerks in the Department protested, and asked that one of their number should be promoted to fill the superior berth. An inquiry, of a kind, was conducted by two high officials of the office, and in the course of it a certain sacred volume, to wit a ledger, was exhibited as being kept by a certain superior-class clerk, who kindly remarked that a Second Division clerk wrote in the headings and ruled the lines for him. This, presumably, was taken by the two high officials to be the extent of the capabilities of a Second Division clerk. But, will it be believed that shortly afterwards, in consequence of changes in the Department, this very Second Division clerk was put in sole charge of the aforementioned sacred volume, and keeps it now in the opinion of many in somewhat better style than that in which it was formerly kept. So easily can the authorities classify work as superior or inferior at their pleasure. Other instances of Second Division clerks discharging efficiently duties formerly performed by comparatively highly-paid and officially superior clerks might be cited in plenty. The fact is that the work of Government Departments is now in quality what it always has been and always will be; but, whereas in the days when the Civil Service was a close preserve for the sons of the influential classes the authorities did not mind

how much they paid for its performance, in these days—when the most uninfluential youth can get into the Civil Service simply because he has a few brains—they talk glibly about the marketable value of clerical labour, and determine to pay as little as possible. “To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that he hath.” It may not be amiss here also to draw attention to the fact that Second Division clerks are in most offices “worked up to the hilt,” as a certain head of a Department once expressed it, and are, many of them, unable to get through the quota of work allotted to them without occasionally, and in some cases frequently, staying at office after official hours or even taking work home—and this without extra remuneration or even thanks. The attitude adopted by some heads of Departments towards Second Division clerks was reflected in the speech of a certain head who, in reproving a clerk of this class who had been absent owing to illness, said something to the following effect :—“You must understand that Open Competition means more than Open Competition. It means that you are expected to give work for money.” *Query*.—Was there a time when Government clerks were not expected to give work for money? One might almost think so.

In reply to “A Civil Servant’s” statement that Second Division clerks “are obtained for the public service at rates of pay which they could not obtain in the open market,” it is obvious to any thinking person that it is not fair to compare men who have gained their posts by means of a long and severe course of preparation and the trying ordeal of a competitive examination with clerks in private employ who have in most cases passed straight from school to the desk at the age of fourteen or fifteen without any special training whatever.

Dealing with “A Civil Servant’s” contention that owing to the “mechanical and monotonous labour on which the subordinate officials must be so long and continuously employed . . . a very large number of the general body of the subordinate officials become yearly less and less qualified to fill efficiently the higher posts in the Civil Service,” it may be remarked that “A Civil Servant” must have a very limited acquaintance with Second Division clerks if he does not know that many of them exhibit far more energy and intelligence, and, it might even be said, versatility, than this assumption would imply. The various ways in which Second Division clerks of all ages and lengths of service employ their leisure are too many to enumerate ; but it is a fact that they may be found out of office hours adding to their meagre incomes as coaches or assistants to coaches for Civil Service examinations, as clerks on the Stock Exchange settlements, as book-keepers and auditors for commercial firms, as vocalists, pianists, church organists, and composers of music, as journalists, as writers of fiction and educational treatises, as University Extension lecturers, &c. And many of those who do not seek remunerative employment devote a considerable proportion of their leisure to intellectual pursuits : to studying for London degrees, to amateur acting, to music—instrumental and vocal, both as solo performers and as members of orchestras and choirs. In short, Second Division clerks are far from being the ignorant, hibernating creatures “A Civil Servant” would appear to wish to represent them to be.

Now, as regards the scale of pay of Second Division clerks, which “A Civil Servant” thinks so extravagant, £70 to £350 does not look so bad on paper, but what is it in reality? The age of the Second Division clerk when he enters the Service is usually nineteen, and is often more ; for, owing to the severity of the competition, very few get in at seventeen or eighteen. At the age of nineteen the clerk commences at £70 and rises by £5 annually to £100, which he reaches at the age of five-and-twenty. He then goes on, if certified as fit, by £7 10s. annually to

£190, which he will reach at the age of thirty-seven. Beyond this he goes, if still certified as fit, by £10 annually to £250, at which point there is a very strong barrier which he will only pass if certified as fit for the discharge of *superior duties*, in which case he will go by £10 annually to £350, which he will reach at the youthful age of fifty-three, but which he could never reach at all if there were anything in "A Civil Servant's" contention that the longer he continues in the Service the less capable he becomes of doing superior work.

Now, surely no one who is not blinded by prejudice will think the above scale of salary more than sufficient for a man who wishes to maintain a decent lower middle-class position, and to educate and bring up his family respectably. It must be borne in mind, too, that in all Government offices the hours are now seven daily instead of six, that the Saturday half-holiday is by no means universal, and that the Second Division clerks' annual leave is decidedly short, namely, only fourteen working days during the first five years of service, and but twenty-one ever afterwards.

The true facts are that in the Second Division the public has a very cheap and efficient body of servants, that there are very few posts in the Service the duties of which could not be adequately discharged by the average Second Division clerk, and that the true economy would consist in gradually abolishing the many berths in which men are paid seven or eight hundred a year or more for doing in many cases next to nothing, and in all but a comparatively few cases nothing of a really superior nature.

SECOND DIVISION.

The New Review.

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THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS"

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

IV.

THE return on the poop was like the return of wanderers after many years amongst people marked by the desolation of time. Eyes were turned slowly in their sockets glancing at us. Faint murmurs were heard, "Have you got 'im after all?" The well known faces looked strange and familiar; they seemed faded and grimy; they had a mingled expression of fatigue and eagerness. They seemed to have become much thinner during our absence, as if all these men had been starving for a long time in their abandoned attitudes. The captain, with a round turn of a rope on his wrist, and kneeling on one knee, swung with a face cold and stiff; but with living eyes he was still holding the ship up, heeding no one, as if lost in the unearthly effort of that endeavour. We fastened up James Wait in a safe place. Mr. Baker scrambled along to lend a hand. Mr. Creighton, on his back, and very pale, muttered, "Well done," and gave us, Jimmy and the sky, a scornful glance, then closed his eyes slowly. Here and there a man stirred a little, but most remained apathetic, in cramped positions, muttering between shivers. The sun was setting. A sun enormous, unclouded and red, declining low as if bending down to look into their faces. The wind whistled across long sunbeams that, resplendent and cold, struck full on the dilated pupils of staring eyes, without making them wink. The wisps of hair and the tangled beards were grey with the salt of the sea. The faces were earthy, and the dark patches under the eyes extended to the ears, smudged into the hollows of sunken cheeks. The

lips were livid and thin, and when they moved it was with difficulty, as though they had been glued to the teeth. Some grinned sadly in the sunlight, shaking with cold. Others were sad and still. Charley, subdued by the sudden disclosure of the insignificance of his youth, darted fearful glances. The two smooth-faced Norwegians resembled decrepid children, staring stupidly. To leeward, on the edge of the horizon, black seas leaped up towards the glowing sun. It sank slowly, round and blazing, and the crests of waves splashed on the edge of the luminous circle. One of the Norwegians appeared to catch sight of it, and, after giving a violent start, began to speak. His voice, startling the others, made them stir. They moved their heads stiffly, or turning with difficulty, looked at him with surprise, with fear, or in grave silence. He chattered at the setting sun, nodding his head, while the big seas began to roll across the crimson disc; and over miles of turbulent waters the shadows of high waves swept with a running darkness the faces of men. A crested roller broke with a loud, hissing roar, and the sun, as if put out, disappeared. The chattering voice faltered, went out together with the light. There were sighs. In the sudden lull that follows the crash of a broken sea, a man said wearily:—"Here's that blooming Dutchman gone off his chump." A seaman, lashed by the middle, tapped the deck with his open hand with unceasing quick flaps. In the gathering greyness of twilight a bulky form was seen rising aft, and began marching on all fours with the movements of some big cautious beast. It was Mr. Baker passing along the line of men. He grunted encouragingly over every one, felt their fastenings. Some, with half-open eyes, puffed liked men oppressed by heat; others mechanically and in dreamy voices answered him:—"Aye! aye! sir!" He went from one to another grunting:—"Ough! See her through it yet;" and unexpectedly, with loud angry outbursts, blew up Knowles for cutting off a long piece from the fall of the relieving tackle. "Ough! Ashamed of yourself Relieving tackle Don't you know better! Ough! Able seaman! Ough!" The lame man was crushed. He muttered "Get som'think for a lashing for myself, sir." "Ough! Lashing yourself. Are you a tinker or a sailor What? Ough! May want that tackle directly Ough More use to the ship than your lame carcass. Ough! Keep it! Keep it, now you've done it." He crawled away slowly, muttering to himself about some men being "worse than children." It had been a comforting row. Low exclamations were heard:—"Hallo Hallo."

Those who had been painfully dozing asked with convulsive starts:—"What's up? . . . What is it?" The answers came with unexpected cheerfulness:—"The mate is going bald-headed for *Lame Jack* about something or other." "No! . . . What 'as he done?" Some one even chuckled. It was like a whiff of hope, a reminder of safe days. Donkin, who had been stupefied with fear, revived suddenly and began to shout:—" 'Ear 'im; that's the way they tawlk to hus. Vy donch 'ee 'it 'im—one ov yer? 'It 'im. 'It 'im! Comin' the mate hover hus! We are as good men as 'ee! We're hall goin' to 'ell now. We 'ave been starved in this rotten ship, an' now we're goin' to be drowned for them black-'earted bullies! 'It 'im!" He shrieked in the deepening gloom, he blubbered and sobbed, screaming:—" 'It 'im! 'It 'im!" The rage and fear of his disregarded right to live, tried the steadfastness of hearts more than the menacing shadows of the night that advanced through the unceasing clamour of the gale. From aft Mr. Baker was heard:—"Is one of you men going to stop him—must I come along?" "Shut up! . . . Keep quiet!" cried various voices, exasperated, trembling with cold. "You'll get one across the mug from me, directly," said an invisible seaman, in a weary tone, "I won't let the mate have the trouble." He ceased and lay still with the silence of despair. On the black sky the stars, coming out, gleamed over an inky sea that, speckled with foam, flashed back at them the evanescent and pale light of a dazzling whiteness born from the black turmoil of the waves. Remote in the eternal calm they glittered hard and cold above the uproar of the earth; they surrounded the vanquished and tormented ship on all sides: more pitiless than the eyes of a triumphant mob, and as unapproachable as the hearts of men.

The icy south wind howled exultingly under the sombre splendour of the sky. The cold shook the men with a resistless violence as though it had tried to shake them to pieces. Short moans were swept unheard off the stiff lips. Some complained in mutters of "not feeling themselves below the waist"; while those who had closed their eyes, imagined they had a block of ice on their chests. Others, alarmed at not feeling any pain in their fingers, beat the deck feebly with their hands—obstinate and exhausted. Wamibo stared vacant and dreamy. The Scandinavians kept on a meaningless mutter through chattering teeth. The spare Scotchmen, with determined efforts, kept their lower jaws still. The West-country men lay big and stolid in an invulnerable surliness. A man yawned and swore in turns. Another breathed with a rattle in

his throat. Two elderly hard-weather shellbacks, fast side by side, whispered dismally to one another about the landlady of a boarding-house in Sunderland, whom they both knew. They extolled her motherliness and her liberality; they tried to talk about the joint of beef and the big fire in the downstairs kitchen. The words dying faintly on their lips, ended in light sighs. A sudden voice cried into the cold night:—"O Lord!" No one changed his position or took any notice of the cry. One or two passed, with a repeated and vague gesture, their hand over their faces, but most of them kept very still. In the benumbed immobility of their bodies they were excessively wearied by their thoughts, that rushed with the rapidity and vividness of dreams. Now and then, by an abrupt and startling exclamation, they answered the weird hail of some illusion; then, again, in silence contemplated the vision of known faces and familiar things. They recalled the aspect of forgotten shipmates and heard the voice of dead-and-gone skippers. They remembered the noise of gaslit streets, the steamy heat of tap-rooms, or the scorching sunshine of calm days at sea.

Mr. Baker left his insecure place, and crawled, with stoppages, along the poop. In the dark and on all fours he resembled some carnivorous animal prowling amongst corpses. At the break, propped to windward of a stanchion, he looked down on the main deck. It seemed to him that the ship had a tendency to stand up a little more. The wind had eased a little, he thought, but the sea ran as high as ever. The waves foamed viciously, and the lee side of the deck disappeared under a hissing whiteness as of boiling milk, while the rigging sang steadily with a deep vibrating note, and, at every upward swing of the ship, the wind rushed with a long-drawn clamour amongst the spars. Mr. Baker watched very still. A man near him began to make a blabbing noise with his lips all at once and very loud, as though the cold had broken brutally through him. He went on:—"Ba—ba—ba—brrr—brr—ba—ba." "Stop that!" cried Mr. Baker, groping in the dark. "Stop it!" He went on shaking the leg he found under his hand. "What is it, sir?" called out Belfast, in the tone of a man awakened suddenly. "We are looking after that 'ere Jimmy." "Are you? Ough! Don't make that row, then. Who's that near you?" "It's me—the boatswain, sir," growled the West-country man: "we are trying to keep life in that poor devil." "Aye, aye!" said Mr. Baker. "Do it quietly, can't you." "He wants us to hold him up above the rail," went on the boatswain, with irritation; "says he can't breathe here

under our jackets." "If we lift 'im, we drop 'im overboard," said another voice; "we can't feel our hands with cold." "I don't care. I am choking," exclaimed James Wait in a clear tone. "Oh, no, my son!" said the boatswain, desperately, "you don't go till we all go on this fine night." "You will see yet many a worse," said Mr. Baker, cheerfully. "It's no child's play, sir!" answered the boatswain. "Some of us further aft, here, are in a pretty bad way." "If the blamed sticks had been cut out of her she would be running along on her bottom now like any decent ship, an' giv' us all a chance," said some one, with a sigh. "The old man wouldn't 'ave it . . . much he cares for us," whispered another. "Care for you," exclaimed Mr. Baker, angrily. "Why should he care for you? Are you a lot of women passengers to be taken care of? We are here to take care of the ship—and some of you ain't up to that. Ough! . . . What have you done so very smart to be taken care of? Ough! . . . Some of you can't stand a bit of a breeze without crying over it." "Come, sorr. We a'nt so bad," protested Belfast, in a voice shaken by shivers. "We ain't . . . brrr . . ." "Again," shouted the mate, grabbing at the shadowy form. "Again! . . . Why, you're in your shirt! What have you done?" "I've put my oilskin and jacket over that half-dead naygger—and he says he chokes," said Belfast, complainingly. "You wouldn't call me nigger if I wasn't half dead, you Irish beggar," boomed James Wait, vigorously. "You . . . brrr . . . You wouldn't be white if you were ever so well . . . I will fight you . . . brrrr . . . in fine weather . . . brrr . . . with one hand tied behind my back . . . brrrrrr . . ." "I don't want your rags—I want air," gasped out the other faintly, as if suddenly exhausted.

The sprays swept over whistling and pattering. Men disturbed in their peaceful torpor by the pain of quarrelsome shouts, moaned, muttering curses. Mr. Baker crawled off a little way to leeward where a water-cask loomed up big, with something white against it. "Is it you, Podmore?" asked Mr. Baker. He had to repeat the question twice before the cook turned, coughing feebly:—"Yes, sir. I've been praying in my mind for a quick deliverance; for I am prepared for any call. . . . I ——" "Look here, cook," interrupted Mr. Baker, "the men are perishing with cold." "Cold!" said the cook, mournfully; "they will be warm enough before long." "What?" asked Mr. Baker, looking along the deck into the faint sheen of frothing water. "They are a wicked lot," continued the cook solemnly, but in an unsteady

voice—"about as wicked as any ship's company in this sinful world! Now, I"—(he trembled so that he could hardly speak; his was an exposed place, and in a cotton shirt, a thin pair of trousers, and with his knees under his nose, he received quaking the flicks of stinging salt-drops; his voice sounded exhausted)—"now, I—any time My eldest youngster, Mr. Baker a clever boy last Sunday on shore before this voyage he wouldn't go to service, sir. Says I, 'You go and clean yourself, or I'll know the reason why!' What does he do? Pond, Mr. Baker—fell into the pond in his best rig, sir! Accident? 'Nothing will save you, fine scholar though you are!' says I. Accident! I whopped him, sir, till I couldn't lift my arm." His voice faltered. "I whopped 'im!" he repeated, rattling his teeth; then, after a while, let out a mournful sound that was half a groan, half a snore. Mr. Baker shook him by the shoulders:—"Hey! Cook! Hold up, Podmore! Tell me—is there any fresh water in the galley tank? The ship is lying along less, I think; I would try to get forward. A little water would do them good. Hallo! Look out! Look out!" The cook struggled:—"Not you, sir—not you!" He began to scramble to windward. "Galley my business!" he shouted. "Cook's going crazy now," said several voices. He yelled:—"Crazy, am I? I am more ready to die than any of you, officers incloosive—there! As long as she swims I will cook! I will get you coffee." "Cook, ye are a gentleman!" cried Belfast. But the cook was already going over the weather ladder. He stopped for a moment to shout back on the poop, "As long as she swims I will cook!" and disappeared as though he had gone overboard. The men who had heard sent after him a cheer that sounded like a wail of sick children. An hour or more afterwards some one said distinctly:—"He's gone for good." "Very likely," assented the boatswain. "Even in fine weather he was as smart about the deck as a milch-cow on her first voyage. We ought to go and see." Nobody moved. As the hours dragged slowly through the darkness Mr. Baker crawled back and forth along the poop several times. Some men fancied they had heard him exchange murmurs with the master, but at that time the memories were incomparably more vivid than anything actual, and they were not certain whether the murmurs were heard now or many years ago. They did not try to find out. A mutter more or less did not matter. It was too cold for curiosity, and almost for hope. They could not spare a moment or a thought from the great mental occupation of wishing to live. And

the desire of life kept them alive, apathetic and enduring, under the cruel persistence of wind and cold ; while the bestarred black dome of the sky revolved slowly above the ship, that drifted, bearing their patience and their suffering, through the stormy solitude of the sea.

Huddled close to one another, they fancied themselves utterly alone. They heard sustained loud noises, and again bore the pain of existence through long hours of profound silence. In the night they saw sunshine, felt warmth, and suddenly, with a start, thought that the sun would never rise upon a freezing world. Some heard laughter, listened to songs ; others, near the end of the poop, could hear loud human shrieks, and, opening their eyes, were surprised to hear them still, though very faint and far away. The boatswain said :—" Why, it's the cook hailing from forward, I think." He hardly believed his own words or recognised his own voice. It was a long time before the man next to him gave a sign of life. He punched hard his other neighbour, and said :—" The cook's shouting !" Many did not understand, others did not care ; the majority further aft did not believe. But the boatswain and another man had the pluck to crawl away forward to see. They seemed to have been gone for hours, and were very soon forgotten. Then suddenly men that had been plunged in a hopeless resignation became as if possessed with the desire to hurt. They belaboured one another with fists. In the darkness they struck persistently anything soft they could feel near, and, with a greater effort than for a shout, whispered excitedly :—" They've got some hot coffee. . . . Boss'en got it. . . ." " No ! . . . Where ? . . ." " It's coming ! Cook made it." James Wait moaned. Donkin scrambled viciously, caring not where he kicked, and anxious that the officers should have none of it. It came in a pot, and they drank in turns. It was hot, and while it blistered the greedy palates, it seemed incredible. The men sighed out parting with the mug :—" How 'as he done it ?" Some cried weakly :—" Bully for you, doctor !"

He had done it somehow. Afterwards Archie declared that the thing was " meeraculous." For many days we wondered, and it was the one ever-interesting subject of conversation to the end of the voyage. We asked the cook, in fine weather, how he felt when he saw his stove " reared up on end." We inquired, in the north-east trade and on serene evenings, whether he had to stand on his head to put things right somewhat. We suggested he had used his bread-board for a raft, and from there comfortably stoked his grate ; and we did our best to conceal

our admiration under the wit of fine irony. He affirmed not to know anything about it, rebuked our levity, declared himself, with solemn animation, to have been the object of a special mercy for the saving of our unholy lives. Fundamentally he was right, no doubt; but he need not have been so offensively positive about it—he need not have hinted so often that it would have gone hard with us had he not been there, meritorious and pure, to receive the inspiration and the strength for the work of grace. Had we been saved by his recklessness or his agility, we could have at length become reconciled to the fact; but to admit our obligation to anybody's virtue and holiness alone was as difficult for us as for any other handful of mankind. Like many benefactors of humanity, the cook took himself too seriously, and reaped the reward of irreverence. We were not ungrateful, however. He remained heroic. His saying—the saying of his life—became proverbial in the mouth of men as are the sayings of conquerors or sages. Later on, whenever one of us was puzzled by a task and advised to relinquish it, he would express his determination to persevere and to succeed by the words:—"As long as she swims I will cook!"

The hot drink helped us through the bleak hours that precede the dawn. The sky low by the horizon took on the delicate tints of pink and yellow like the inside of a rare shell. And higher, where it glowed with a pearly sheen, a small black cloud appeared, like a forgotten fragment of the night set in a border of dazzling gold. The beams of light skipped on the crests of waves. The eyes of men turned to the eastward. The sunlight flooded their weary faces. They were giving themselves up to fatigue as though they had done for ever with their work. On Singleton's black oilskin coat the dried salt glistened like hoar frost. He hung on by the wheel, with open and lifeless eyes. Captain Allistoun, unblinking, faced the rising sun. His lips stirred, opened for the first time in twenty-four hours, and with a fresh firm voice he cried:—"Wear ship!"

The commanding sharp tones made all these torpid men start like a sudden flick of a whip. Then again, motionless where they lay, the force of habit made some of them repeat the order in hardly audible murmurs. Captain Allistoun glanced down at his crew, and several, with fumbling fingers and hopeless movements, tried to cast themselves adrift. He repeated impatiently, "Wear ship. Now then, Mr. Baker, get the men along. What's the matter with them?" "Wear ship. Do you hear there?—Wear ship!" thundered out the boatswain suddenly.

His voice seemed to break through a deadly spell. Men began to stir and crawl. "I want the fore-top-mast stay-sail run up smartly," said the master, very loudly. "If you can't manage it standing up you must do it lying down—that's all. Bear a hand!" "Come along! Let's give the old girl a chance," urged the boatswain. "Aye! aye! Wear ship!" exclaimed quavering voices. The fore-castle men, with reluctant faces, prepared to go forward. Mr. Baker pushed ahead, grunting, on all fours, to show the way, and they followed him over the break. The others lay still with a vile hope in their hearts of not being required to move till they got saved or drowned in peace.

After some time they could be seen forward appearing on the fore-castle head, one by one in unsafe attitudes; hanging on to the rails; clambering over the anchors; embracing the cross-head of the windlass, or hugging the fore-capstan. They were restless with strange exertions, waved their arms, knelt, lay flat down, staggered up, seemed to strive their hardest to go overboard. Suddenly a small white piece of canvas fluttered amongst them, grew larger, beating. Its narrow head rose in jerks—and at last it stood distended and triangular in the sunshine. "They have done it!" cried the voices aft. Captain Allistoun let go the rope he had round his wrist and rolled to leeward headlong. He could be seen casting the lee main braces off the pins while the backwash of waves splashed over him. "Square the main yard!" he shouted up to us—who stared at him in wonder. We hesitated to stir. "The main brace, men. Haul! haul anyhow! Lay on your backs and haul!" he screeched, half drowned down there. We did not believe we could move the main yard, but the strongest and the less discouraged tried to execute the order. Others assisted half-heartedly. Singleton's eyes blazed suddenly as he took a fresh grip of the spokes. Captain Allistoun fought his way up to windward. "Haul men! Try to move it! Haul, and help the ship." His hard face worked suffused and furious. "Is she going off, Singleton?" he cried. "Not a move yet, sir," croaked the old seaman in a horribly hoarse voice. "Watch the helm, Singleton," spluttered the master. "Haul men! Have you no more strength than rats? Haul, and earn your salt." Mr. Creighton, on his back, with a swollen leg and a face as white as a piece of paper, blinked his eyes; his bluish lips twitched. In the wild scramble men grabbed at him, crawled over his hurt leg, knelt on his chest. He kept perfectly still, setting his teeth without a moan, without a sigh. The master's ardour, the cries of that silent man

inspired us. We hauled and hung in bunches on the rope. We heard him say with violence to Donkin, who sprawled abjectly on his stomach :— "I will brain you with this belaying pin if you don't catch hold of the brace"; and that victim of men's injustice, cowardly and cheeky, whimpered: "Are you goin' ter murder hus now," while with sudden desperation he gripped the rope. Men sighed, shouted, hissed meaningless words, groaned. The yards moved, came slowly square against the wind, that hummed loudly on the yard-arms. "Going off, sir," shouted Singleton, "she's just started." "Catch a turn with that brace. Catch a turn!" clamoured the master. Mr. Creighton, nearly suffocated and unable to move, made a mighty effort, and with his left hand managed to nip the rope. "All fast!" cried some one. He closed his eyes as if going off into a faint, while huddled together about the brace we watched with scared looks what the ship would do now.

She went off slowly, as though she had been as weary and disheartened as the men she carried. She paid off very gradually, making us hold our breath till we choked, and as soon as she had brought the wind abaft the beam she started to move, and fluttered our hearts. It was awful to see her, nearly overturned, begin to gather way and drag her submerged side through the water. The dead-eyes of the rigging churned the breaking seas. The lower half of the deck was full of mad whirlpools and eddies; and the long line of the lee rail could be seen showing black now and then in the swirls of a field of foam as dazzling and white as a field of snow. The wind sang shrilly amongst the spars; and at every slight lurch we expected her to slip to the bottom sideways from under our backs. When dead before it, she made the first distinct attempt to stand up, and we encouraged her with a feeble and discordant howl. A great sea came running up aft and hung for a moment over us with a curling top; then crashed down under the counter and spread out on both sides into a great sheet of bursting froth. Above its fierce hiss we heard Singleton's croak :—"She is steering!" He had both his feet now planted firmly on the grating, and the wheel spun fast as he eased the helm. "Bring the wind on the port quarter, and steady her!" called out the master, staggering to his feet, the first man up from amongst our prostrate heap. One or two screamed with excitement, "She rises!" Far away forward, Mr. Baker and three others were seen erect and black on the clear sky, lifting their arms, and with open mouths as though they had been shouting all together. She trembled, trying to lift her side, lurched back, seemed to give up with a

nerveless dip, and suddenly with an unexpected jerk swung violently to windward, as though she had torn herself out from a deadly grasp. The whole immense volume of water, lifted by her deck, was thrown bodily across to starboard. Loud cracks were heard. Iron ports breaking open thundered with ringing blows. The water topped over the starboard rail with the rush of a river falling over a dam. The sea on deck, and the seas on every side of her, mingled together in a deafening roar. She rolled violently. We got up and were helplessly run or flung about from side to side. Men, rolling over and over, yelled:—"The house will go!" "She clears herself!" Lifted by a towering sea she ran along with it for a moment, spouting thick streams of water through every opening of her wounded sides. Through the lee braces having been carried away or washed off the pins, all the ponderous yards on the fore swung from side to side and with appalling rapidity at every roll. The men forward were seen crouching here and there with fearful glances upwards at the enormous spars that whirled about over their heads. The torn canvas and the ends of broken gear streamed in the wind like wisps of hair. Through the clear sunshine, over the flashing turmoil and uproar of the seas, the ship ran blindly, dishevelled and headlong, as if fleeing for her life; and on the poop we spun, we tottered about, distracted and noisy. We all spoke at once in a thin babble; we had the aspect of invalids and the gestures of maniacs. Eyes shone, large and haggard, in smiling, meagre faces that seemed to have been dusted over with powdered chalk. We stamped, clapped our hands, feeling ready to jump and do anything; but in reality hardly able to keep on our feet. Captain Allistoun, hard and slim, gesticulated madly from the poop at Mr. Baker:—"Steady these fore-yards! Steady them the best you can!" On the main deck, men excited by his cries, splashed, dashing aimlessly here and there with the foam swirling up to their waists. Apart, far aft, and alone by the helm, old Singleton had deliberately tucked his white beard under the top button of his glistening coat. Swaying upon the din and tumult of the seas, with the whole battered length of the ship launched forward in a rolling rush before his steady old eyes, he stood rigidly still, forgotten by all, and with an attentive face. In front of his erect figure only the two arms moved crosswise with a swift and sudden readiness, to check or urge again the rapid stir of circling spokes. He steered with care.

V.

On men reprieved by its disdainful mercy, the immortal sea confers in its justice the full privilege of desired unrest. Through the perfect wisdom of its grace they are not permitted to meditate at ease upon the complicated and acrid savour of existence, lest they should remember and, perchance, regret the reward of a cup of inspiring bitterness, tasted so often, and so often withdrawn from before their stiffening but reluctant lips. They must without pause justify their life to the eternal pity that commands toil to be hard and unceasing, from sunrise to sunset, from sunset to sunrise: till the weary succession of nights and days tainted by the obstinate clamour of sages demanding bliss and empty heaven is redeemed at last by the vast silence of pain and labour, by the dumb fear and the dumb courage of men obscure, forgetful, and enduring.

The master and Mr. Baker, coming face to face, stared for a moment, with the intense and amazed looks of men meeting unexpectedly after years of trouble. Their voices were gone, and they whispered desperately at one another. "Any one missing?" asked Captain Allistoun.—"No. All there."—"Anybody hurt?"—"Only the second mate."—"I will look after him directly. We're lucky."—"Very," articulated Mr. Baker, faintly. He gripped the rail and rolled blood-shot eyes. The little grey man made an effort to raise his voice above a dull mutter, and fixed his chief mate with a cold gaze, piercing like a dart. "Get sail on the ship," he said, speaking authoritatively, and with an inflexible snap of his thin lips. "Get sail on her as soon as you can. This is a fair wind. At once, sir—Don't give the men time to feel themselves. They will get done up and stiff, and we will never . . . We must get her along now." . . . He reeled to a long heavy roll; the rail dipped into the glancing hissing water. He caught a shroud, swung helplessly against the mate . . . "now we have a fair wind at last. . . . Make . . . sail." His head rolled from shoulder to shoulder. His eyelids began to beat rapidly. "And the pumps . . . pumps, Mr. Baker." He peered as though the face within a foot of his eyes had been half a mile off. "Keep the men on the move to . . . to get her along," he mumbled in a drowsy tone, like a man going off into a doze. He pulled himself together suddenly. "Musn't stand. Won't do," he said with a painful attempt at a smile. He let go his hold, and, propelled by the dip of the

ship, ran aft unwillingly, with small steps, till he brought up against the binnacle stand. Hanging on there he looked up in an objectless manner at Singleton, who, unheeding him, watched anxiously the end of the jib-boom. "Steering gear works all right?" he asked. There was a noise in the old seaman's throat, as though the words had been rattling there together before they could come out. "Steers like a little boat," he said, at last, with hoarse tenderness, without giving the master as much as half a glance—then, watchfully, spun the wheel down, steadied, flung it back again. Captain Allistoun tore himself away from the delight of leaning against the binnacle, and began to walk the poop, swaying and reeling to preserve his balance.

The pump-rods, clanking, stamped in short jumps, while the fly-wheels turned smoothly, with great speed, at the foot of the mainmast, flinging back and forth with a regular impetuosity two limp clusters of men clinging to the handles. They abandoned themselves, swaying from the hip with twitching faces and stony eyes. The carpenter, sounding from time to time, exclaimed mechanically:—"Shake her up! Keep her going!" Mr. Baker could not speak, but found his voice to shout; and under the goad of his objurgations, men looked to the lashings, dragged out new sails, and thinking themselves unable to move, carried heavy blocks aloft—overhauled the gear. They went up the rigging with faltering and desperate efforts. Their heads swam as they shifted their hold, stepped blindly on the yards like men in the dark; or trusted themselves to the first rope to hand with the negligence of exhausted strength. The narrow escapes from falls did not disturb the languid beat of their hearts; the roar of the seas seething far below them sounded continuous and faint like an indistinct noise from another world: the wind filled their eyes with tears, and with heavy gusts tried to push them off from where they swayed in insecure positions. With streaming faces and blowing hair they flew up and down between sky and water, bestriding the ends of yard-arms, crouching on foot-ropes, embracing lifts to have their hands free, or standing up against chain ties. Their thoughts floated vaguely between the desire of rest and the desire of life, while their stiffened fingers cast off head-earrings, fumbled for knives, or held with tenacious grip against the violent shocks of beating canvas. They glared savagely at one another, made frantic signs with one hand while they held their life in the other, looked down on the narrow

strip of flooded deck, shouted along to leeward :—"Light-to? Haul out! Make fast!" Their lips moved, their eyes started, furious and eager with the desire to be understood, but the wind tossed their words unheard upon the disturbed sea. In an unendurable and unending strain they worked like men driven by a merciless dream to toil in an atmosphere of flame or ice. They burnt and shivered in turns. Their eyeballs smarted as if in the smoke of a conflagration; their heads were ready to burst with every shout. Hard fingers seemed to grip their throats. At every roll they thought :—"Now I must let go. It will shake us all off"; and thrown about aloft they cried wildly :—"Look out there—catch the end. . . . Reeve clear. . . . Turn this block. . . ." They nodded desperately; shook infuriated faces :—"No! No! From down up." They seemed to hate one another with a deadly hate. The longing to be done with it all gnawed their breasts, and the wish to do things well was a burning pain. They cursed their fate, contemned their life, and wasted their breath in deadly imprecations upon one another. The sailmaker, with his bald head bared, worked feverishly, forgetting his intimacy with so many admirals. The boatswain, climbing up with marlinspikes and bunches of spunyarn rovings, or kneeling on the yard and ready to take a turn with the midship-stop, had acute and fleeting visions of his old woman and the youngsters in a moorland village. Mr. Baker, feeling very weak, tottered here and there, grunting and inflexible, like a man of iron. He waylaid those who, coming from aloft, stood gasping for breath. He ordered, encouraged, scolded :—"Now then—to the main topsail now! Tally on to that gantline. Don't stand about there!" "Is there no rest for us?" muttered voices. He spun round fiercely, with a sinking heart :—"No! No rest till the work is done. Work till you drop. That's what you're here for." A bowed seaman at his elbow gave a short laugh. "Do or die," he croaked bitterly, then spat into his broad palms, swung up his long arms, and grasping the rope high above his head sent out a mournful wailing cry for a pull all together. A sea boarded the quarter-deck and sent the whole lot sprawling to leeward. Caps, handspikes floated. Clenched hands, kicking legs, with here and there a spluttering face, stuck out of the white hiss of foaming water. Mr. Baker, knocked down with the rest, screamed :—"Don't let go that rope! Hold on to it! Hold!" And sorely bruised by the brutal fling, they held on to it, as though it had been the fortune of their life. The ship ran, rolling heavily, and the topping

crests glanced past port and starboard flashing their white heads. Pumps were freed. Braces were rove. The three topsails and foresail were set. She spurted faster over the water, outpacing the swift rush of waves. The menacing thunder of distanced seas rose behind her, filled the air with the tremendous vibrations of its voice. And devastated, battered, and wounded she drove foaming to the northward, as though inspired by the courage of a high endeavour. . . .

The forecastle was a place of damp desolation. They looked at their dwelling with dismay. It was slimy, dripping; it hummed hollow with the wind, and was strewn with shapeless wreckage like a half-tide cavern in a rocky and exposed coast. Many had lost all they had in the world, but most of the starboard watch had preserved their chests; thin streams of water trickled out of them, however. The beds were soaked; the blankets spread out and saved by some nail squashed under foot. They dragged wet rags from evil-smelling corners, and, wringing the water out, recognised their property. Some smiled stiffly. Others looked round blank and mute. There were cries of joy over old waistcoats, and groans of sorrow over shapeless things found amongst the black splinters of smashed bed boards. One lamp was discovered jammed under the bowsprit. Charley whimpered a little. Knowles stumped here and there sniffing, examining dark places for salvage. He poured dirty water out of a boot, and was concerned to find the owner. Those who, overwhelmed by their losses, sat on the forepeak-hatch, remained elbows on knees, and, with a fist against each cheek, disdained to look up. He pushed it under their noses:—"Here's a good boot. Yours?" They snarled:—"No—get out." One snapped at him:—"Take it to hell out of this." He seemed surprised. "Why? It's a good boot," but remembering suddenly that he had lost every stitch of his clothing, he dropped his find and began to swear. In the dim light cursing voices clashed. A man came in and, dropping his arms, stood still, repeating from the doorstep:—"Here's a bloomin' old go! Here's a bloomin' old go!" A few rooted anxiously in flooded chests for tobacco. They breathed hard, clamoured with heads down:—"Look at that, Jack? . . . Here! Sam! Here's my shore-going rig spoilt for ever." One blasphemed tearfully holding up a pair of dripping trousers. No one looked at him. The cat came out from somewhere. He had an ovation. They snatched him from hand to hand, caressed him in a murmur of pet names. They wondered where he had "weathered it out"; disputed

about it. A squabbling argument began. Two men came in with a bucket of fresh water, and all crowded round it; but Tom, lean and mewing, came up with every hair astir and had the first drink. A couple of men went aft for oil and biscuits.

Then in the yellow light and in the intervals of mopping the deck they crunched hard bread, arranging to "worry through somehow." Men chummed as to beds. Turns were settled for wearing boots and having the use of oilskin coats. They called one another "old man" and "sonny" in cheery voices. Friendly slaps resounded. Jokes were shouted. One or two stretched on the wet deck, slept with heads pillowed on their bent arms, and several sitting on the hatch smoked. Their weary faces appeared through a thin blue haze, pacified and with sparkling eyes. The boatswain put his head through the door. "Relieve the wheel, one of you"—he shouted inside—"it's six. Blamme if that old Singleton hasn't been there more'n thirty hours. You are a fine lot." He slammed the door again. "Mate's watch on deck," said some one. "Hey, Donkin, it's your relief!" shouted three or four together. He had crawled into an empty bunk and on wet planks lay still. "Donkin, your wheel." He made no sound. "Donkin's dead," guffawed some one. "Sell 'is bloomin' clothes," shouted another. "Donkin, if ye don't go to the bloomin' wheel they will sell your clothes—d'ye hear?" jeered a third. He groaned from his dark hole. He complained about pains in all his bones, he whimpered pitifully. "He won't go," exclaimed a contemptuous voice; "your turn, Davies." The young seaman rose painfully squaring his shoulders. Donkin stuck his head out, and it appeared in the yellow light, fragile and ghastly. "I will giv' yer a pound of tobaccer," he whined in a conciliating voice, "so soon as I draw it from haft. I will—s'elp me" Davies swung his arm backhanded, and the head vanished. "I'll go," he said, "but you will pay for it." He walked unsteady but resolute to the door. "So I will," yelped Donkin, popping out behind him. "So I will—s'elp me a pound three bob they chawрге." Davies flung the door open. "You will pay my price in fine weather," he shouted over his shoulder. One of the men unbuttoned his wet coat rapidly, threw it at his head. "Here, Taffy—take that, you thief!" "Thank you!" he cried from the darkness above the swish of rolling water. He could be heard splashing; a sea came on board with a thump. "He's got his bath already," remarked a grim shellback. "Aye, aye!" grunted others. Then, after a long silence, Wamibo

made strange noises. "Hallo, what's up with you?" said some one grumpily. "He says he would have gone for Davy," explained Archie, who was the Finn's interpreter generally. "I believe him!" cried voices. . . . "Never mind, Dutchy . . . You'll do, muddle-head . . . Your turn will come soon enough . . . You don't know when ye're well off." They ceased, and all together turned their faces to the door. Singleton stepped in, made two paces, and stood swaying slightly. The sea hissed, flowed roaring past the bows, and the forecastle trembled, full of a deep rumour; the lamp flared, swinging like a pendulum. He looked with a dreamy and puzzled stare, as though he could not distinguish the still men from their restless shadows. There were awestruck murmurs:—"Hallo, hallo . . . How does it look outside now, Singleton?" Those who sat on the hatch lifted their eyes in silence, and the next oldest seaman in the ship (those two understood one another, though they hardly exchanged three words in a day) gazed up at his friend attentively for a moment, then taking a short clay pipe out of his mouth, offered it without a word. Singleton put out his arm towards it, missed, staggered, and suddenly fell forward, crashing down, stiff and headlong like an uprooted tree. There was a swift rush. Men pushed, crying:—"He's done! . . . Turn him over! . . . Stand clear, there!" Under a crowd of startled faces bending over him he lay on his back, staring upwards in a continuous and intolerable manner. In the breathless silence of a general consternation he said in a grating murmur, "I am all right," and clutched with his hands. They helped him up. He mumbled despondently:—"I am getting old . . . old." "Not you," cried Belfast with ready tact. Supported on all sides he hung his head. "Are you better?" they asked. He glared at them from under his eyebrows with large black eyes, spreading over his chest the bushy whiteness of a beard long and thick. "Old! old!" he repeated sternly. Helped along he reached his bunk. There was in it a slimy, soft heap of something that smelt like a muddy foreshore at dead low water. It was his soaked straw bed. With a convulsive effort he pitched himself on it, and in the darkness of the narrow place could be heard growling angrily, like an irritated and savage animal uneasy in its den:—"Bit of breeze . . . small thing . . . can't stand up . . . old!" He slept at last. He breathed heavily, high-booted, sou'wester on head, and his oilskin clothes rustled when with a deep, sighing groan he turned over. Men conversed about him in quiet, concerned whispers.

"This will break 'im up Strong as a horse Aye. But he ain't what he used to be." In sad murmurs they gave him up. Yet at midnight he turned out to duty as if nothing had been the matter, and answered to his name with a mournful "Here!" He brooded alone more than ever in an impenetrable silence and with a saddened face. For many years he had heard himself called "Old Singleton," and had serenely accepted the qualification, taking it as a tribute of respect due to a man who through half a century had measured his strength against the favours and the rages of the sea. He had never given a thought to his mortal self. He lived unscathed, as though he had been indestructible, surrendering to all the temptations, weathering many gales. He had panted in sunshine, shivered in the cold; suffered hunger, thirst, debauch; passed through many trials—known all the furies. Old! It seemed to him he was broken at last. And like a man bound treacherously while he sleeps, he wcke up fettered by the long chain of disregarded years. He had to take up at once the burden of all his existence, and found it almost too heavy for his strength. Old! He moved his arms, shook his head, felt his limbs. Getting old and then? He looked upon the immortal sea with the awakened and groping perception of its heartless might; he saw it unchanged, black and foaming under the eternal scrutiny of the stars; he heard its impatient voice calling for him out of a pitiless vastness full of unrest, of turmoil, and of terror. He looked afar upon it, and he saw an immensity tormented and blind, moaning and furious, that claimed all the days of his tenacious life, and, when life was over, would claim the worn-out body of its slave.

This was the last of the breeze. It veered quickly, changed to a black south-easter, and blew itself out, giving the ship a famous shove to the northward into the joyous sunshine of the trade. Rapid and white she ran homewards in a straight path under a blue sky and upon the plain of a blue sea. She carried Singleton's completed wisdom, Donkin's delicate susceptibilities, and the conceited folly of us all. The hours of ineffective turmoil were forgotten; the fear and anguish of these dark moments were never mentioned in the glowing peace of fine days. Yet from that time our life seemed to start afresh as though we had died and had been resuscitated. All the first part of the voyage, the Indian Ocean on the other side of the Cape, all that was lost in a haze, like an ineradicable suspicion of some previous existence.

It had ended—then there were blank hours: a livid blurr—and again we lived! Singleton was possessed of sinister truth; Mr. Creighton of a damaged leg; the cook of fame—and shamefully abused the opportunities of his distinction. Donkin had an added grievance. He went about repeating with insistence:—“’E said ’e would brain me—did yer ’ear? They hare goin’ to murder hus now for the least little thing.” We began at last to think it was rather awful. And we were conceited! We boasted of our pluck, of our capacity for work, of our energy. We remembered honourable episodes: our devotion, our indomitable perseverance—and were proud of them as though they had been the outcome of our unaided impulses. We remembered our danger, our toil—and conveniently forgot our horrible scare. We decried our officers—who had done nothing—and listened to the fascinating Donkin. His care for our rights, his disinterested concern for our dignity, were not discouraged by the invariable contumely of our words, by the disdain of our looks. Our contempt for him was unbounded—and we could not but listen with interest to that consummate artist. He told us we were good men—a “bloomin’ condemned lot of good men.” Who thanked us? Who took any notice of our wrongs? Didn’t we lead a “dorg’s loife for three poun’ ten a month”? Did we think that miserable pay enough to compensate us for the risk to our lives and for the loss of our clothes? “We ’ave lost hevery rag,” he cried. He made us forget that he, at any rate, had lost nothing of his own. The younger men listened, thinking—this ’ere Donkin’s a long-headed chap, though no kind of man anyhow; the Scandinavians were frightened at his audacities; Wamibo did not understand; and the older seamen thoughtfully nodded their heads making the thin gold earrings glitter in the fleshy lobes of hairy ears. Severe sunburnt faces were propped meditatively on tattooed forearms. Veined brown fists held in their knotted grip the dirty white clay of smouldering pipes. They listened, impenetrable, broad-backed, with bent shoulders, and in grim silence. He talked with ardour, despised and irrefutable. His picturesque and filthy loquacity flowed like a troubled stream from a poisoned source. His beady little eyes danced, glancing right and left, ever on the watch for the approach of an officer. Sometimes Mr. Baker, going forward to take a look at the head sheets, would roll with his uncouth gait through the sudden stillness of the men, or Mr. Creighton limped along, smooth-faced, youthful, and more stern than ever, piercing our short silence with a keen glance of his clear eyes.

Behind his back Donkin would begin again darting stealthy sidelong looks. "'Ere's one of 'em. Some of yer 'as made 'im fast that day. Much thanks yer got for hit. Ain't 'ee a-drivin' yer wusse'n hever? Let 'im slip hoverboard. . . . Vy not? It would 'ave been less trouble. Vy not?" He advanced confidentially, backed away with great effect; he whispered, he screamed, waved his miserable arms, no thicker than pipe-stems; stretched his lean neck, spluttered, squinted. In the pauses of his impassioned orations the wind sighed quietly aloft, the calm sea unheeded murmured in a warning whisper along the ship's side. We abominated the creature and could not deny the luminous truth of his contentions. It was all so obvious. We were indubitably good men; our deserts were great and our pay small. Through our exertions we had saved the ship and the skipper would get the credit of it. What had he done? we wanted to know. Donkin asked:—"What 'ee could do without hus?" and we could not answer. We were oppressed by the injustice of the world, surprised to perceive how long we had lived under its burden without realising our unfortunate state, annoyed by the uneasy suspicion of our undiscerning stupidity. Donkin assured us it was all our "good 'eartedness," but we would not be consoled by such shallow sophistry. We were men enough to admit to ourselves courageously our intellectual shortcomings; though from that time we refrained from kicking him, tweaking his nose, or from accidentally knocking him about, which last, after we had weathered the Cape, had been rather a popular amusement. Davies ceased to talk at him provokingly about black eyes and flattened noses. Charley, much subdued since the gale, did not jeer at him. Knowles deferentially and with a crafty air propounded questions:—"Could we all have the same grub as the mates? Could we all stop ashore till we got it? What would be the next thing to try for if we got that?" He answered readily with contemptuous certitude; he strutted with assurance in clothes that were much too big for him as though he had tried to disguise himself. These were Jimmy's clothes mostly—though he would accept anything from anybody; but nobody, except Jimmy, had anything to spare. His devotion to Jimmy was unbounded. He was for ever dodging in the little cabin, ministering to Jimmy's wants, humouring his whims, submitting to his exacting peevishness, often laughing with him. Nothing could keep him away from the pious work of visiting the sick, especially when there was some heavy hauling to be done on deck. Mr. Baker had on two occasions

jerked him out from there by the scruff of the neck to our inexpressible scandal. Was a sick chap to be left without attendance? Were we to be ill-used for attending a shipmate? "What?" growled Mr. Baker, turning menacingly at the mutter, and the whole half circle like one man stepped back a pace. "Set the topmast stunsail. Away aloft, Donkin, overhaul the gear," ordered the mate inflexibly. "Fetch the sail along; bend the down-haul clear. Bear a hand." Then, the sail set, he would go slowly aft and stand looking at the compass for a long time, careworn, pensive, and breathing hard as if stifled by the taint of unaccountable ill-will that pervaded the ship. "What's up amongst them," he thought. "Can't make out this hanging back and growling. A good crowd, too, as they go nowadays." On deck the men exchanged bitter words, suggested by a silly exasperation against something unjust and irremediable that would not be denied, and would whisper into their ears long after Donkin had ceased speaking. Our little world went on its curved and unswerving path carrying a discontented and aspiring population. They found comfort of a gloomy kind in an interminable and conscientious analysis of their unappreciated worth, and, inspired by Donkin's hopeful doctrines, they dreamed enthusiastically of the time when every lonely ship would travel over a serene sea, manned by a wealthy and well-fed crew of satisfied skippers.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

(To be continued.)

IMPERIALISM

II

"Imperium et Libertas"

UNQUESTIONABLY the late Mr. Forster was worthy of the great reputation he has left behind him, but it is impossible to concede to him the first place in the Imperial movement, as Lord Rosebery would have us do. His earliest speech on Anglo-Saxon Unity was not made until '75, three years after Mr. Disraeli had, at the Crystal Palace, declared the "maintenance of the Empire" to be one of the great objects of the Tory Party; he never held an office which enabled him to put his ideas into practical shape; he was, comparatively speaking, unknown in the Colonies. To deny that Lord Beaconsfield sowed the seed of modern Imperialism is to give rise to the unanswerable question:—Who did? No other English statesman of the Victorian era comes within measurable distance of his achievements; he stands alone on a pinnacle in the temple of fame. Therefore to speak of Mr. Forster as a rival is to compare a brilliant star with the sun. Lord Rosebery, too, should remember that Sir John Seeley's *Expansion of England* did not appear until Lord Beaconsfield had been laid to rest at Hughenden for nearly two years. The late leader of Her Majesty's Opposition is a very clever and able man, but the Empire will not, at his bidding, take the laurel-crown it has placed on the brow of genius to put it on the brow of talent.

That the great Jew, though dead, should yet live is proof sufficient that the nation associates him with the greatness of the Empire. Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Sir Robert Peel, and Earl Grey, passed away and were forgotten; Lord John Russell was forgotten in his lifetime. Lord Beaconsfield, alone, is as fresh in the public mind as he was sixteen years ago, and his influence is one of the main factors in the Imperial history of the day. To be thus enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen is one of the grandest tributes which posterity can pay to a statesman, and the most enduring. In an age so little given to

reverence, so eager for novelty, and so easily moved by the commercial spirit, it is akin to the marvellous. To seek an explanation of it in the personality of the man, or the romantic sentiment of Primrose dames, as the Radicals, with their shallow habit of thought, are inclined to do, is a sign of weakness. National sentiments are not founded on trifles, but on principles, and they grow and flourish in exact proportion to the strength and soundness of their basis. It is because Englishmen recognise more and more clearly, as the years go by, how completely national Lord Beaconsfield's ideals were that he is taking his place among the immortal few. His reverence for the Constitution and Parliamentary tradition; his dignified and patriotic attitude as leader of the Opposition; his prescience and foresight, none will dispute. But it is not by these he lives. His highest claim to the gratitude of the Empire rests on the creative genius which enabled him to breathe the breath of life into the dry bones of Imperialism. He was the first since Waterloo to point out the glorious destiny of the English race, and to make for the first milestone on the shining road. That he failed must be laid at the door of the English people, who rejected him for Mr. Gladstone. The Jews stoned their prophets: Englishmen drive theirs out of office. Who shall say that the end is different?

It was because of his profound belief in England that Lord Beaconsfield, alone of British Ministers for a generation, was able to inspire enthusiasm wherever the Union Jack proclaims the Queen's supremacy. In the only sense in which it is possible, he was the representative statesman of the Empire—the man who voiced its highest aspirations, and, in a political sense, gave them practical shape. Not since the days of Pitt and Chatham has a civilian reached such a dazzling eminence in the service of his Sovereign. Other British Ministers held the same exalted office, but none was regarded by the self-governing provinces of the Empire with anything warmer than respect, and one was heartily distrusted. It was Lord Beaconsfield's glory that he commanded the spontaneous homage of them all. Lord Rosebery was popular: so popular, indeed, that his advent to the Colonial Office was eagerly anticipated. In him men thought they saw the future Secretary, who was to realise their Imperial dreams. He never had the opportunity, and the Empire has since grown to rely on the English people, not on the word-spinning politicians of Downing Street. It is, however, the strongest condemnation of the

Radical Party that Lord Rosebery, the Imperialist, was a greater figure in Colonial eyes than Lord Rosebery, the Premier. The Empire, also, admires and trusts Lord Salisbury, but Lord Beaconsfield aroused its enthusiasm. It is very safe to predict that had Australasia, Canada, and the Cape been included in the electoral England of 1880, he would have been returned to power by a triumphant majority. That is to say, he received more unanimous support from the free communities of Britons beyond the seas than he did in the Parent State. No more striking proof of the real greatness of the man can be advanced, and no more striking proof of the virility of the Imperial idea.

And in this last lies the root of the whole matter. Because the Colonies are democracies it is quietly taken for granted that their sympathies are entirely on the side of Liberalism. This is a mistake founded on the general ignorance in Great Britain of Vaster Britain, and tenaciously held in spite of the teaching of history for the past fifty years. It was the Tory Lord Beaconsfield the Empire delighted to honour, not the Liberal Mr. Gladstone. In Imperial affairs it is the man who counts, not the partisan; the Colonial democracies, which England did her best to foster and now resents, having none of the feminine feebleness of grasp in the discussion of foreign affairs which the Radicals exhibit on this side of the water. The Little Englander flourishes only at the heart of the body politic; he is absolutely unknown in the giant limbs which encompass the globe. Their origin alone would make Colonials adherents to Imperialism, and their environment and connexion with the Mother Country have given it almost the force of a religion. An Australian, for instance, may be a democrat of the most pronounced type, supporting with his vote all the wild-cat legislation which is leading certain of the Colonies dangerously near the brink of Socialism, and yet be a sound Imperialist. He is as selfish and superficial in his outlook on local affairs as an English Radical; but the moment an Imperial matter arises he is a sober-thinking citizen of a great Empire, with a political insight as keen as his forefathers. It is this capacity for dealing with great questions which marks him out from the school once led by Mr. Gladstone, and invests even a Socialist Ministry in New Zealand with a dignity it would not otherwise possess. Ask a Radical to name England's first line of defence, and he will probably tell you the "silver streak." Ask a Colonial the same question, and, without a second's hesitation, he will tell you the Navy. He believes in no miracles except those which the

ceaseless efforts a great race can achieve—the Empire, for instance, and Great Britain's supremacy on the sea. How can men be narrow in their views bound by the closest ties, social, political, and intellectual, to a country weeks distant by the fastest ships afloat; to whom a thousand miles means less than an Englishman's hundred; whose sheep-runs and ranches are as large as a petty German State; who have seen the wilderness take on the garb of civilisation, and splendid cities rise as it were at a magician's word?

Such men hailed a Minister, who scouted abdication, and appealed to all that was noblest in the English character in urging the race to further efforts, as an inspired leader. Like them, he loved and believed in England; like them, he held that where she was concerned the rest of the world should count as nothing; like them, too, he valued a theory not in proportion to its plausibility but in proportion to its capacity for squaring with the facts of life. In short, he was the statesman as distinct from the doctrinaire—a representative of the grand old school of English statesmanship, not of the school of sophists, who gave an insular garb and an insular application to the fallacies of the French Revolution. Directly he took office the change was apparent. Downing Street no longer echoed to the narrow views of the middle-class commercial man; and, for a time, the interests of the Empire were paramount to the interests of English merchants and bankers. The prestige, dimmed by Mr. Gladstone's vacillation and timidity, was restored to its old brilliance, and again England took her rightful place as leader in the councils of Europe as well as of the world. Among Colonials none were quicker to read the signs of the times than Australasians, who, rightly or wrongly, look upon Russia as their natural enemy. The Eastern Question is, therefore, hardly less vital to them than it is to Englishmen, and the submarine telegraph, connecting them with London, having been completed in '72, they were able to follow every phase of Lord Beaconsfield's policy from the outbreak of the insurrection in Herzegovina to the close of the Congress at Berlin. As though mind had indeed conquered matter, his arrival in England was greeted on the other side of the world by a storm of enthusiasm, which might have been the echo of the enthusiasm on this. There was a difference, however. The Australasians had never seen his face nor heard the tones of his voice. Can intellect achieve a greater triumph?

Elsewhere in the Empire patriotic pride found more sober expression,

but it was prompted by the same spirit. Men had been led to believe that England meant to give up her hard-won primacy of the nations, and, sending all her children adrift, to concentrate her forces behind her own rocky parapets, there to become the manufacturing centre and pawnshop of the world. That her ideal was worthier of the past they learned by means of Lord Beaconsfield's vigour in foreign affairs, and if their enthusiasm at its success bordered on exultation, it was merely the reaction from their former fear. To describe us as captivated by a "showy foreign policy," and a "sham Imperialism," is to betray a most lamentable ignorance of the situation. In the first place, no people in the world are less likely to be led away by appearance without substance than hard-headed Colonials; in the second place, "showy" and "sham" have no meaning when applied either to Lord Beaconsfield's Imperialism or to his foreign policy; in the third place, the entire absence of the one and the timid and vacillating nature of the other, so distinctive of Liberal Cabinets under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, taught the great Provinces of the Empire to distrust the whole Party. The cause of this sensitiveness to the fluctuations of British prestige is obvious enough to any one but a Radical. When it falls, as it always does on the accession to power of a Ministry favourable to his views, *he* can lull himself into a feeling of security by talking of the "silver streak" and other Nineteenth Century superstitions. The Colonies can afford no such indulgence. On British prestige, they see clearly, the Empire was built up; on British prestige it will be maintained. And so it comes about that what is a matter of sentiment to the Radical is a matter of life or death to a Colony. Hence the popularity of Lord Beaconsfield.

Amongst public men the idea seems to be general that the Empire is the glorious evidence of Downing Street statesmanship, to which of course they have contributed no little part. A more dangerous delusion at this stage of Imperialism it is impossible to conceive. When Sir William Harcourt speaks of the honourable share taken by the Liberal Party "in the development of the Colonies of this country," his words, perhaps, allow of two interpretations; but when Lord Rosebery rebukes "those who have claimed the Empire as a sort of *prerogative and property* of another Party," no such uncertainty can be admitted. He, in common with men of all shades of opinion in the political world, appears to take it for granted that the expansion of England has been coloured by British statesmanship, whereas it is British statesmanship which has been coloured by the expansion of England. This is an

Empire tempered by the Government, not created nor even assisted by it, except under the greatest pressure. To compare the achievements of the Eighteenth Century and those of the Nineteenth is idle. The circumstances have entirely changed. The England of Queen Victoria had merely to reap where the England of George III had sown. With Spain, Holland, and France opposed to her at every step, a strong Government under a great leader was absolutely necessary if she meant to continue her Imperial career, and with the hour came the man. The situation, too, demanded a definite policy which—the Colonial system, faulty as it was, being thoroughly understood—the genius of Chatham formulated on the lines laid down by Elizabeth and William III. Thus the Empire presented a united front to its enemies, and by 1806 England was in possession of Canada, the Cape, then little more than a trading station, and Australia, a vast unknown continent whose only settlement was at Botany Bay. With the conclusion of peace the whole aspect of affairs changed. Great Britain stood without a rival on land or sea, and, for upwards of fifty years, the world was the legitimate theatre of her sons' enterprise. In this way the individualistic tendencies of the English people were developed to an enormous extent, completely dwarfing the energies of the Government, until it lost all touch with the past, and forgot the very principles of its existence. Freed from tradition, and knowing none of the fears and anxieties which hamper Continental Ministries, it started out on a voyage of discovery in search of Universal Peace and the Brotherhood of Nations. Naturally it became the prey of all the visionaries and doctrinaires and enthusiasts in the country, and finally became frankly materialistic. There was no god but Mammon, no gospel but Free Trade, and no law except that expounded by Utilitarian Economists. In the height of its frenzy it conceived the wildly fallacious theory that Colonies were useless encumbrances to the Mother Country, and must be got rid of at any price. Then the people of England, who had meanwhile been making her the envy of the world, awoke to the fact that *their* work had nearly been undone by the Government, and there was a transformation scene out of which sprang modern Imperialism.

How, then, this same Government can claim to have been a creative agency in the work of Empire-building it is difficult to understand. Take New Zealand, for instance: would it be now one of the brightest jewels in Her Majesty's diadem had its first settlers relied on the energy and ability of the Colonial Office? Most assuredly not, and

this was actually thrown in their teeth by Earl Granville in that reckless despatch of March, '69, which denied them Imperial assistance in the prosecution of the Maori War, chiefly on the ground that the Colony had been "founded without the recognition of the Home Government." What would not France or Germany give to have a New Zealand, or a dozen New Zealands, on the same terms? But virtue in the eyes of Continental Governments was a vice in the eyes of an Empire-hating Downing Street. If Sir William Harcourt would only drop his mouth-filling phrases about the noble "part taken by the Liberal Party in the development of the Colonies of this country," and descend to particulars, it would, on the whole, be more satisfactory. But this is exactly what a Radical speaker never does. Is it owing to the wisdom and foresight of Liberal statesmen that the Queen's reign has seen the rise of those vigorous young communities—Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Queensland? Was it under their fostering care that British Columbia and the Great North-West were opened up to British enterprise? Was it due to their indomitable perseverance that Matabeleland and Mashonaland were added to the Empire, and the schemes of Germany frustrated in South and Central Africa? The veriest tyro in politics knows the contrary. These achievements will be for ever placed to the credit of the English people—not to the credit of the Government. At its door is the responsibility of lessening the Empire by the Orange Free State, Transvaal, Zanzibar, Delagoa Bay, Heligoland, and the Ionian Islands.

And so it practically comes to this:—Westminster and Whitehall proved themselves incapable of keeping pace with the Empire. In the altered condition of things their proper course was clearly marked out, but either they never realised it, or they refused to follow. With a people so vigorous, so self-reliant, so enterprising as the British, a strong Government was neither necessary nor possible. Its duty was to restrain, to guide, to see that the present was the parent of the future. But the aristocratic organisation, capable of such restraint, was swept away and demoralised, and a new system inaugurated, whose sole political object was to remain in power. In this way both Parliament and the Government soon learned to dance to the tune called by a majority, and the feeling of nationality was forgotten in the loyalty demanded by a party. Statesmen, instead of devoting their attention largely to Imperial affairs, and grappling with those Imperial problems every year pressing more urgently for solution, occupied their time with

setting class against class, and nation against nation of these realms, till England fell into an abyss of provincialism, by means of which it forfeited the confidence of the Colonies and the respect of the world. The mighty tide of Empire, that it should have directed, swept past it unheeded, leaving it high and dry, the sport of those forces it had itself called into existence. Absorbed in the petty game of party warfare at home, it lost all interest in the great Imperial game, and, for want of practice, soon ceased to remember its most elementary rules. And so we find Downing Street retreating here and blustering there ; interfering when it should have let matters take their course ; dawdling when decisive action was absolutely necessary ; giving away English territory for nothing ; gaining concessions at enormous cost which might have been obtained by the exercise of a little sound diplomacy ; and generally conducting Imperial affairs with a reckless disregard of system which would ruin a private business concern in a week. The truth is, the Government, with a few brief intervals, has never been Imperial, except in name, since the passing of the Reform Bill. No one will feel inclined to quarrel with it for not encouraging the growth of Empire : with millions of Britons engaged in the great work all over the globe that was wholly unnecessary. But, if it could not be a stimulating force, it might have recognised that its mission was scarcely less important. The energy of the English people was building up an Empire, no two Provinces of which were alike in origin, development, or the circumstances of their life : the object of the Government should have been to weld them together in an organic whole ; to allow no political step to be taken which was not in harmony with ultimate Imperial Unity. But, as no statesman worthy of the occasion arose until it was too late, a definite policy was never formed, and successive Governments were content to drift as circumstances led them. First they interfered too much, irritated the Colonies, and made hideous blunders. Then followed the era of self-government. Finally Ministers took refuge in a total evasion of responsibility, and, as if conscious of their weakness, began to resent the very existence of the Empire, which was expanding in all directions, not only without their aid, but in spite of their spasmodic efforts to check it. Imperial Englishmen were looked on with a cold eye, their far-reaching schemes were thwarted, their character and aims misrepresented to the British public with all the skill and suggestiveness of the trained debater. At last the timidity (or worse) of the Government, fast becoming chronic, grew alarmed at British daring, and angry at its

almost invariable success. It was as though Downing Street, a peaceful and proper jenny-wren, had suddenly found itself responsible for a brood of young cuckoos, which laughed at its fears, derided its counsel, and went their own way in spite of it. Englishmen were warned of the dire consequences which must follow the exercise of their too exuberant energies in South Africa north of the Vaal; they were told not to go here, and to be very circumspect if they went there; they were querulously refused the protection of the English flag, if their operations in far-off regions tended to make European complications. But the favourite bugbear with which to threaten Colonists was the dislike of less successful rivals. But to this they were not less callously indifferent than to the grandmotherly fears of "Mr. Mother Country," which, when action was urgently required, could only be set in motion by peremptory despatches from Continental Governments or Colonial deputations thundering at its doors. Then with a bad grace it turned from parochial business to a matter of Imperial concern. But having no well-defined plan, and by its apologetic attitude giving foreign Ministers to understand that the Colonies were in fault, and, when weighed in the balance with French or German or American friendship as the case might be, of little moment, the negotiations too often ended in a British surrender. Such an accommodating spirit lent itself admirably to the schemes of foreign statesmen, but naturally it completely failed to secure their good-will. English Colonists they could, while disliking, respect; the English Government they both disliked and despised. They could only marvel that such a feeble instrument should be the mouthpiece of a Power so mighty.

That Her Majesty's Ministers for over two generations should have been insensible to the glory of the Empire is one of the most amazing factors in our Imperial history. It might inspire poetry and romance, stimulate enterprise, adventure, and philanthropy, and extort the grudging admiration of the world; but it could only awaken in them the coldest of calculating spirits. To others it might appeal as a dominion whose milestones are the graves of heroes; whose soil is sanctified by English blood; whose lines of settlement have been marked by the bones of brave men whitening in the sun; whose moral grandeur is on the same scale as its material magnificence; but to them it was never more than a certain number of markets for British goods, which—curious fallacy—might be rendered more profitable under an alien flag. The only law they never forgot was the law of supply and demand; the

only unit they ever used to measure Imperial greatness was the pound sterling; and when the Empire refused to fall in with their views they regarded it with cold dislike. This was the feeling of foreign Governments. But in them it was modified by interest and international courtesy; in the Imperial Government it was restrained only by fear of the nation's disapproval, which a Parliamentary majority kept remote. So that practically Downing Street was a factor in Imperial affairs, whose unfriendliness came to be recognised as a certainty. But when it had forfeited the confidence of every Colony, and made such a tangle of Imperial relations that the most brilliant lawyer of his time was driven to predict the break-up of the Empire as the only way out of it, the blame was laid, not at the door of Ministerial weakness and lack of sympathy as it should have been but, at the door of Colonial ingratitude. It was a convenient scapegoat, and not particular enough to be offensive. But such a transparent device for evading responsibility deceived nobody, and the Colonies asked grimly enough why it should ever have been adopted. Instead of making them feel that they and the Mother Country were one, the Government emphasised every point of difference between them until they were nearly on the verge of enmity, and then took every opportunity of impressing on the Colonies how little their loyalty was desired. The truth is, when they were young and poor and helpless, Downing Street acted towards them like a hard and selfish stepmother, whose only object was to get rid of them; now that they have grown up, and, in spite of the dead weight of its ignorance, developed into rich and powerful communities, it has suddenly become very loving, praying them, almost tearfully, to believe that, though belied by appearances, its intentions were always of the best. For the self-government enjoyed by the Dominion, Australasia, and the Cape, Radicals claim the entire credit, waxing eloquent on it as the source of our Imperial strength and unity. Now, with all due deference to the Opposition leaders, this is political cant of the most unblushing type. The Colonies are in possession of self-government, not because it is a Liberal principle, formulated by Liberal wisdom into a policy but, because it was a ruling principle of our national life before Whig or Liberal was ever heard of. In the Britains over sea it was intensified by the blundering of a bureaucracy in London. Ministers were forced by circumstance to see that the alternative to self-government was rebellion, and as none of them dared to face the English people in the character of Lord North, their choice was soon made. Such a course of

action may have been politic, but, grounded as it was on fear, it can hardly be described as wise or generous; and those speakers, who in such terms exhausted their eloquence on it during the Jubilee celebrations, were either wide of the mark or unconsciously hypocritical. To assert that self-government was granted to the Colonies only by Liberal Governments, too, is false to history. Happily for themselves in the estimation of posterity the Tories up to '86 had been in a majority only twice since the accession of the Queen, and for the Constitution Act of '42 one of them was responsible. Had it been fathered by a Liberal Secretary of State, however, it could not have been a greater failure, and if this says little for the Tories, it says still less for the Liberals, whose name and profession gave promise of better things. Again in '52, during the few months Lord Derby held office, Sir John Pakington calmed the rising storm of Australian discontent by conceding those privileges denied by his Liberal predecessor. Of Earl Grey's preposterous attempt at drawing up a Constitution for New Zealand his own colleagues were so much ashamed that they gave up the task of defending it as hopeless. Mr. Disraeli, with sarcastic emphasis, asked the House if it "was to be tolerated that a Government being just formed, a member of it, imbued with certain abstract and theoretical opinions upon Colonial government, should make his *début* in his official career by drawing up with the greatest coolness what he called a 'Constitution,' sending it to a distant Colony, and to an appalled Governor, and be saved only by the discretion and abilities of that Governor. . . . Why have a Bill to suspend a Constitution which was not really in existence, and acknowledged by the Government to be too ridiculous to defend?" He was "astonished by one great assumption, that there was a Constitution which had been suspended. . . . Why should they introduce into this new, this simple, this primitive society such a degree of enormous lying?"

Undoubtedly, from '55 upwards, self-government was the policy of successive Liberal Ministries. But it became popular only as the Colonies themselves became unpopular, and so it aimed at loosening the ties of Empire, not at cementing them. Therefore, the less Radicals have to say about their share in Empire-building the better. Indeed, it would be just as well if *all* leaders of public opinion would drop the political cant of the day, and admit that the secret of British success is to be found in the character of the British people. England is supreme among the nations, not because her rulers were wise and

far-seeing, but because the line of her great men is unbroken. Now that Prince Bismarck has ceased to be a creator of history it may be questioned whether the world can boast of any other statesman who so nearly stands on a level with the great ones of the past as Mr. Rhodes. He is the direct successor of Clive and Warren Hastings, and, as a potential political figure, the peer of Lord Salisbury, the Emperor of Austria, and Li Hung Chang. But while the forward movement of the race is identified with the lives of such mighty pioneers as he, its strength lies in the men who follow in their wake. Patriotic, courageous, incorruptible, just, and merciful, they serve their country with a soundness of judgment and single-hearted devotion to duty which has never been equalled. The roll of English heroes is long enough in all conscience, but it is short compared to the roll whose names are written in the sands of the great Imperial Unknown. The Empire, whose foundations were laid on the self-sacrifice, courage, and labour of countless millions, is the magnificent proof of it. One hardly knows which to admire most: the simplicity of Her Majesty's representatives of the first rank, or the restraint of lesser lights in the official firmament, who, while nowise inferior in ability, are proud to fill positions of the second and third importance. More suggestive still is the loyalty of the Queen's servants who are never brought into close contact with her. Amongst these, of course, Mr. Rhodes and Sir Wilfrid Laurier take the first place. It will thus be seen that the outlines of the Empire are marked out by giants, the details filled in by the humble settler, and the slow processes of consolidation directed by a civil army, whose ranks are inspired by Duty, as the Crusaders in mediæval times were inspired by the Cross. It is this perfect harmony of forces within itself which leads foreign critics to imagine that the British Empire was brought into being by a few happy strokes of chance. They forget that, as art can conceal art, so effort can conceal effort, and that the experience of centuries can work as smoothly as though the gods themselves had bestowed it at a gift.

The thoughtful Englishman is, however, not quite so easily led away by appearances. He has begun to perceive that one wheel of the Imperial machinery does not move in unison with the rest; and, whether he admits it or not, that wheel is the Colonial Office. From the superior heights of our own complex system we have got into the habit of sneering at the bureaucratic Governments of the Continent, while denying to them the flexibility and responsiveness without which

they must lose touch with the people for whose benefit they exist. We forget the century-old bureaucracy in Downing Street, and that other bureaucracy we call the Board of Trade, which, as it works in the interest of a particular commercial creed, might be more properly described as the Board of Free Trade. The truth is, there is hardly a bureaucracy in Europe which could not give us points in organisation, in diplomacy, and in far-reaching statesmanship. Moreover, there is no bureaucracy in the world guilty of greater crimes than our own Colonial Office. Of these the endeavour to transform the noblest Empire of all time into a convict settlement, and the efforts to dwarf it to the proportions of one small Island, are the most enormous. It may be even doubted whether the English Ministerial conception of the mutual relations between the Parent State and her Colonies has been until lately superior to the French and German. The difference in effect lies in the character of the officials who carry it out, and in the admirable qualities of Englishmen as settlers. Again, the colonising system of England and Spain during the Eighteenth Century was essentially the same. But between the South American Colonies and the United States there was little in common but their origin. The sooner we realise that the Governments of Europe are guided by the principles which used to guide British Ministries the sooner will England recover her lost position as the arbiter of Europe. For a generation or more Westminster has been travelling, not towards Imperialism, which should have been its goal, but towards the most abject parochialism.

Therefore, when Lord Rosebery talks of "those who have claimed the Empire as a sort of prerogative and property of another Party," no Colonial can follow him. The Empire is not the property of any party, people, or Parliament whatsoever, but the "property" of the English race, at the head of which is Her Majesty the Queen. It was not the Empire which Lord Beaconsfield made "a sort of prerogative" of the Tory Party, but Imperialism. Earl Grey, when taunted by his opponents with his efforts to plant American rather than English institutions in the Colonies, childishly replied that an oak-tree eight hundred years old could not be transplanted—an excuse whose fatuousness has surely never been equalled! No one ever supposed an English Minister to be capable of such folly, but men did expect that acorns would have been sown in the Britains over sea, which in process of time would have grown into stately trees. It was not done, and the acorns that were

planted, now sturdy saplings, were carried across the ocean by the Colonists themselves. Lord Beaconsfield, however, saw more clearly into the future. Though it was late in the day to sow Imperial seed, it was not yet too late. A narrow creed and official stupidity had indeed closed to British statesmanship the legitimate field of political enterprise; but they were powerless to check the growth of "Colonial sympathy with the Mother Country," which, Lord Beaconsfield rightly affirmed, saved the Empire from disintegration; and, relying on its strength, he sowed the acorn of unity, since developed into the spreading tree of Imperialism. In the Colonies it gave new life to loyalty, producing those advances towards Federation which, though coldly received by the Home Government, were not without their influence on the mind of the English people. In this country its effect was more gradual. During Lord Beaconsfield's life, and for some years after his death, Imperialism was merely the inspiration of a party. Time has so far justified his wisdom that it is now the inspiration of a race.

The favourite way of discounting the value of his statesmanship is to deny his capacity for accurate thinking. If by this is meant his contempt for the cheap political economy and flash philosophies of the Nineteenth Century, it is the greatest compliment which can be paid him. He was not an accurate thinker, forsooth, because he failed to see the soundness of Free Trade; because he had a profound reverence for the Established Church; because he saw the hand of the destroyer in those measures which robbed the House of Lords and the Crown of their proper functions; because he could not demonstrate with mathematical clearness that the Colonies were a burden to the Mother Country, nor desire that England, the Empire, the world, might perish rather than a theory should prove to be false! Curiously enough, however, the progress of events, while vindicating him, put his opponents to confusion. The man in the street has lost all confidence in them, and gives his support to a statesman who knew men and things better than he knew the works of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill, and the principles of good government and a national policy better than the teaching of the Schools.

Unable to deny that Imperialism was the basis of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, his enemies strive to depreciate its value by describing it as Oriental. If Englishmen failed to understand why India, and not Canada, the Australias, and the Cape, benefited most by his Imperial

ideas, Colonials understood it only too well. Fearing the break-up of British dominion was imminent, they were grateful for a practical demonstration of its unity anywhere in east or west, without regard to race or origin; and, unlike the men who heaped their scorn on the title of Empress while eulogising the empty and worthless title of Suzerain, they saw its deep political significance. India's pride at that time might be theirs at some future date. In the same spirit they heard of the presence of Sikh troops in Malta—perhaps the most masterly stroke of modern Imperial policy, for it bore fruit in that grander demonstration of Imperial unity, the Queen's Procession last June. Seven years later New South Wales Lancers and Canadian Voyageurs stood side by side with their English brethren in the Egyptian War: though it may be doubted whether the Australian contingent would have been sent at that particular time, but for the terrible certainty that Mr. Gladstone would betray General Gordon. Like all great men ahead of their age, Lord Beaconsfield must be measured, not so much by what he did as by what he conceived. With Columbus and Savonarola he belongs to a small but select order in history, whose partial failures are of more value to posterity than the triumphant successes of lesser men. His end, however, more nearly resembles the great Hebrew Lawgiver's. Like Moses, he led the people to the Promised Land only to die within sight of it. But the glory of it spread out before him, not from the foot of Mount Pisgah but, from the heights of his own imagination.

If his Imperial achievements fell immeasurably below his own ideal, no other statesman of his time has equalled them. The Tories when the century was young, were as narrow in their views of Colonial expansion as the Whigs. Therefore it was he who gave Imperialism a leading place in their political creed. What other Leader of a Party during the Victorian era preached a faith, which, twenty years later, became not only National but Imperial? Moreover, he revived the confidence of the Colonies in the Home Government, sadly shaken by the Disintegration Theory of Mr. Gladstone, and created a hearty feeling of loyalty in India. He also added to the Empire the Fiji Islands, in which is the only coaling station for the Navy between Vancouver and Sydney, the Transvaal, and Cyprus.

To account for the influence exerted by Lord Beaconsfield on the Colonial mind, one must remember that the enormous distance which stretches between these Islands and the great provinces of the Empire

has a similar effect on the fame of a statesman as distance in time. All the charm of personality, the magic of eloquence, the subtle arts by which the fickle affections of the populace is gained, fall away from him as he stands before our kinsfolk beyond the seas, and to them the man is revealed as he is, great or little, as the case may be. In forming their judgment, too, they are free from class prejudices and interests, and from the warping influence of Party bias. Their verdict is thus to a large extent the verdict of posterity. They estimate a Minister of the Crown, not by his Liberalism or his Conservatism but, by his Imperialism. And it was by this test they judged Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. Imagination is a quality in which British statesmanship is sadly lacking, and no quality is more essential to the man who should give voice to the hopes and aspirations of this great Empire. Because it was pre-eminent in Lord Beaconsfield, he was regarded in the Colonies as a worthy successor to Chatham, to whom alone he can be compared. And, if he made mistakes and miscalculated the strength of his own position in the country, he may be forgiven, as much may be forgiven in a statesman animated solely by a sincere desire for the honour of England and the unity of the Empire. That the instinct of Colonials was not at fault is amply demonstrated by the annual celebration of Primrose Day, which, if there be any fitness in things, is destined to develop with the Imperial Day of some future date. Lord Beaconsfield, the Imperialist, they accepted as their leader ; Mr. Gladstone, the Little Englander, they rejected. Will posterity say they were wrong ?

C. DE THIERRY.

THE CRISIS IN THE CIVIL SERVICE

IT is an old story that for want of straw men failed to make bricks ; and if you have no bricks you must build your house of stone or wood or whatever comes handy. It is vain to sigh for a modern dwelling. Similarly it is fruitless for "A Civil Servant"* to argue that a model Civil Service should take so many men from this class of society and so many from that. Wisely or foolishly the Service has bought its bricks for the next twenty or thirty years, and the only question is how best to use them.

In plain language, the Civil Service is, just now, composed, to an unprecedented extent, of young men with from twenty-five to forty-five years to serve. There is thus no opportunity to introduce large classes of new entrants, whilst the flow of retirements is coming to a very narrow place, after which a stagnation of promotion threatens to set in, with the usual demoralising results. To discuss the system of recruiting the Service is, therefore, inopportune, whilst the question of dealing with the existing *personnel* and its claims is of unusual difficulty and importance.

How the present state of affairs has come about may be told briefly as follows, disregarding points which have no bearing upon present questions. Until the last quarter of a century the Home Civil Service was recruited separately for each office by elementary examinations limited to nominees, *i.e.*, by patronage. The entrants into an office, though divided into grades, formed one class, and were mostly of similar (and fairly high) social standing. Various failings of the Service—which need not be discussed here—combined with a strong feeling that it was wasteful to employ an "officer class" for the routine work, led, in 1875, to a Royal Commission under Lord Playfair, which propounded a comprehensive Civil Service scheme. After recommending that work and workers should be graded—a principle beyond serious attack—and a

* See article in the August number on "The Organization of the Home Civil Service."

cheaper (human) article obtained to do the inferior work, it proposed that :—

- (a) The test of fitness for the two kinds of work should be the literary examination passed on entering the Service—a “University” and a “Commercial” standard being adopted for the higher and lower classes respectively.
- (b) Exceptionally good men should be exceptionally promoted from the lower to the higher class. But otherwise the two classes were to be rigidly separated.
- (c) In lieu of promotion the incentive to exertion in the lower class should be “extra duty pay,” to be given, at any stage of their career, to specially useful and deserving men.

These principles were approved. The large number of retirements then in progress and in prospect offered exceptional opportunities for introducing a new scheme; and to hasten its adoption in some large offices the Treasury agreed to offering special terms of voluntary retirement, which are still a byword for their reckless extravagance, and which had the effect of clearing out a great many able and enterprising men who were not high upon the seniority list.

There consequently began a large and rapid entry of “Lower Division” clerks, serving as an inferior “caste” under a “Higher Division,” which had, in many cases, been unduly depleted of capable men, especially in the lower ranks immediately over the new comers. Such old “junior clerks” had been used to the inferior work of routine, for which the new comers were destined, and had often neither the ability nor the wish to perform the higher work of administration to which they were now allotted. A good deal of this work, therefore, slipped into the hands of the active young men entered for the subordinate duties.* Naturally these clamoured for advancement, and the great struggle of the classes began.

I do not agree with the “separate class principle”; but there is no denying that the Playfair Commission was composed of able men, who saw the difficulties, and provided in “duty pay” the only condition which could by any possibility make the plan workable. As a matter of fact, it must also be admitted that the system never had a fair trial. In the first place, the scale of pay fixed for the Lower Division—viz.,

* The entry of young Higher Division men was naturally suspended, or kept at a minimum, during the reduction of the higher staff.

an initial salary of £95, at the minimum age of seventeen, rising to £250 a year, with the prospect of duty pay up to £100 at any time—dazzled young men of good education, who had also the *ignis fatuus* of promotion to the Higher Division dancing before them. As a result, a class of men greatly superior to that contemplated entered the Service, especially in the first few years, before special crammers sprang up. The intention was to obtain docile machines, but the price offered was good enough to buy brains; indeed, there is no price so low that it will not obtain them occasionally. And, as already stated, the abler Lower Division men were, in many cases, given opportunities of performing the higher duties which were never intended to be given them. Secondly, promotion to the Higher Division was given rarely, and in many offices not at all. Thirdly, the heads of offices utterly failed in the ability or courage—or was it the wish?—to apply fairly the system of duty pay. This was given usually in small amounts, often to survivors of old and inferior classes for whom it was never intended, instead of to the Second Division men, to whom it was promised, and almost always by mere seniority instead of by merit.

As the lower grade of clerks grew in numbers and in experience, it became evident to them that, whilst they were in many cases given the superior work, they were denied even the small rewards promised for diligent performance of the lower duties, and there sprung up an agitation the like of which the Service had never seen. The new clerks banded themselves in a compact and ably-officered organisation, and urged their cause in the Press, and through their M.P.'s and those of their friends and relatives. With one or two honourable exceptions (especially at the Admiralty) the heads of their Departments stoutly declined to do anything for them; but their Parliamentary influence was sufficient to obtain, in 1886, a fresh Royal Commission, under the presidency of Sir Matthew White Ridley, to enquire into the whole organisation of the Service.

Among the voluminous literature of Civil Service theories and grievances there is unanimity upon only one point—the condemnation of this short-sighted Commission. Among the hundreds of people whom I have heard speak of such subjects, I have never heard a single person praise it, and upon this point “A Civil Servant” and I are in complete accord. The Commissioners lost themselves in details and profitless meanderings round the Government Offices, and when about a tenth of the way through a gigantically impossible scheme of inquiry,

suddenly stopped—and reported. The general tenour of their report was that the *status quo* was to be preserved, but that the present agitation must be quieted by paying more all round.* The only changes in principle advocated were to the serious injury of the Service. They recommended a reduction of the higher class to numbers which fail to allow for the presence of a proportion of mediocre men, and of young men merely in a state of pupillage. They brought about the abolition of duty pay, which was the very backbone of the Playfair scheme, providing in lieu for the formation of a limited number of minor staff posts at moderate salaries. Such staff posts were accordingly created and filled with reckless rapidity, instead of providing for a gradual flow of promotion in the future. The Treasury vainly laid down the rule that promotion to these appointments was to be strictly by merit, irrespective of seniority. The heads of Departments, full of their theory that only “routine clerks” could be found in the inferior division, usually pronounced that merit was the characteristic of those of the most senior men who were fairly well qualified for work of routine. An additional barrier of young men, with many years to serve, was thus interposed to the advancement of any able men who were not very senior in the Lower Division.

The result, at the present moment, is that the Service is composed as follows :—

(A.) *Higher Class.*

- (1) A small number of higher officials remaining from the patronage days.
- (2) A fair number of Higher Division men of usually ten to fifteen years' service.
- (3) A small number of very young University men entered during the last few years.
- (4) A small number of old Higher Division men who have not been good enough to attain higher positions.

The first three divisions contain some strikingly able men, and their average standard is reasonably good ; but they are very far from realising the supposition that they would all be of high capacity.

* Whilst accepting the figure (£6,000,000) of “A Civil Servant” as the normal extra cost for a generation of Lower Division clerks, I would point out that the extra pay and pension given gratuitously to existing clerks was at a much higher rate, as such men had many of the advantages of both scales of pay.

(1) and (4) must nearly all retire shortly. The present intention is to fill up such of the vacancies as are filled by men of class (3). The result in a few years will be that this class, which is to be limited to the minimum number (say four hundred) who, if thoroughly efficient, can do the higher work of the Service, will be largely composed of half-trained "cadets." Moreover, it certainly will contain—nay, it *does* contain—many men not really equal to the "head-work" of the Service. It takes a very good scholar to get into the Higher Division, but it takes an extraordinarily bad official to be put out of it.

(B.) *Lower Class.*

- (a) A small number of holders of minor staff posts.
- (b) A gradually-increasing higher grade (salary £250 to £350), into which all fairly satisfactory clerks will pass.
- (c) Junior clerks rising to salaries of £250, when, if satisfactory, they will pass into (b).

In a few years (a), being a limited class, will be filled up with men (chosen mainly by seniority) very little older than those in (b), and blocking their promotion to the end of their career; (b) will contain the vast majority of the men, and (c) only the unsatisfactory men—bad enough to fall short of even the Civil Service standard!—and a few extreme juniors. In other words, the Lower Division of the Civil Service will, speaking broadly, consist of:—

- (a) Staff clerks, on their maximum salary, with nothing more to hope for.
- (b) Higher grade clerks, on their maximum salary, with nothing more to hope for.
- (c) Lower grade clerks, on their maximum salary, with nothing more to hope for.

The ordinary case will be that of a dispirited man, doing routine work dully, with no motive to do it intelligently, and paid, thanks to the wisdom of the Ridley Commission, a salary of £350 a year. This is the result of the scheme which was to get the routine work of the Service done upon quasi-commercial terms!

It is true that a small attempt at economy has been made lately by the entry of a class of assistant clerks upon very small salaries (£50 to £150 a year, the latter amount being reached after many years'

service), recruited from youths who have been employed as boys upon copying work. This class is to be rigidly barred from promotion, though there is little reason to suppose that its members are much inferior to those of the Second Division. It will thus form one more hopeless and listless class in a hopeless and listless Service ; whilst, for reasons already pointed out, its introduction, and any saving therefrom, must be very gradual.

The past and present official programme, therefore, condemns the Civil Service to several evils. It is, and for some time must be, unduly expensive ; for this there is no early remedy. It is somewhat weak in its upper class, which can be set right. It is full of discontent among its abler members, which can only partly be remedied. Before the remedy for all these ills is considered, it is necessary to refer to another evil, which, though almost unnoticed by writers, is perhaps the greatest of all : I mean the lack of touch between the higher and lower classes, and the evil results which follow.

The existing system introduces the governing body from outside, in the shape of young University scholars chosen at the age of twenty-three or twenty-four, by the most difficult of literary examinations, and sets them as a ruling caste over the experienced workers. It assumes that all Higher Division entrants will be the kind of men required for the work of supervision and initiation, that they will all turn to this work with zeal and energy, and that they will all become fitted for it in an extremely short space of time. These assumptions are not true. Many of them are capable and promising men, most are good fellows, nearly all are honourable gentlemen ; but many are not, and never will be, men of affairs. Some are impracticable bookworms, some are played-out students, some are hopeless cranks, some have not the official bent, and others in various ways go wrong. The so-called probation fails to weed them out, for the rejection of a Higher Division man is almost unknown. Those who *are* satisfactory take a long time to train in the mazes of official procedure. They are absolutely without business training, and their strongest point is a facility of academic composition, the prevalence of which causes half the red-tape of the Service. Yet I have often seen such men put over Second Division men who are better officials than they are or will ever become. To my mind, the system is utterly wrong. If you want practical, business-like officials, you must take them, like soldiers or sailors, or commercial men, young, and you must choose your leaders out of many.

In course of time, however, the strong men among them (certainly not more than half) become good officials, whilst the remaining half mostly attempt to make up in excess of dignity their deficiency in capacity. Very few, even of the satisfactory men, are in touch with the workers under them, or take any great interest in these. Upon the opinion of the exclusive higher clerks (old and new) the promotion, such as there is, of the lower grade really depends. It need hardly be said that it is badly done, and that seniority is the usual test. Merit is recognised chiefly when a candidate has been in a convenient position to do handy jobs for a great man. Many of the high officials would promote the best man if they knew him, but usually they do not, so they have often to rely upon the opinion of the mediocre chief who cannot recognise ability when he sees it.

Unfortunately there is a worse effect. Higher Civil Servants are probably as honest a class of men as can be found, but they are only human. Any small and exclusive class tends to jobbery. A man with friends, who just scrapes through a Higher Division examination, and obtains an appointment in an inferior office, soon gets transferred to a better one than men who were far ahead of him in the examination. Look at the men who have been transferred to the Higher Division of the better paid Departments, such as the Treasury, the Colonial Office, or the Home Office, and see if you can find any who are not University men of good family. Some, at least, certainly were not transferred upon the ground of success in their previous Department. I have myself heard a Treasury official say, "So far as I know, A has the best official reputation, but it is a matter of patronage, and B will get the post." And he did. Were the Service united, its public opinion would prevent these "jobs." It is, under the circumstances, to the credit of the higher class that there is not more corruption.

It is easy to point out the evils. It remains to find a remedy, and, so far as may be, an immediate one; which is, as usual, a more difficult task. We have to devise, if possible, a plan which will strengthen the attenuated higher staff, and place it more in touch with the remainder of the Service; which will satisfy the claims of the conspicuously able men among the lower classes—claims in many cases founded upon the actual performance of the higher duties, in the place of the weaker members of the Higher Division; and which will provide some substitute for the lack of promotion in the lower grades of the Service. The scheme of "A Civil Servant," viz., to have a larger Higher

Division, and a correspondingly smaller lower class, would ultimately go some way to meet the first requirement ; but its present introduction is not possible, and it would merely locate the difficulties of the future in a different place in the scheme, *i.e.*, at the place where the fresh division into separate classes was made.*

It is a relapse into mediæval times to lay down a rigid barrier between classes of men. The fundamental principle of modern days, the condition of all progress, is the removal of restrictions upon the fittest man coming to the front. A common labourer with brains—in the dark ages a serf bound to the soil—may nowadays become a captain of industry and a leader of men. Promotion from the ranks is admitted in the Army and the Navy. It is only in the stronghold of red tape—the Civil Service—that the pathway from the ranks is blocked. Is the condition of the Civil Service such as to place its methods beyond suspicion? You can scarcely pick up a paper without finding it arraigned for its cut-and-dried treatment of some case, or class of cases. Let it be granted that the intention has usually been good, and that the conclusion has generally been reached by logical reasoning along well-trodden paths. Let it be admitted that, by employing five or six well-paid officials to check what, in a private firm, would be entrusted to one, a public office rarely makes a mistake in a matter of fact. Let it be granted that it plays a skilful game with its pieces and pawns—its laws and regulations—as the ancient economists constructed toy systems with their “economic man.” All this is not what is needed. We want common-sense dealings with men and facts, and treatment of cases upon their merits when cast-iron rules do not fairly apply. For this we must have men who understand men, and a small aristocratic caste does not. If the higher class of the Civil Service is to be competent for practical work it must be recruited, *so far as possible*, from the lower class, who have worked among and understand the men whom they have to govern.

How far such recruiting *is* possible, *i.e.*, to what extent the “Lower Division” includes suitable men, it is difficult, in the absence of actual trial, to say. From the youths entered under the nomination system some great administrators were trained, and I am inclined to think that from the Lower Division one could find enough. If not, then a higher

* The correctness of the view that a cheaper rate should be paid for lower work I fully admit, but this is no part of the present question.

examination must in part be resorted to, *i.e.*, attempts should be made to get good men from outside when you cannot get them from within. The present system is to take unknown outsiders, although there are known to be good men available within. At least there are plenty to go on with, and there would be more if merit were encouraged.

The present problem is really very simple, and the result is the same in whichever of two ways it is stated.

Higher Division Problem.—To provide four hundred able administrative officials, by addition to the existing four hundred (say two hundred competent, one hundred indifferent, fifty incompetent, and fifty learners), and by suitably replacing the older clerks as they retire.

Lower Division Problem.—To provide sufficient outlet for the very able men, and a reasonable amount of promotion for the efficient men, in spite of the slackness of retirement for many years to come.

My solution is :—

Higher Division.—To relegate the very incompetent men to a redundant class or retire them ; to add at least one hundred trained men, in the place of the incompetents, and to provide for the “learners.” These additional men, and those in place of men retiring, being “Lower Division men” of tried and approved capacity, and not mere scholars who may or may not turn out well.

Lower Division.—To provide an outlet for the best men by promotion to the Higher Division. The promoted men would in some cases relinquish minor staff posts for the benefit of excellent, though less able, men in the class below. The vacancies of these latter should, in turn, be filled by the promotion from the class of assistant clerks, &c.—the new cheap labour—to which I would promote, without examination, a few boy employés who are now set adrift at twenty years of age, unless they can re-enter by fresh competitive examination. (It is difficult to speak too highly of the good work done by some of these boys when properly trained.)

Of course this promotion of the selected few would not entirely satisfy the unpromoted many, but it would stop the discontent which is acute, and well grounded. Most men can never be quite satisfied, since they cannot be bought at their own price. But the “routine” Second Division clerk is as well satisfied as the average man. He has an unconfessed knowledge that he is very liberally paid ; and, contented or discontented, he has no claim to be paid more unless he is worth it, and unless there is work upon which he can fairly earn the increase.

The grievance which has a just claim for remedy, and which the public cannot afford to leave unremedied, is that of the able and zealous men who show their fitness for superior work and naturally are often employed upon it—contrary to the accepted theory, but as a necessary consequence of the present facts. The loss due to a routine worker being dissatisfied is only that he does a little less ; but the loss due to dulling or ignoring the man of brains is that the reforms of procedure and expense which he might carry out are never done at all. This is what I want to remedy—let me add for no sinister interest of my own. I am not a member of the Lower Division, nor is any relative or intimate friend of mine.

The last point is, how is this reform to be carried out? Not by a fresh Commission—Heaven forbid!—but by the action of the Government, the Treasury, and the heads of Departments. The power to make promotions from the Lower to the Higher Division already exists, and in a few offices has been freely used. Let the others use it also. There is probably not one which could deny the competence of some of the lower staff ; and, indeed, this has been admitted by the heads of Departments who have most steadfastly refused to grant the promotion. It is a bad precedent, they say, and would lead to more promotion.

Why it would be bad they do *not* say ; but their prejudice in favour of the caste system is easy to understand. The Royal Commissioners who recommend it, the Government who approve it, the Treasury officials who regulate it, and the heads of Departments who adhere to it are all of the upper caste themselves.

The distinction is social rather than official. The heads of the great offices, having entered in the patronage days, are men of social standing and connections—let me add, in all sincerity, that no praise is too high for the capacity, the official zeal, and the honourable intentions of many of those whom I have met. But they naturally prefer for their immediate subordinates men of the same social class as themselves, and the surest way to get these is by entrance from the Universities. When they found that men of brains could and did enter the Higher Division from school, or by private study in their spare time, they accepted such men kindly and treated them (except for a few “jobs” by way of transfers) quite fairly. But they got the age for admission raised to bar in future men who could not afford a University career.

No one can deny that the possession of culture and *savoir faire* are

essential to the higher officials, and that they are in no way better attained than by a University training. But this is not the only way. Many even of the Lower Division men possess them or attain them; and those who fail utterly in such respects should not be regarded as fit for the Higher Division. But let us ask only what the man *is*, and not by what road—the easy way of wealth, or the toilsome way of brains—he came to be what he is.

The present position of the Service is peculiar. For many years entrance into the redundant Higher Division was suspended, and this suspension was renewed during the deliberations of the futile Ridley Commission. Consequently the present very reduced higher class is a mixture of very old and very young men. In a few years nearly all of the older officials must go. There is consequently urgent need for recruiting the class by men of some experience, ready for immediate requirements, instead of by University youths who *may* turn out well—at some future date.

Unless an immediate remedy is applied the opportunity will be gone; the “four hundred” will in a few years be half learners; and the “four hundred,” if fully efficient, are barely enough. If the Civil Service of this country is to go through the next quarter of a century with credit, the threatened period of overwork and impotence in its higher staff must be averted. To this end I can find only one remedy and only one time of application—now!

VINDEX.

THE BOUNDER IN LITERATURE

ONE of the critic's first duties is to draw a clear distinction in his mind, and to keep it constantly in view, between the artist and his art, the author and his book, the man and his work. This proposition is not at all certain of universal acceptance. No doubt the absurd idea that a good author or a good artist must necessarily be a good man, or, rather, that no one but a good man can possibly be a good author or a good artist, is something blown upon. Clothed in the gorgeous diction of a man of genius it long commanded assent; nor were the less judicious of the clergy of all denominations by any means averse from going one better, and from maintaining the preposterous fallacy that moral excellence, unaided by any such sordid or worldly gift as mastery of brush or pen—unhampered by what was called "mere technique"—constitutes in itself a sufficient claim to applause in art or letters. Thus, painters ignorant of the rudiments of their craft have been loudly extolled because, forsooth, they "painted on their knees" (it would have been much more astonishing if they had painted on their heads, as habitual offenders profess themselves able to "do time"), and poets have enjoyed a vogue whose lines would never have borne the test of scansion.

These mistaken canons of criticism doubtless linger on in many a pious circle. They are most frequently, perhaps, met with in the modified, half-hearted, and equally ridiculous form which attributes, say, to Shelley, not indeed the habit but as it were a temporary spasm of virtue, which took him when he began to write poems like the *Skylark*. Certainly the erroneous view we have referred to is much less openly and ostentatiously upheld, at least in its crudest expression, in the secular press than it was at one time. But it turns up now and then in the most unexpected places and habited in attractive and plausible guise. What says Professor Murray, of Glasgow? In the preface to his recent volume on Greek literature—a handbook in which brilliant criticism hobnobs with journalese, and which seems to be saturated with the theory that it behoves a Gilmorehill Radical to

borrow the dialect of Fleet Street—in that preface, we say, Mr. Murray remarks:—"I have tried to realise as well as I can what sort of men the various Greek authors were, what they liked and disliked, how they earned their living and spent their time." This is candid enough. But how if no information is forthcoming as to what sort of men some of them were? Is their work less a part of Greek literature or less suitable as material for the critic to work upon? A vague tradition informs us that Homer (if there was one) "earned his living" by staff and wallet, much after the manner of Edie Ochiltree. We know nothing as to how he "spent his time," or as to what he "liked and disliked." If we *did* happen to know that he was fond of black puddings for his dinner (honest man!), should we be in a better position to judge the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*?

In effect, safety for both critic and biographer lies in the separation of their functions, and we revert to our original maxim that life and work should as far as possible be treated independently. It was neglect of this that recently led a puritan critic in a monthly review to the gratuitous assumption—even politeness cannot call it an inference—that Aristophanes was little better than an obscene guttersnipe. It is neglect of this that accounts for most of the indecent gabble about the Brontë family. Charlotte, it seems, once positively took a trip to Scarborough, and hence it follows as the night the day that *Villette must*, &c., &c. Something of the sort may be read in every quasi-"literary" organ. But, of course, the typical illustration of our point is supplied by the case of Burns, where the twofold effect of deviation from the right path is very obvious. One school of commentators (now in a minority) has persistently denied merit to some of his most characteristic and memorable pieces because his life was the reverse of exemplary. Another has, with equal obstinacy, turned a wilfully blind eye to the manifest defects of his character, and has tried to gloss over the wretched story of his later years because he wrote a few incomparable poems—perhaps one should sorrowfully say, because he wrote much to gratify a hyper-sensitive national vanity. With the adoption of the true method all difficulty disappears. It becomes possible, on the one hand, frankly to recognise the spectacle of a career which no man, unless in his cups, could pronounce enviable or would propose as a model for his sons, and with equal frankness, on the other hand, to hail as master-pieces certain of his poems whose life was thus wasted. Let us call Byron and Lockhart "cads" by all means if we so please, and if through

some singular distortion of the vision "cads" to us they seem ; but let us not suffer the opinion, well-founded or ill, to warp our judgment of their writings.

It is a corollary of our proposition that criticism should be very sparing indeed of epithets and expressions whose proper sphere is the ethical or the social. Their use is apt to derogate from the impersonal tone which ought to be aimed at, and which, Heaven knows, is so difficult to attain in an age in which minor poets *will* publish their portraits in the illustrated papers. Such expressions applied by analogy to literature are especially to be avoided when the works of the living are under review. Thus, upon the very rare occasions on which the temptation offers, it is wise, though hard, to refrain from describing a novel as obviously written by a gentleman, unless you simply mean to indicate a conjecture as to the writer's sex. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to every rule. We should not pick a quarrel with any one who thought and said that Miss Asteriski's novels savoured of the virago, or Mrs. Naggle Naggleton's journalism of the shrew. Mr. Jerome's literary quality has long since been aptly summed up in the single and significant word "'Arry" ; and here is a little volume (*The Quest of the Golden Girl*. By Richard Le Gallienne. John Lane : The Bodley Head, London and New York, 1897), which can only be described as quite the most thorough and adequate embodiment of the Bounder to be found in our literature.

The work, which is cast in autobiographical mould, purports to narrate the fantastical pilgrimage of a Cœlebs of thirty, "not unrepresentable, not without accomplishments or experience," in pursuit of "the mystical Golden Girl," or, in plain English, a wife. Blessed with "a small but sufficient competency," he is awakened to a sense of his desolate position by the marriage of a sister with whom he has hitherto kept house. Forth, accordingly, he fares, handicapped by nought save "a certain respectful homage which I always feel involuntarily to any one in the shape of a woman." Adventures are slow to come, and the pilgrim has ample time for digressions, of which the following is a characteristic specimen :—"Dinner ! Is there a more beautiful word in the language ? Dinner ! Let the beautiful word come as a refrain to and fro this chapter ! Dinner ! Just eating and drinking, nothing more, but so much ! . . . I speak not of the finicking joy of the *gourmet*, but the joy of an honest appetite in ecstasy, the elemental joy of absorbing quantities of fresh simple food,—mere roast lamb,

new potatoes, and peas of living green. It is indeed an absorbing pleasure. It needs all your attention. You must eat as you kiss, so exacting are the joys of the mouth—talking, for example.” From the very beginning, however, the pilgrim has threatened his readers with the story of his first love; and, sure enough, he tells it before very long in a chapter entitled “The Legend of Hebe, or the Heavenly Housemaid.” Here is how he gloats over the recollection of the genteel intrigue:—“It was my custom to rise early, to read Latin authors,—thanks to Hebe, still unread. I used to light my fire and make tea for myself, till one rapturous morning I discovered that Hebe was fond of rising early too, and that she would like to light my fire and make my tea. After a time she began to sweeten it for me. And then she would sit on my knee, and we would translate Catullus together,—into English kisses; for she was curiously interested in the learned tongue. How lovely she used to look with the morning sun turning her hair to golden mist, and dancing in the blue deeps of her eyes! And once, when by chance she had forgotten to fasten her gown, I caught glimpses of a bosom that was like two happy handfuls of wonderful white cherries . . .” This is pretty well, and reminds one of certain rather distasteful passages in French farce. Now, indeed, we have a sniff of more highly-flavoured fare than such “fresh simple food” as twaddle about lamb, new potatoes, and green peas.

An important point in the narrative is reached when the hero, on reaching a lonely cottage, carefully scrutinises the family washing. He shall take up the tale in his own matchless words:—“But the clothes-line presented charming evidence of still another occupant; and here, though so far easy to read, came in something of a puzzle. Who in this humble out-of-the-way cottage could afford to wear that exquisite cambric petticoat edged with a fine and very expensive lace? And surely it was on no country legs that those delicately-clocked and open-worked silk stockings walked invisible through the world! Nor was the lace any ordinary expensive English lace, such as any good shop can supply. Indeed, I recognised it as being of a Parisian design as yet little known in England; while on the tops of the stockings I laughingly suspected a border designed by a certain eccentric artist, who devotes his strange gifts to decorating with fascinating miniatures the under-world of woman. I have seen corsets thus made beautiful by him valued at five hundred pounds, and he never paints a pair of garters for less than

a hundred. His name is not yet a famous one as, for obvious reasons, his works are not exhibited at public galleries, though they are occasionally to be seen at private views." To enable him to solve the puzzle, he purchases the articles in question from the young woman at the cottage to whom some lady unknown had presented them. In due course he examines them. "I had never seen a petticoat so near before, at all events I had never give one such close attention. What delicious dainty things they are! How essentially womanly—as I hope no one would call a pair of trousers manly. How pretty it looked spread out on the grass in front of me! How soft! How wondrously dainty the finish of every little seam! And the lace! It almost tempts one to change one's sex to wear such things." He discovers the original proprietrix's name inscribed on the petticoat, packs the garment with the stockings in his knapsack, and continues his quest for the owner who, he is satisfied, must be the genuine "Golden Girl."

After an amour at an inn with "the roundest, ruddiest little chamber-maid ever created for the trial of mortal frailty"—an amour to which the "dainty petticoat" and silk stockings form an easy introduction—the wanderer scrapes acquaintance with an eccentric young lady of twenty, whom her parents, if possessed of ordinary sense, would infallibly have clapped in a lunatic asylum. We cannot linger over the stages by which acquaintance passes into intimacy, though this charming little observation must not be omitted:—"The privilege of seeing woman eat is the earliest granted of those delicate animal intimacies, the fuller and fuller confiding of which plays not the least important part, and ever such a sweet one, even in a highly transcendental affection." Suffice it to say that the petticoat, with "its luxurious lace border, a thing for the soft light of the boudoir, or the secret moonlight of love's permitted eyes alone to see, shamelessly brazening it out in this terrible sunlight," again clinches the matter, and that Nicolette sets out on a walking tour with the pilgrim, *sola cum solo*. She wears men's clothes on the ploy, and it need scarce be said that on so congenial a topic our author is extremely rich and fruity.

But, mind! No scandal this time, if you please. A good deal of kissing and squeezing, but no greater impropriety between this Aucassin and Nicolette, though the joy that was Aucassin's "when sometimes, stopping on our way, we would press together our lips ever so gravely and tenderly, seems too holy even to speak of!" "The holy angels," he continues, "could not have loved Nicolette with a purer love,

a love freer from taint of any earthly thought, than I, a man of thirty, *blasé*, and fed from my youth upon the honeycomb of woman." And, indeed, this uncommon innocence and purity give rise to one of the most disgusting passages in the book. This precious couple must share a double-bedded room in a crowded inn. Nicolette goes to bed first and her companion follows. "I stole in very shyly, kept my eyes sternly from Nicolette's white bed, though, as I couldn't shut my ears, the sound of her breathing came to me with indescribable sweetness. After I had lain among the sheets some five or ten minutes I was suddenly startled by a little voice within the room, saying:—'I'm not asleep.' 'Well, you should be, naughty child. Now shut your eyes and go to sleep—and fair dreams and sweet repose,' I replied. 'Won't you give me one little good-night kiss?' 'I gave you one down-stairs.' 'Is it very wicked to want another?' There was not a foot between our two beds so I bent over and took her soft white shoulders in my arms and kissed her. All the heaped-up sweetness of the whitest, freshest flowers of the spring seemed in my embrace as I kissed her, so soft, so fragrant, so pure, and as the moonlight was the white fire in our blood. Softly I released her, stroked her brown hair, and turned again to my pillow. Presently the little voice was in the room again. 'Mayn't I hold your hand? Somehow I feel lonely and frightened.' So our hands made a bridge across which our dreams might pass through the night, and after a little while I knew that she slept. As I lay thus holding her hand and listening to her quiet breathing I realised once more what my young Alastor had meant by the purity of high passion. For indeed the moonlight that fell across her bosom was not whiter than my thoughts, nor could any kiss—were it even such a kiss as Venus promised to the betrayer of Psyche—even in its fiercest delirium, be other than dross compared with the wild white peace of those silent hours when we lay thus married and maiden side by side." A great deal of this, to be sure, is stark nonsense; but it is all mighty offensive; and the gentleman's chastity is, if possible, as objectionable as his incontinence.

The wanderer's next flirtation is with a married lady of a year's standing, possessed of an "opulent mass of dark red hair," and exceedingly communicative as to the state of her relations with her husband. By mutual agreement, they occupy separate bedrooms, and each is to enjoy a month's holiday in the year apart from the other, upon which arrangement there is the following comment:—"It would

not be seemly to inquire how far certain of these conditions had been kept—how often, for example, Orlando's little hermit's bed had really needed remaking during those twelve months!" Nothing much, however, comes of the red-haired lady. Her husband is discovered at a watering-place meditating elopement with the original owner of the petticoat and stockings, who turns out to be a celebrated actress. We need not pause to describe how the pilgrim reconciles the spouses, or how he introduces himself to the actress. Before very long he is found dining in her company, and this is what happens:—"When the serious business of dining was dispatched, and we were trifling with our coffee and liqueurs, my eyes, which of course had seldom left her during the whole meal, once more enfolded her little ivory and black silk body with an embrace as real as though they had been straining passionate arms; and as thus I nursed her in my eyes I smiled involuntarily at a thought which not unnaturally occurred to me. 'What is that sly smile about?' she asked. Now, I had smiled to think that underneath that stately silk, around that tight little waist, was a dainty waistband bearing the legend 'Sylvia Joy,' No. 4, perhaps, or 5, but *not* No. 6; and a whole wonderful under-world of lace and linen and silk stockings, the counterpart of which wonders my clairvoyant fancy laughed to think were (*sic*) at the moment my delicious possessions." The secret of the petticoat and stockings is disclosed, and, in proof of his veracity, the pilgrim produces one of the latter "with its cunning little frieze . . . which the artist had designed to encircle one of the white columns of that little marble temple which sat before me." "Whatever are you talking about?" exclaims the lady at first, and, "Why, wherever did you come across them?" But she is easily appeased, and after executing a skirt dance by moonlight, and thereby "revealing a paradise of chiffons," goes off with the hero to Paris, where an enjoyable fortnight (as the reporters say) is spent *à la* David Grieve. Miss Joy is then obliged to return to London, and the Golden-Girl-hunter consoles himself with a little French dressmaker, and also (Platonically this time) with an American girl, of whom he relates that on the occasion of their first meeting they were "pressing each other's feet under the table by the middle of dinner."

But we're afraid that if we don't make haste the reader mayn't be able to refrain from nausea. Why, whatever would he think of us, unless we cut it ever so short? (How insensibly one falls into that agreeable colloquialism in which Mr. Le Gallienne's only serious rival

is Mr. Grant Allen!) We omitted, then, to mention that on his way to the watering-place our pilgrim saw a young woman with great violet eyes and trimmings to match. "The carriage of her head was no whit less noble than the queenly carriage of her limbs and her glorious chestnut hair, full of warm tints of gold, was massed in a sumptuous simplicity above a neck that would have made an average woman's fortune." Though convinced that this is really and truly *the* "Golden Girl," the pursuer loses sight of her for a considerable time, but subsequently encounters her on "the Venusberg of Piccadilly." Married to a husband who ill-treated her, the lady with the glorious chestnut hair had dyed the same, and had then gone upon the town: a "false step," the "psychology" of which her adorer confesses himself the less able to comprehend "the more he came to know Elizabeth and realise the rare delicacy of her nature." "For hers," he adds, "was not a sensual, pleasure-loving nature." He marries her, however, on the death of her husband, and two years afterwards she dies in childbed. There is a good deal of rather nauseous sentiment about the wife's death, and about the fairy patter of little feet, which we forbear to quote, but to which we desire to call attention for the reason that it entirely dissipates the charitable suspicion, which at one time we endeavoured to entertain, that the book was perhaps modelled on that brilliant and incisive piece of work, *Mr. Bailey Martin*, that it was designed by its author as a scathing satire, and that the hero was meant to be held out as the loathsome creature which he truly is, and not as the object of admiration and envy.

We have now given the reader a synopsis of this amazing farrago of underclothing, fornication, lickerishness, and "purity"; and we ask with confidence if, in pronouncing the work to be the literary equivalent of a "Bounder," we have used language one atom too strong? The mere style perhaps smacks more of the coxcomb or the puppy; but the tone and atmosphere of the volume—its cool hypothesis that the whole duty of man is to kiss and tell—its jaunty self-satisfaction and complacency—its flippant and facetious handling of themes among which genius itself has need to walk warily—its affected delicacy to which grossness open and unveiled were immeasurably preferable—its odious intermingling of the lascivious and the solemn—above all, the hero's serene unconsciousness that he has committed any offence against good manners and good taste—these, with sufficient

emphasis and articulation, cry aloud: "Bounder—Bounder—Bounder!" That well-known bibliophil, Tom Turnpenny, had doubtless welcomed the book to his dubious shelves; and, indeed, the only imaginable excuse for its existence is that it was produced "in the way of business." But until Mr. Le Gallienne's heroes desist from battenning on "the honeycomb of woman," they will form a nasty obstacle (in every sense of the epithet) to their creator's accomplishment of anything even respectable in fiction.

It remains to note that a considerable section of the Press appears to have received this performance with every manifestation of delight—a perfect torrent of applause. It was described as "a sentimental journey without coarseness," though "a certain frankness, hardly usual in present-day books," was admittedly discoverable. One critic goes into ecstasies over its "essential purity" and its "personal charm"; "indefinable charm" is the phrase of a second; "Gallic aloofness" (whatever that may be) is detected by a third; while a fourth raves of the "magic" of its style. "Everything the writer touches," we are assured in one quarter, "throbs into rollicking merriment." In another he is described as "a very wizard of romance," as "a writer with the Greek soul and the artist's touch." And so on *ad infinitum*. Our readers are doubtless well able to supply the stereotyped formulæ of eulogy for themselves. But a great part of the Press has for some time past been, to all appearance, past praying for in regard to literary criticism; and there is little prospect of a better day dawning for such as prefer the competent, intelligent, and candid variety of that commodity before every other, until the daily journals revert to their older and better way, and cease to "take an interest in literature."

JOHN DALGLEISH.

UNPUBLISHED NAPOLEON

THE publication of the *Lettres inédites de Napoléon I^{er}* (Paris : E. Plon, Nourrit, et Cie.) is the latest sign of the world's imperishable interest in all that touches the great Emperor. In truth, the charm of the Bonapartist legend vies with that which attaches to Cleopatra, to Mary Stuart, to Marie Antoinette, to any other of history's injured heroines or criminal beauties, as the case may be. More, perhaps, than any personality of modern times, Napoleon enlists a passionate sympathy or awakens a fierce abhorrence ; nor is it likely that posterity will pronounce any final, unanimous verdict. The man's achievement and character are too monumental and too complex for half-hearted acquiescence. Yet time fights on his side. Vainly does Lanfrey, in a huge Republican pamphlet, daub his subject with infernal colours : Jacobins esteem Napoleon as the Terrorist in office, and the sons of revolution recognise him, the world over, as the chief who freed them from the house of bondage. Believers in divine right no longer revile the incarnation of order and of law, but are fain that fate should endow the heirs of established dynasties with a small part of the genius and energy of the Corsican attorney's son. Professional soldiers in all countries are Bonapartists to a man, while the army of *romantiques*—women, poets, youth—is, so to say, the Young Guard. The ancient enmities of races have worn threadbare so that, if no Englishman shares the raptures of Hazlitt, none accepts the scurrilous libels of Lewis Goldsmith. Byron, Manzoni, and Heine are the spokesmen of a cult which bids fair to be everlasting. An entire literature, bewildering in abundance, has grown up round that one commanding figure. The last word is never said, and, in every generation, the most accomplished artists essay a portraiture which has baffled their predecessors' skill. Pérès, in his *Comme quoi Napoléon n'a jamais existé*, ironically transfigures his sitter to a solar myth, and Whately follows with a heavy foot. Where Hazlitt, Scott, and Taine have failed, no meaner hand may attain success ; and of late years it has been the fashion to present but one aspect of a multitudinous temperament. Hence such per-

formances as those of M. Masson and M. Arthur Lévy. But the most authentic likeness available is that drawn by Napoleon's own hand.

This is to be sought, firstly, in the twenty-eight volumes of the *Correspondance de Napoléon I^{er}*, published between 1858 and 1869. Of some thirty thousand pieces existing in the Archives Nationales, in the French War and Foreign Offices, twenty-two thousand were issued under official supervision: that is to say, almost one-third of the Emperor's letters have been hitherto withheld. Those written between 1st January and 10th November, 1812, have disappeared, lost or destroyed during the retreat from Moscow; others were wilfully made away with in 1814, or, during the Second Empire, by order of Napoleon III; a few were burned with the Tuileries by the Communards of 1871. The first Revising Committee of 1854, under Marshal Vaillant, edited with discretion, and a reasonable case may almost always be made for its methods and procedure. The second Revising Committee of 1864 set to work on a principle which its Chairman, Prince Napoleon, states in these terms:—"Nous avons pris pour guide cette idée bien simple, à savoir que nous étions appelés à publier ce que l'Empereur aurait livré à la publicité si, se survivant à lui-même et devançant la justice des âges, il avait voulu montrer à la postérité sa personne et son système." In other words, desirous of publishing nothing which might dim the glory of the Napoleonic legend, the Committee of 1864 suppressed and tampered as it thought fit. From the sixteenth volume onwards, whole clauses were dropped; proper names, plain beyond the possibility of error, were omitted on the ground of "illegibility"; erroneous statements were corrected, and characteristic phrases, thrown off in the heat of the moment, were revised in cold blood fifty years after they were written. Lastly, letters referring to Napoleon's quarrels with his family and with the Pope were suppressed *en bloc*. It is M. Léon Lecestre's merit to have re-established the true text of over three hundred pieces heretofore mutilated, and to have published for the first time no less than eight hundred and eighty-five letters hitherto unknown.

As M. Léon Lecestre warns his readers, it were easy to receive a false impression from the perusal of these two volumes, containing, as they do, nothing but precisely those materials which the house of Bonaparte thought most injurious to its founder's memory. It is as though the world became acquainted with what only a confessor has the right to know. Self-revelation on such a scale is the severest of

trials, and just as the *Diary* divulges a Pepys quite other than the punctilious official of the Admiralty, so the *Lettres inédites* manifest the great man in his smallest and most secret moods. He strikes no picturesque attitude, after the manner of those two arch-poseurs Augustine and Rousseau, but unmask himself as he felt and as he was: petulant with his mother, bullying his brethren, speaking his mind to defaulting monarchs and to unsuccessful marshals, menacing, cajoling, stern, indulgent, reserved, exhorting, meddlesome, stealthy, frank, all by turns as interest and occasion prompt. The thoroughgoing idolater may indeed regret the appearance of these letters supplementary, inasmuch as they prove the demi-god to have been exceeding human; but the fact remains, that even in his hours of pettiness he shows unabated the vigilance, energy, and resource of genius incarnate. Nowhere else is it possible to find such an example of masterful versatility, absorbing with equal intelligence the details of a vast campaign and the contents of a letter from some nameless village priest. Napoleon here confides his desires, hopes, fears, thoughts, methods, system, in such wise as no psychological historian could rival, and thus affords an insight of the veritable sentiments of the greatest histrion the stage has known. It is hard to believe that such a man ever was. To M. Léon Lecestre belongs the praise of supplying the necessary first-hand evidence which proves the truth of what might seem a fable.

At the outset Napoleon enters, raging against his ancient enemy, Madame de Staël. He pays her the compliment of saying that he is "not such a fool" as to want her within twenty leagues of Paris; eighteen months later he charges his police to keep *cette coquine* out of the capital, and his letters are seamed with denunciations of *cette misérable femme, cette méchante intrigante*. He points out that her husband lives in the direst poverty, while the wife flaunts her ugly face at dinners and at balls; she wishes to be judged by the male standard, but what, asks Napoleon of his brother Joseph—who remained on good terms with her—what would be said of a man of equal wealth who left his wife to starve? "Serait-il un homme avec lequel on pourrait faire société?" As late as 1810 he finds her styling herself a baroness, and inquires of Savary, Chief of the Police, whether she has any right to the title. Prince Augustus of Prussia is a simple fool, Napoleon declares elsewhere; should he not mend his ways, he must be locked up and Madame de Staël shall be sent to console him. Could there be a more diabolic aggravation of captivity? The same Augustus

reappears in a letter from Rotterdam (26th October, 1811) as enamoured of Madame Récamier, whom he has promised to marry: "l'autre n'est pas si folle, s'en rit et s'en moque," and had the good sense not to meet her suitor at Bâle, the trysting place. M. de Chateaubriand and his clique had best remember what befel Ahab: their hour is at hand. Benjamin Constant, one of a *franche canaille*, is clearly engaged in the Jacquemont conspiracy; are these people always to be protected in Paris? asks the master of his servant Fouché. Never was candour more engaging. Jourdan, he declares to the War Minister, behaves like a dolt; General Morio is "a lunatic whom I despise"; General Garnier, if he be the same man who served at Toulon and made the map, is not fit to command a company; the Secretary of the Danish Legation is an *animal* and nothing more; Junot is to be retired from the army as a man of no earthly use to any one; the capitulation of Baylen is a *déshonneur éternel du nom français*; Dupont is an ass and a coward; while Gardanne is an *archi-imbécile*.

Not less vigorous does Napoleon appear in his encounter with the Church. M. Léon Lecestre gives the entire text of a note to the Pope, published in extract by Theiner in his *Histoire des deux concordats*, wherein His Holiness is asked to grant a brief of secularisation to Talleyrand; and nothing could be more diverting than the array of respectable precedents cited in support of the demand—Cæsar Borgia, two Casimirs of Poland (one a Benedictine, the other a Jesuit), Henry of Portugal, Francis of Lorraine, Maurice of Savoy, a Gonzaga, two Cardinals of the House of Bourbon, and Cardinal Panfili, "nephew" of Innocent X. The State Paper containing these instances, marshalled with an almost diabolic ingenuity, concludes by observing with inimitable gravity that they "are taken from periods when the Holy See exercised to the full an authority which the predecessors of Pius VII used for the good of the Church on grounds of expediency; grounds which still exist, so that it is doubtful if at any time the same request was ever made for reasons of equal force." It is a commonplace of missionaries and ranters of all sects to represent Napoleon as an upholder of religion, and no Bonapartist of practical sense, fishing for the clerical vote, were inept enough to contradict so serviceable a tale. In truth he could affect devotion as he could affect any other attitude which proved convenient. Like another great historic personage he could quote Scripture for his own purposes and, if he quoted it incorrectly, he is to

be excused on the ground of unfamiliarity with the text. He exploited creeds and bishops as coolly as he exploited empires and statesmen. They existed for no other purpose than to be used by him. The extent to which he shared the beliefs that he protected officially cannot be doubtful to any reader of the present collection. In a letter to Fouché (21st April, 1807) he suggests a mode of exciting the devout against England: a double master-stroke of policy. The plan of action is exposed with simplicity. Great outcry is to be raised in the local papers of Brittany, La Vendée, Belgium, and Piedmont, against the persecutions suffered by the Irish Catholics at the hands of the Anglican Church which, for the last hundred years, has carried on a daily Massacre of Saint Bartholomew. "Il faut pour cela recueillir tous les traits qui puissent peindre cette persécution sous toutes les couleurs." Portalis, the Minister of Public Worship, is to arrange with certain bishops that public prayers be offered for the cessation of the said persecutions; and the writers of the articles—Napoleon names those most fitted for his purpose—avoiding the use of the word "Protestant," are commanded to speak solely of the Anglican Church. "Car nous avons des protestants en France, et nous n'avons pas d'Église anglicane." It is instructive to read later a peremptory instruction that all Irish officers are to be struck off the army roll.

Proof of Napoleon's disdainful attitude towards his Church abounds on every page. The *Publiciste* stirs his wrath by discussing the question whether the clergy should be celibate or not. "What does it matter? Leave theology to preachers: let not the State be troubled with such *bêtises*!" The Archbishop of Aix is reprimanded for permitting a novena without leave from the Government. Lucien Bonaparte is to prejudice the Madrid Court against the Pope—*un honnête homme, mais borné*—on the ground that Pius VII, the tool of Neapolitan monkery, has re-established the Jesuits without consulting any European Power. The congregation of Fathers of the Faith is to be dissolved because of its "ludicrous ultramontane principles." Eugène de Beauharnais is to shoot the Bishop of Udine or any other refractory cleric; itinerant friars are to be shot at sight; the Bishops of Ghent, Tournai, and Troyes are to resign within twelve hours, since they no longer possess the Imperial confidence. Cardinal Pacca is nothing better than a scamp. The Pope, with his *air de sainte-nitouche*, never takes pen in hand without exposing himself: *il n'y a rien de bête comme ces gens-là*. He excommunicates Napoleon, who briefly comments that

the old fanatic has excommunicated himself: henceforward *ce vieillard ignorant et atrabilaire* is to be arrested and cut off from intercourse with the outer world. He wishes for war and he shall have it. Let all the Generals of the Religious Orders be collected in Rome, sent up to Paris, and distributed about the smaller French towns, under strict surveillance the while. Every cardinal in France and Italy—"my subjects"—is to reside in Paris: it would be advantageous to have the Head of the Church under the Emperor's thumb. Thirteen cardinals who failed of attendance at Napoleon's wedding with Marie-Louise are to be stripped of their robes; and the same sumptuary law is to be applied to recalcitrant Trappists. Among the absentees was Cardinal Oppizoni, who should have assisted in his triple capacity of cardinal, senator, and bishop: he is reminded of the favours heaped upon him, and is ordered to resign before nightfall. The Emperor will no longer save him from the consequences of his lechery by staying the course of the criminal law. Cardinal Fesch, who permits himself a word of remonstrance, is advised to temper his delirium by taking cold baths. Recalcitrant priests are to be sent to Corsica or to Elba. The vocation of the seminarists at Ghent shall be put to the proof; if it survives military service, the Belgians are free to resume their casuistry—in France. As to regulars, it is not the Emperor's intention to suffer the insults of *cette vermine*. His idea is that a Pope who "behaves badly" at Savona shall be docked of his carriages and shall have his pocket-money cut down from one hundred thousand francs a month to twelve thousand francs a year. And he proceeds to suggest that Pius VII, being incapable (in his shameful ignorance) of distinguishing between the accidents and the essentials of religion, should leave the pontifical chair to be occupied by some one "with more brains and more principle." The only clergy worth counting with are the bishops: the latter's stipends should not lightly be curtailed, since a prosperous prelate is safe to rule his diocese as his paymaster ordains. "I am," writes Napoleon to Fouché, "as much of a theologian as these people, perhaps more: I shall not cross the line, but I shall allow no one else to do so either."

As the guardian of morals, he took himself with all the seriousness of the thriving *bourgeois*. That he should command a pamphlet on "the immorality of Mr. Pitt and the English Government" was as much an affair of business as his anxiety to proclaim the shortcomings of the Duke of York in the matter of Mary Anne Clarke. Politics had a part, too, in his scandalised references to the Princess D—. "You

know that she has long lived with a singer ; that the diamonds given her by Potemkin are the wages of dishonour." The obvious course is to gather more details concerning her, and to lampoon her in the Press. But the martinet of virtue interposes in the cases of private persons. It reached him that an impertinent officer of the 22nd Chasseurs annoyed a certain Madame Pauline de R—— with his attentions, and the Governor of Paris was instructed to intern the spark in Languedoc without loss of time. A Madame d'H—— "does not enjoy a good repute," and accordingly Comte Lacépède, as Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, is ordered to make her the subject of a detailed report. From Dresden Napoleon writes to the Duc de Rovigo for details about a Marquis de la Feuillade, who chatters nonsense with a lady named d'I——, said to be his mistress. For excesses which involve the honour of the army there is no mercy ; hence the fierce pursuit of a brigadier-general who has eloped with Mademoiselle Cathérine Eugénie d'E——. When the Great Captain himself strayed into gallantry, he made it a source of profit ; and if he conceded a passport to Pamela—*la célèbre Paméla*—in hiding at Calais under the name of Dufour, he directed Fouché to cross-examine her upon affairs in England and Ireland. He displayed the parvenu's interest in the minutiae of etiquette, wrote pages to Cambacérès on the impropriety of rousing the Empress at midnight, and expressed to the Duc de Cadore his objection, on principle, to a King dancing in the presence of the general company. A true *bourgeois*, he had all the middle-class prejudice in favour of the unity of brethren, and clinched every argument by proclaiming himself the *chef de la famille*. A true man of business, he had a vehement horror of debt, never wearied of rebuking Josephine and Hortense for their extravagance, and informed Daru that the Crown jewels were to be bought "as cheaply as possible."

Among men of letters Napoleon has always enjoyed a vast popularity, for the excellent reason that he once shot a publisher ; the esteem was far from reciprocal, though none was more prompt to use the Press at need. He had made an admirable journalist, overflowing with ideas, a disciplinarian of the first force, quick to seize an advantage and confuse the Opposition with subtleties and sophisms. His henchmen served him ill. Most of all, the *Journal des Débats* displeased him, and its editor was unsparingly denounced as a dullard who filled his rag with twaddle. A Gallicised Irishman named O'Farrell, in his *Gazette de Madrid*, praised the "brigands" who defended Zaragoza,

and brought on himself the stern inquiry whether he intended to encourage the rebels at Valencia and at Seville. The distinction of the *Journal de l'Empire* was its complete imbecility, as shown by the fact that it printed one of Canning's speeches without Napoleon's approval. The *Journal de France* was edited in a thoroughly bad spirit, else it had never alluded to King Charles of Spain, whose name should not be so much as mentioned by decent Bonapartists. From Schönbrunn the Emperor ordered the imprisonment of the editor of the *Gazette de France*, which had questioned the existence of a Franco-Russian alliance :—"On dirait, en vérité, qu'à la police on ne sait pas lire." Yet earlier the same journalist approved himself a bungler by publishing unbecoming details concerning Marie-Louise. Worse still, the style was so confused that the drift was doubtful. Of style Napoleon accounted himself no mean judge, and he returned a despatch to his Foreign Minister with the comment that its manner was feeble :—"Ce sont des raisonnements qu'il faut et non des tableaux." Nor was he better satisfied with his journalists abroad. The *Gazette de Fribourg*, in common with every newspaper in the Grand Duchy of Baden, was suppressed because of impertinences ; but, as people must have news (of a sort), a paternal authority supplied a sheet "rédigée à Carlsruhe sous l'œil du gouvernement." The *Annales politiques et littéraires* argued that the Pope could by right excommunicate princes and assign their dominions at discretion : the paper died and the staff were imprisoned. An "extraordinary article" in the *Journal de Leipsick* produced the following instruction to Berthier :—"Arrest the writer at once, court-martial him, and, if he meant anything hostile, shoot him." The general rule was laid down that no foreign journal must be quoted :—"If a foreign journal says that I have been to the theatre, the French papers should not repeat it ; if it says that I have done such and such an act, signed such and such a treaty, they should not reproduce it ; nothing concerning the Government should come from abroad." That any journalist should copy a piece of personal news from a German print was proof positive that he was an "inexcusable idiot." Yet, hard as Napoleon strove to educate his pressmen, he was forced to avow himself beaten in a letter to Savary from Troyes (3rd February, 1814) :—"Il est impossible de rédiger les journaux avec plus de maladresse qu'on ne fait ; si c'est pour rendre la France ridicule, on y réussit parfaitement."

His attention to detail is seen in such despatches as those addressed to General Lauriston, who is to ascertain the precise amount of biscuit stored at Lucerne. Junot is exhorted to lay in "hundreds of thousands" of biscuits for the army in Portugal; Louis Napoléon is to see to it that every soldier has two pairs of boots in his knapsack, besides the pair in use. The ruler's eye was everywhere. A midshipman guilty of disorderly conduct at Toulon was instantly detected and, by special order of the Emperor, was transferred to Brest or Rochefort. The cadets of the Artillery School at Metz disturbed the playgoers. The six ringleaders were imprisoned for two months, the whole school was placed under close arrest for a month, and was forbidden to enter the theatre for a year. "Que je n'en entende plus parler! Je ne souffrirai pas qu'une poignée de morveux inquiète toute une ville." Even when thirty students of the École Polytechnique sallied forth to flog a writer—surely, a pardonable assault—the author of the Code reprimanded the Governor, and ordered the culprits to be sent before the magistrate and punished—"conformément aux lois." He meddled in the most personal matters, and took the world for his province. On the betrothal of Eugène de Beauharnais to the King of Bavaria's daughter, Napoleon writes post-haste to his sister-in-law, Joseph's wife, fixing her wedding gift at from fifteen to twenty thousand francs. With all his love of frugality, the great administrator had the right feeling for magnificence in itself, and as a means of impressing the vulgar from whom he sprang, and for whom his contempt was infinite; and he used it as a means of diplomacy, straining to the uttermost the resources of Sèvres in honour of the Tsar Alexander. If Josephine travelled in Belgium, he saw to it that she represented him with splendour, wearing the finest pearls in Europe, as became the wife of the Master of the Continent. Nor did he fail in the minor graces. He could doff the manner of the barrack-room, and indite you a letter which the Grand Monarque had not paused to sign: as witness his acceptance, conceived in the grand style, of Madame de la Rochefoucauld's resignation as *dame d'honneur*. He had a delicacy and a fine feeling of his own which caused him never to forget his small beginnings, never to desert an old friend, never to come short in rewarding those who had done him service. He would suspend the administration of the empire to arrange a provision for Josephine's nurse; and, after the divorce, he punished an engraver who insinuated impertinences at Josephine's expense. For himself, he would prefer

that the ex-Empress drank the waters at Plombières, at Vichy, at Bourbonne, or at any place where he had not made an Imperial visit in her company ; but, if Aix-la-Chapelle best suits her health, his opposition falls to the ground. Just so, in 1813, faced by disaster at Dresden, he snatches time to remind the Comte de Rémusat that the actors of the Comédie Française who played before him there are to receive an extra allowance of one hundred and eleven thousand five hundred francs, of which ten thousand are to be paid to Mademoiselle Mars, and eight thousand each to Mademoiselle Georges and to Talma.

A master of tactics and an expert in duplicity, he instructs Comte Bigot de Préameneu to keep secret the Pope's letter of 24th March, 1813, so that he may say he has received it, or has not received it, according to circumstances. Junot is given a free hand in Portugal, and is to accept in Lisbon conditions which can be rejected twenty-four hours later :—" Tout discours est bon, pourvu qu'il s'empare de l'escadre portugaise." The Duke de Santa-Fè submits to the French Foreign Office a protest written by the Spanish Minister Urquijo, and Napoleon, having read it, dictates this reply :—" Je n'ai pu mettre cela sous les yeux de l'Empereur." Himself an artist in exaggeration, he revolts at such absurdities as that which sets out fifty-two wounds received by Major Chipault in a single mythical battle. Like other arts, lying calls for selection and discretion ; and the unmitigated liar, as he gives Talleyrand to know, is but a foolish botcher. The same sense of measure and proportion abode with him. Incontinence must never degenerate into impolitic passion ; consequently, he warns Eugène de Beauharnais against writing to one D——, a woman in the pay of the police, and—not to mince words—*la boue de Paris*. Lucien, the prodigal of the house, might yet be saved, were he less expansive, and the counsel is reinforced by an autograph postscript :—" Je vous recommande de vous conduire avec réserve ; il faut que l'on ait pour vous de la considération, ce qui ne peut pas être sans réserve." The intrigue with Madame Joubertson was so unobjectionable in itself that Napoleon was thrice willing to accept and facilitate matters :—" C'est la politique seulement qui m'intéresse ; après cela, je ne veux point contrarier ses goûts et ses passions." But Lucien gave himself up to "a shameful passion" for a woman whose morals barred her from decent society ; he continued "deaf to our voice," so that, while "we raised our brothers to such rank as became their birth and the interests of our Crown," he alone remained in a private station, neglecting "the talents with which

Heaven endowed him." Contumacy could not endure for ever, and the day arrived (27th September, 1810) when a despatch was addressed to Comte Laplace, cashiering Lucien from the Senate and condemning him to perpetual exile. The suppler Jerome abandoned Miss Patterson for the throne of Westphalia ; but his brother's vigilance never slept, and from the Spanish frontier he asks for information on "ce que le roi de Westphalie a de commun avec Madame H——."

For his navy Napoleon shows a fine contempt which greatly exceeds Nelson's. "The conduct of Vice-Admiral Cosmao is senseless : I can but deplore my sailors' imbecility." "Mon imbécile de contre-amiral," is his description to Caulaincourt at St. Petersburg a year later, and to Fouché he denounced "mes imbéciles de marins." To Bernadotte he puts the facts with unmistakable truth :—"J'ai beaucoup de vaisseaux, je n'ai point de marins." "Admiral Willaumez !" exclaimed Napoleon, after nine sterile years of expectation ; "I had rather try the junior captain of the fleet." Nor was he more flattering to marshals and to special envoys. Could anything, he asked, be more absurd than that Tolstoy, the Russian Ambassador, should discuss politics with Marshal Ney, "who knows nothing of what is going on, and is as ignorant of my plans as the youngest drummer in the army"? To Napoleon a Russian sailor, a Spanish soldier, and an Austrian diplomatist represented the nadir of their professions. His glimpse of the Spanish army and the Spanish people left him with the poorest esteem for both. In the Spaniard as in the Arab, he noted the cowardly baseness which cringes in the presence of force, and triumphs in the massacre of stragglers. The Spanish monks he wrote down as ignorant, ferocious fools, no better than so many butcher-boys ; the Spanish soldier, as envisaged at Aranda de Duero, was the worst in the whole world—*véritablement de la canaille*. He dashed on Valladolid, reducing it to order by shooting fifteen and hanging seven of its leading ruffians ; three thousand men and ten howitzers sufficed to cow the rabble of Madrid. "Avec les Espagnols," he wrote, "il faut être sévère." Why should Navarre be coddled ? he furiously demanded of his brother Joseph, whom the sober Spaniards dubbed Pepe Botellas ; and his rage exceeded all bounds when a marshal temporised by promising indemnities to the northern provinces. Bilbao alone should be mulcted in four millions. The Spanish women accompanying the captives of Zaragoza were to be deported across the frontier : the prisoners—those that were left of them, for they perished at the rate of three or four

hundred a day—were sent to Breskens and Antwerp to work upon the fortifications.

Excessive zeal brought down the sternest of rebukes, and none excelled Napoleon in administering a snub to the officious. Time upon time was Fouché, the sultan of meddlers, set down in his place by a chief who “invited” him to leave foreign affairs to others, and plied him with reminders that the sphere of his activity should not extend beyond the Police Department, which left much to desire in efficiency. “If each of you would do your duty and, leaving foreign affairs alone, would do nothing else—a good many things might be avoided.” And, in a letter which might have been signed by Lucifer himself, the old spy received his dismissal:—“Monsieur le duc d’Otrante, vos services ne peuvent plus m’être agréables. Il est à propos que vous partiez sous vingt-quatre heures, pour demeurer dans votre sénatorerie. Cette lettre n’étant à autres fins, je prie Dieu qu’il vous ait en sa sainte et digne garde.” He tempered not his words to his own kindred. “Your speech,” he wrote to Jerome, “I find ridiculous.” He informed the Westphalian King that he was the laughing-stock of Europe, the shame of his people; that his financial administration was a scandal; that he was a common swindler. Joachim Murat, after the usual admonition to mind his own business, was told that his decrees were insane, and that his countenancing the sham miracle of St. Januarius was supremely discreditable. Louis was overwhelmed with reproaches; and even the favourite sister, Pauline, when her health broke down, was the object of an insinuation couched in these terms:—“Je suppose que vous êtes sage, et qu’il n’y a point là-dedans de votre faute.” If Napoleon ever condescended to be duped by false reports, the single case recorded is his complaisance in accepting as genuine the verses ascribed to the King of Rome, then in his third year. “His sentiments,” says the proud father, “are sound.”

For his English foes he had a feeling of something akin to respect, since he recognised a dangerous rival at sight. He fumed against our strange determination to retain both Malta and Ceylon; he beheld in every Yankee consul an agent of the corrupter, Pitt; he was scandalised as any member of the Royal Humane Society when the retreating English cavalry slew their horses rather than abandon them as French remounts. The thought that the Duc de Chevreuse’s children had an English governess mortified him to the point of making him esteem her a public peril, and a poor fisherman who had trafficked with

English sailors gave occasion for a special minute which appears in the *Correspondance* (Number 7541), the following passages being omitted on the ground of "illegibility":—

"Faites arrêter sur-le-champ les matelots et equipages du pêcheur qui a communiqué avec les Anglais. Je me reproche d'avoir négligé dans le temps de le faire arrêter. Faites-le parler, et je vous autorise même à lui promettre sa grâce, s'il fait des révélations ; et, si vous voyez de l'hésitation, *vous pouvez même*, suivant que c'est l'usage pour les hommes prévenus d'espionnage, *lui faire serrer les pouces dans un chien de fusil.*"

Again and again, Napoleon complains that the English Government is the disturber of the general peace, despite the wishes of the English people ; he untiringly repeats that the European coalition against him is England's work. Withal he forgot that, were his assertion true, he was hoist with his own petard. His plan of campaign had been to mass his army at Boulogne, the while all English embassies were hunted from the capitals of Europe. Russia, indeed, hesitated, and Austria would assuredly prove stiff-necked and rebellious ; but Russia might be enticed by persuasion and Austria by force. The first Power won over, a joint-note presented by the French and Russian Ambassadors at Vienna would do the rest. Portugal, a mere English Province, was to be terrorised into closing her ports, Sweden was to declare war, Spain to be held down, and the rest of Europe was in the Great Captain's pocket. Nor did he ever quite abandon his early dream. He hailed Talavera as a victory over Lord Wellesley, not one of whose men should have escaped alive, had the affair been in competent hands : but—"le sang anglais coule enfin, c'est le meilleur pronostic d'arriver à la paix !" And his hopes gathered force : between the 22nd and 25th of August the number of English prisoners swelled from five to seven thousand, and there is no saying what figure might have been reached had not the maladroit Jourdan admitted losing fifteen guns. To Napoleon himself despair was a thing unknown, as is proved by his letter to Joseph from Philippeville, written the day after Waterloo. His brain teemed with projects. He conceived that he could still count upon three hundred thousand men ; another hundred thousand conscripts were to spring from the earth ; Dauphiné, Burgundy, Lorraine, Champagne were to rise as one man :—"j'accablerai l'ennemi." But the game was up, and there was nothing for it but to make the Basque Roads and seek refuge with Captain Maitland aboard the *Bellerophon*.

Napoleon fell at forty-six ; for nigh fifteen years he governed Europe with an almost absolute control. His great deed was too great ; he brought a continent to heel, and in the process he taught his bondsmen the secret of success. In the school of continuous defeat they learned at last the art of victory. Even so it took the united world in arms to bring him low, and the world on its side could boast a Nelson. First of soldiers and first of rulers, no littleness and no crime can diminish the magnitude of Napoleon's achievement, the splendour of his renown, and the fascination of his temperament.

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

THE ART OF CRICKET *

IT is an insoluble puzzle of literary history that the sport to which the most of cultured Englishmen devote their leisure has produced neither its Homer nor its Herodotus. The Oval poet is a worthy soul, but his style limps far behind his enthusiasm ; and *Wisden's Annual* is as remote from literature as *The Stock Exchange Year Book*. To be sure, there is Nyren, which, like Thucydides, is a possession for all time ; but Nyren is merely a brilliant sketch of a brilliant corner. Then one remembers with gratitude a certain essay by Mr. Edward Lyttelton ; and does not the Badminton *Cricket* contain pages of admirable history ? Yet these are scanty gleanings from so vast a field, and the world still awaits with doubtful expectancy the monument which shall presently be raised to the elegant sport of England—a science by the exactitude of its rules, an art by the skill of hand necessary for its practice.

Now, Cricket is not a mere spectacle for the leisured democracy. It is as intimately a part of our education as Greek and Latin. There is no learned foundation in Great Britain but enforces the patient study of the bat and ball. “Oxford and Cambridge,” says Professor Case, with an old-fashioned eloquence, “are like twin stars shedding the light of learning from a distance. The Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race and Cricket Match are the two anchors of the Universities in the heart of the English people.” This is true enough, though the metaphor does suffer a sudden change ; and when the democrat lays a jealous hand upon everything save the polling-booth, perhaps he will remember the joy of Putney and of Lord’s, as the Emathian Conqueror remembered the house of Pindar, and spare that which his tyrannical temper might bid him destroy. But not even the intimacy of Cricket and the Classics has produced a renowned historian, and the most adventurous in the field of literature have been the least tinctured with learning. Where the scholar with a perfect knowledge of the game has feared

* *The Jubilee Book of Cricket.* By K. S. RANJITSINHJI. (Edinburgh : Blackwood.)

to tread, the man of action has rushed in unabashed ; so that on the one hand we have silence, on the other failure. Cæsar, alas ! is seldom born with the tact of history, and you may learn more of the game from ten minutes' contemplation of Dr. Grace's prowess than from the most diligent study of his monograph. Nor is this surprising : where hand and eye are in omnipotent accord, a cricketer may achieve a hundred feats which his brain half understands, and which his pen will never be able to chronicle. Perhaps this incapacity to write has saved the game from misapprehension. At any rate, Cricket has not been twisted, like the other arts, into salvation's short cut. Still pursued for its own sake, it needs not to be justified on the false plea of doing good. But if the Cæsar of the game has not yet come along with his *Commentaries*, it has not been that the cricketer lacks ambition or confidence ; and a long line of players has proved how simple it is to do well, and yet not to know how it is done.

So every year, when the bats are put away for the winter, and the vexatious questions of the Championship are settled, and the new jests of the pavilion have been made a thousand times, there comes a treatise to entertain our leisure, and to explain the inexplicable. This year we are more fortunate than usual, for Prince Ranjitsinhji's book is an admirable piece of exposition, that may stand on the shelf—below Nyren—with the best that remains of Cricket's literature. The author not only knows the game : he knows how to describe it in clear, vigorous English. Like all true sportsmen he is simple and modest—simple in his enthusiasm, and modest in the suppression of his own exploits. The few references to himself are miracles of discretion, and as you lay the book aside you regret that a colleague had not added a chapter upon the Prince's perfections. His enthusiasm is frankly expressed. "There is an element of the heroic in Cricket," he says at the outset, and straightway wins the reader's confidence and approval. "I can imagine Agamemnon, Achilles, and their peers"—thus he writes—"not unbecomingly engaged in a Cricket match." And with this imagination he can hardly go wrong in his understanding of the game.

His good sense equals his enthusiasm, and a thread of philosophy holds the pages of his book together. For him Cricket is "a kind of warfare." The bowler and his field are pitted against the batsman, and while the batsman is set to make as many runs as he can, his opponents have no other object than to discover his weak positions and involve him in defeat. Thus he is no purist who would sacrifice runs or

wickets for a dogma of the schools. He is all in favour of "pulls," if the batsman is strong enough to make them with safety. With much dignity he champions "the much-abused art of using the legs to defend the wicket." The critics of this practice he holds, echoing Lord Beaconsfield's jest, are those who have failed to master it. He denounces the argument that the bat and not the legs is the proper instrument for defending the wicket as "purely sentimental"; and he puts his finger on the true objection, "that it does not bring runs, and it does annoy the spectators." On the other hand, he argues, there are wickets which give all the odds to the bowler, and on which it behoves the batsman to take every precaution for the safety of his life. This is excellent sense, and it is perfectly true that the one genuine objection to the practice is its difficulty. And who are the adepts at the leg-play? Not only Gunn and Shrewsbury, who have provoked the critic's ire, but those renowned hitters, Messrs. Stoddart and Jackson. Again, he cherishes a lofty ideal of the bowler, who, when he has pierced the mysteries of length and break, has still one duty left:—"He must put a crown upon his art by making a complete study of batsmen." Excellent, too, is his theory of "the fielding system," whereof the bowler is the chief part, and the several fielders subordinate but essential elements. He is no less keen in his enthusiasm for the field than Mr. Edward Lyttelton, as those who have seen him know without the telling, and none other has ever described its several functions with so just a precision. His brief essay on wicket-keeping, for instance, is a model of its kind. He would choose an artist behind the stumps for the perfect eleven, though he could not make a run; he even insists that a fine wicket-keeper can help a man to bowl. His argument is excellently enforced by the case of Messrs. MacGregor and Woods. So well did these twain foresee each other's play, "so closely were they *en rapport*," that Mr. MacGregor knew precisely the ball which Mr. Woods intended to bowl, and Mr. Woods knew precisely what ball was expected. This illustration of the game you may put side by side with J. C. Shaw's immortal comment on the Doctor:—"I put the ball where I like, and *he* puts it where *he* likes."

The wicket-keeper, indeed, furnishes him with his happiest phrases, "The characteristic of the great wicket-keeper," he writes, with an insight into the classic possibilities of the game, "is quietness." But his most weighty chapter is upon that art of batting which he has practised with

so fine an elegance, so bold an originality. Often the batsman's strokes have been as well understood ; never have they been described with so keen an understanding and so proper a sense of illustration. Naturally he has chosen his examples from his own contemporaries, and from these you may gauge the short life of the cricketer. Of the old masters legend has taught him something. The modern batsmen he knows like his pocket. But of that middle period, with which some of us are most familiar, he has not a word to say. It is beyond his experience, and it has not yet become history. Such heroes as Messrs. Yardley, Alfred Lyttelton, and C. T. Studd have shut up their cricket-bags and have gone elsewhere. But one hero remains, and Dr. Grace never won so generous an appreciation as is given him by the Prince. The passage is characteristic in its enthusiasm :—" He turned Cricket from an accomplishment into a science"—thus does K. S. Ranjitsinhji begin his panegyric—" he revolutionised batting. All I know of old-time batting is, of course, gathered from books and older players. but the impression left on my mind is this : before W. G. batsmen were of two kinds—a batsman played a forward game or he played a back game. Each player, too, seems to have made a speciality of some particular stroke. The criterion of style was, as it were, a certain mixed method of play. It was bad cricket to hit a straight ball : as for pulling a slow long hop, it was regarded as immoral. What W. G. did was to unite in his mighty self all the good points of all the good players, and to make utility the criterion of style. He founded the modern theory of batting by making forward and back play of equal importance, relying neither on the one nor on the other, but on both. . . . I hold him to be, not only the finest player born or unborn, but the maker of modern batting. He turned the old one-stringed instrument into a many-chorded lyre ! And in addition he made his execution equal his invention. All of us now have the instrument, but we lack his execution. It is not that we do not know, but that we cannot perform. Before W. G. batsmen did not know what could be made of batting." That is the perfection of criticism : it is both enthusiastic and intelligent. The Prince praises his hero with a loyal generosity. But the praise is wise because it is backed by a perfect discrimination.

And so you arrive at the special value of the book. When the present generation of batsmen is but a glorious memory you will be able to recover from these pages the essence of their play. You will know

something more of them than that they were good or bad. For instance, generations yet unborn may realise the Doctor's celebrated "half-cock stroke" as accurately as if they had seen it accomplished. Mr. W. W. Read's pull lives again in the Prince's spirited description. If you wish to know how Mr. Palairet, in K. S. Ranjitsinhji's eyes the ultimate perfection of style, makes his celebrated drive to cover-point, turn to page 184 and you will understand the stroke without the picture's help. And this is the author's best achievement: he is at once practical and lucid; he is a cricketer with a gift of explanation; and how rare a bird that is all know who have turned over the dry-as-dust records and the optimistic jocularities which make up the better part of Cricket literature. Indeed, when the Prince lays down his pen you encounter the common statistics of the counties and the Public Schools. Perhaps the customary records are here inserted for the sake of completeness, but they are tedious as ever, and might easily be spared. The two sketches of University Cricket, on the other hand, are vivid and complete. Professor Case's militant patriotism may stir the blood even of his adversary, and Mr. Ford has given us a concise and spirited sketch of Cambridge Cricket, with a welcome portrait of the ever memorable A. R. Ward. Besides, only the churl can tire of Cobden's over, and of the umbrella smashed against the pavilion, and here the tale is twice told. But in the last chapter Prince Ranjitsinhji takes up the thread again, and writes a panegyric of Cricket, none the less delightful for its obvious naïveté.

It is a practical age, and the evening paper is always ready to question the utility of ancient institutions. Wherefore it is quite worth while to define the advantages of the Cricket Field. Nor is Prince Ranjitsinhji wrong to make a comparison between our more boyish sports and the stern, military service of the Continent. That the advantage is on the side of Cricket there is no doubt. The enforced drill of France and Germany may turn out smarter soldiers on parade. But the whole world is not yet a camp, and even for warfare it is possible that Cricket is the more efficient training. For military service spoils the temper, and creates a class of injured citizens, who love their country all the less because they have suffered unnecessarily in their country's service. It is not only that a Frenchman or a German cuts his life in two by a sojourn in a camp. He returns to his civil profession only too often soured by inapposite discipline and by the tortures foolishly inflicted upon

his sentiments by non-commissioned officers. But Cricket brings in its train no shame and no regret. A blue sky overhead, green turf underfoot, and the game played with the solemnity of Lord's or the Oval—what better prospect of enjoyment is there than this? For the player, who pits his skill against the world, who hears the rich sound of the ball as it goes from his bat to the pavilion, who feels the glory of momentary applause, Cricket is indeed the champagne of life. And for the spectator, who knows the value of every stroke, and the virtue of every catch, whose eyes are alive the whole day to the refinements of the most skilful contest ever contrived, the game is something better than mere idleness. But the severely practical man would condemn every spectacle that does not bring money to the treasury or improvement to the morals. Yet so long as the theatre is approved, why should even the narrow mind of utility condemn the Cricket Field? Lord's is a far nobler spectacle than the—no, we will not advertise the Temple of Art! And where is the actor so accomplished as the average cricketer? No stage can show an artist great in his own line as the Doctor, or Prince Ranjitsinhji, or Richardson are great in theirs. Moreover, the game is ceaselessly fertile in admirable poses and unexpected grace. There are attitudes in the field that can scarce be matched outside the Elgin Marbles. Mr. Palairt faces the bowling with the stern refinement of a Greek statue. There is not an actor in the world that could suggest the Doctor's sense of power, the majesty of Barlow, the energy, the violence even, of Richardson, the rapid elegance of Prince Ranjitsinhji.

Moreover, *The Jubilee Book of Cricket* is provided with a set of illustrations, which are the most eloquent commentary upon the excellencies of the game. For here are pictured, with the aid of the instantaneous photographer, the heroes of the field in the moment of their highest activity. Now and again there is a self-consciousness in the attitude, as though the victim knew that the camera was upon him. But for the most part the portraits are efficient, if inartistic, and you may even sit at home and revive the memories of past seasons. Here is the Doctor making half a dozen famous strokes; here are Mr. Woods and Marlow in the field, and their elegant activity more than justifies the praise which Prince Ranjitsinhji bestows upon the art of stopping and picking up the ball. Again, the vigilant serenity of Mr. MacGregor behind the wickets is admirably suggested, and the style of all the great bowlers may be graphically studied. The camera, in fact, if

discreetly handled, will teach us more of the game than many a sheet of printed pages, and, were there need, would provide another defence against detraction. But, in truth, Cricket needs no defence ; yet none the less you are grateful for the advocacy, in print and picture, of its newest champion. For Prince Ranjitsinhji, while he takes his pursuit seriously, does not take it too seriously. He acknowledges with a perfect candour that there are many things in the world of greater importance than Cricket, yet for him there is nothing more admirable. And if he has found pleasure in the game, he has amply repaid his debt. For he has described it with excellent clarity and judgment ; he has upheld its pretension to respect with an ingenuous eloquence. Lastly, he has characterised the Cricketer, after the fashion of Sir Thomas Overbury, with perfect fairness and a touch of humour. "A Cricketer," says he, "is just a man with a clear eye, bronzed face, and athletic figure. He is usually somewhat lacking in general information, and is sometimes a poor conversationalist upon any but his own subject. He does not read much. On the other hand, he does not talk much about things he does not understand, which is a good trait. He gives the impression of having led a free, unconstrained life—he might, in fact, be anything from a trooper in the Rhodesian Horse to a Californian orange-grower. He is simple, frank, and unaffected—a genuine person, with plenty of self-respect, and no desire to seem what he is not ; on the whole, not a bad sort of man at all." The character would seem to suit its author : he at least has spoken no word of what he does not understand, and his frank simplicity is apparent on every page. Also, he can write the English language, which proves that they teach something besides Cricket at the Raj Kumar College.

CANTAB.

MORE FARMYARD CRITICISM

MY critics puzzle me : I refer to Mr. Rew in the August and to Professor Long in the September NEW REVIEW. Both these gentlemen are noted champions of British Agriculture. I also have made bold to plead for British Agriculture, but instead of being welcomed as a comrade I have been treated as a rather impertinent outsider. Doubtless, you may say, that is because your views and theirs are totally divergent, and they regard your advocacy as consequently mischievous to the cause it would serve. Hardly that. The bone of contention between Mr. Rew and myself is that he believes milk-selling to be more profitable than the butter-making which I urge ; while Professor Long dismisses me with contempt because he does not believe, as I do, in the practicability of a co-operative dairy system in this country. And that is about all. Mr. Rew's other criticisms are of a minor and word-splitting character ; Professor Long brings no other charge against me in THE NEW REVIEW. Yet these matters occupy but a small part of my survey, nor do they comprise those important points which have been subjected to attack in other quarters. I may presume, therefore, that in respect to such these gentlemen are on my side ; their own writings show that as regards many important remedies we are at one. Under the circumstances I might have hoped that they would have offered words of encouragement rather than what must strike the outside reader as hostile criticism against a worker in the same cause. Mr. Rew believes in co-operation : I have persistently urged it. Professor Long is an advocate of legislation against fraudulent produce : so am I. But take the matters on which these gentlemen are practically silent : Protection, for example. If they deemed me to be, in this most important and engrossing matter, the exponent of false economics and the advocate of a foolish and mischievous remedy, surely they would have joined in the general cry of the outraged Free Trader, and made the subject the head and front of their attack. But all that Mr. Rew has to say upon the question is that he is "certainly not here and now prepared to discuss" it, though truly he intimates his scepticism

as to a 5s. duty raising the price of corn sufficiently to stay the ebbing tillage. This minimising the effect of the duty, however, can scarcely be set down as an argument for which the anti-Protectionists will be grateful. Professor Long eludes the problem by quoting, without disapproval, Mr. Dillon's demand for protection for Irish against Danish butter, and stating his belief that in England "we can fight our own battles in this matter" if we have a law protecting the producer against fraud. There is negative evidence, therefore, that these gentlemen have no bias against the Protectionist idea, and in that case they might have varied their attack upon me by some words of encouragement, seeing that the Farmers' enemies were attacking me for venturing to speak on behalf of Protection.

THE INDICTMENT BY MR. REW

When my Editor bade me look out for an article by Mr. Rew criticising my book I experienced an unwelcome surprise. That so able and indefatigable a champion of distressed Agriculture had ranged himself among my critics was certainly a shock, and I wondered hopelessly what I could have done to provoke his pen. Experience of the sort of criticism levelled at a former volume induced me in anticipation to translate criticism into "violent attack," but a perusal of Mr. Rew's pages dispelled all alarm, for if a writer so expert on many agricultural questions had seriously traversed my statements and arguments I should have felt alarm. To my relief I found that in the main, and with the exception of the matter already referred to, Mr. Rew practically endorses me. True, the tone of his article implies that he set out to curse, but the result is an emphatic blessing.

Milk—or Butter and Cheese?

It is here we are really at variance. I had spoken strongly of the English Farmers' bondage to milk-selling. Mr. Rew says:—"The explanation of his preferring milk-selling to either butter-making or cheese-making is deplorably crude, being the plain fact that, as a rule, it pays better. . . . It takes from two and a half to three gallons of average milk to make one pound of butter, and it takes one gallon of milk to make one pound of cheese. An average of 1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d. per pound for butter is a moderate estimate for the year. This gives a return of, say, 4½d. per gallon for the milk—the Irish Farmers obtain

less than 4*d.* by their creameries. Cheese at its best makes, say, 6*d.* to 7*d.* per pound, or a return of 6*d.* to 7*d.* per gallon for milk There are very few milk-selling Farmers who cannot rely upon an average for the year of 7½*d.* to 8*d.* per gallon." Now this statement is open to damaging criticism. Instead of calling an average of 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 2*d.* per pound for butter a "moderate" estimate, I should incline to call it an under estimate. Unfortunately for the statistician, it is impossible to fix the general price of English butter: the variations are infinite. Let me, then, give my personal experience. My house is surrounded by dairy farms; there is one across the road: no butter at all can be got from that. From another farm behind me my wife (sometimes: the manufacture is erratic) gets butter, for which she pays 1*s.* 4*d.* in the summer and 1*s.* 6*d.* in the winter. A little way down the road is another dairy farm, which sells butter at similar prices. Proximity to Suburbia may help to enhance the price here; but, in view of foreign competition and the enormous amount of French and Danish butter on the London market, I doubt if the help be substantial. Continuing my own experience: I have just been staying in a Norfolk farmhouse at which the butter was sold us at 1*s.* 3*d.* a pound. Perhaps Mr. Rew refers to the wholesale price which Farmers obtain from butter merchants; but one of the main objects of my book is the advocacy of Co-operative Sale Societies and, alternatively, of the Direct-Consumer System, inaugurated by the Great Eastern Railway Company. Then Mr. Rew falls into the error of comparing the 4½*d.* per gallon which, according to his estimate, the English individualist Farmer obtains for his milk when he makes butter (he omits the separated milk from his consideration) with the 4*d.* per gallon which the Irish co-operative Farmer gets for his milk. The comparison is unfair. Irish butter commands a lower price than English. Mr. Rew, however, is unwise to drag in Ireland at all. The Irish Farmer, on butter made in his own dairy, only realises an average price of less than 9*d.* per pound—hardly 3*d.* per gallon on his milk. Under the co-operative creamery system he gets nearly 1*d.* per gallon more, equal to a gain of £1 17*s.* 6*d.* on each cow during the season. In addition he, as a shareholder in the creamery, gets a profit on the sale of his butter. And look what those profits are. The highest price quoted* on the Dublin market for farm-made butter is 8*g*s. a cwt.—this is for "choicest" and "superfine"

* *Irish Daily Independent*, 3rd September, 1897.

Cork butter ; for other sorts, that figure gradually tails away to 45s. *Creamery butter is selling in Dublin at from 107s. to 112s. per cwt.* The margin between 89s. and 112s. is all profit, and all the Farmers' own. Now for the Englishman. As the price of English butter is higher than that of Irish, the co-operative creamery would be able to give him a better price for his milk than the Irishman gets for his ; but whether it did so or not would be immaterial, because he would, any way, get the profit through the share in the creamery, if he made his butter on the co-operative system. Add to this the separated milk which would be returned to him free from the creamery, and which would go a long way to pay for the rearing of calves and pigs, and I fail utterly to see where the advantages of the present milk-selling system would come in. Similarly with cheese. There has been a big fall in the price in recent years, but "at its best" English Cheddar makes more than Mr. Rew's 6d. to 7d. Not long since the finest commanded over 8½d. However, Mr. Rew's estimate doubtless represents the average. But my point is, and I laid much stress upon it in my book, that cheese can be made more economically in a factory, and that factory cheese has a more equable quality, and therefore a better chance in the market. Mr. Rew in his praise of the milk-seller forgets that factories do exist in this country, and that it is to these factories that many of the Farmers have to send their milk ; the price they get for it is small and dwindling ; from it has to be deducted the factory's profits. On the other hand, even under the present condition of reduced prices, foreign and fraudulent competition, and out-of-date methods at home, it is the opinion of some men well qualified to judge (Mr. W. E. Bear, *eg.*) that cheese-makers are at present the most prosperous of British agriculturists.

Mr. Rew's Minor Points

On some points Mr. Rew anticipates my reply by contradicting himself. Thus :—"It is somewhat uncertain whether he [the author] attributes their [the British Farmers'] present plight mainly to their fault or to their misfortune." In the next paragraph :—"That, in the opinion of Mr. Williams, the British Farmer is much at fault is very apparent." Why fill pages in this way ? It is "very apparent" that I both blame and commiserate with the Farmer. Does Mr. Rew mean that I am at fault for not more accurately apportioning the blame between the Farmer and the State ? Mr. Rew's general contention is

that I am too hard upon the Farmer. Now, Mr. Rew knows something about the farming class. Does he mean to say that the Farmers are faultless? If he does, then why his own exertions to induce them to co-operate? But, of course, he knows their rooted aversion to change of any kind: it does not require experience in agriculture to recognise that trait in the British agriculturist's character. Is it wise, then, or even kind to the Farmer, to remind him how hardly he is used by the State, without also reminding him how much he might do to help himself? Mr. Rew's insinuation is that my strictures on unprogressive rural methods destroy my claim to be considered one of the Farmer's friends. I consider, on the contrary, that by laying bare the facts of the case I have done much to justify the claim. The generality of my critics, indeed, consider that I have been far too lenient. Such a good old-fashioned Tory paper as *The Morning Post*, for example, says:—"Mr. Williams might, indeed, have written much more strongly than he has done as to the supineness of the British Farmers."* Another journal, devoted to rural interests,† refers to me "as a chronicler of grievances, and a sympathetic and accurate painter of the difficulties of the British Farmer," in terms which modesty forbids me to quote. Really, in this matter Mr. Rew has allowed his desire to be critical at all costs to carry him exceeding lengths.

At times Mr. Rew's anxiety to score tempts him to twist my words yet more unwarrantably. Thus:—"He [the English Farmer] is deliberately advised to lessen his supply [of milk]." Now, this is "deliberately" unjust. I have advised, and do advise, that Farmers should not confine their dairy operations to milk-selling; but I do not advocate the handing over of this country's milk supply to the Foreigner, which is Mr. Rew's explicit accusation. What I desire—and I am sorry if I have failed to make myself clear—is the extension of dairy farming generally. The country can hold very many more cows than it contains at present; indeed, if the Norfolk system of stall-feeding be generally adopted, no limit can be placed on the dairy capacities of British Farmers, and that without entrenching on the land available for arable cultivation. We can continue to consume our own milk, and make our own butter and cheese besides.

Here is another instance of Mr. Rew's curious habit of attacking me on one sentence, and himself supplying the answer in the next. He

* *Morning Post*, 7th August, 1897.

† *Country Life*, 7th August, 1897.

complains that it is not quite clear from my book whether the English farmer ought to grow all the oats and barley and produce all the meat consumed in this country, though he thinks it suggested. Immediately afterwards he quotes a sentence from the book, in which I state that "if British agriculture were free of foreign competition, and as flourishing as it is now desperate, it is *more than likely*, particularly having regard to its manufacturing interests, that England would require a certain amount of imported food." And the funniest thing about the paragraph is that Mr. Rew himself provides the italics! But he tumbles into a pitfall—of his own digging, too—when, gratuitously assuming that I advocate the growth at home of *all* our food, he estimates that this could only be accomplished by the addition of at least 25,000,000 acres to our cultivated area. As a fact, there are about 30,000,000 acres uncultivated at the present time, and many of them could, and should, be brought into cultivation; while many of the acres already cultivated might be made to produce more, or to hold more stock; but let that point pass. For the bringing into cultivation of all those 25,000,000 acres would not be necessary. Sheep can be grazed on uncultivated mountain land; cattle can be stall-fed; geese flourish on a common; the barn-door fowl is not a land-grabber; and any pond is good enough for a duck. But here, as with most of his other points, Mr. Rew promptly gives himself away. "I do not assert," he says, "that the output of every farm in this country reaches the maximum of profitable production. . . . There are, no doubt, many cases in which the gross returns might be increased to advantage." But when, in mitigation of this statement, he goes on to assert that the results obtained by British Farmers are, on the whole, "better than those in any other country," it is to be hoped, for his reputation, that at the moment of writing wheat-fields filled his vision, to the exclusion of all else on the farm.

It is difficult for me to say anything which will please Mr. Rew. My statement that Nature backs the British wheat-farmer is an "erroneous supposition" and "a curious imagination." Well, well! I can only refer to Mr. Rew's previous page:—"The British Farmer grows on an average thirty bushels of wheat per acre, while the American Farmer grows about twelve."

Mr. Rew's defence of the British Farmer and his ways is frequently injudicious. Speaking of cheese and butter he says:—"Excepting one or two cases where climatic conditions handicap him unduly, the best

produce of the British Farmer will, nine times out of ten, beat the produce of all comers." Mr. Rew omits to tell us how often British produce is at its best. Let him go to the London butter-merchant if he would hear an unflattering tale ; while the point about Danish and other Continental butters is exactly that it is always at his best. In these two facts lies the strongest condemnation of the British Farmer. With all natural forces in his favour he continually allows himself to be beaten in quality by the Foreigner, just because he will not adopt those measures—co-operative production, systematic feeding, &c.—which have brought the Foreigners' produce to a high, unvarying level of excellence.

It will be gathered that Mr. Rew's indictment is not very formidable ; that it rather resembles the efforts of speakers in certain debating societies who have to draw from a bag a slip of paper which determines whether they are to speak "for or against" the opener of the debate. They sometimes are allotted the task of opposing a resolution which they really favour. Mr. Rew seems to have put himself in a kindred position. I almost hoped when, in reading his article, I reached the final pages, that I was really coming upon some solid ground of opposition. On p. 191 of the August *NEW REVIEW*, Mr. Rew begins a paragraph with the words, "There is one special point." At last, I exclaimed, we have got to business. The "point" was a reference to my chapter on "Transport." Two pages are given to it, and only one point is sought to be made, viz., that the Railway Companies' offer to equalise home and foreign rates is disingenuous, because home produce could never be handed the Companies in shiploads as is the foreign. And that is hardly a point against me, because I never said it could. What I urged was that the conditions of transport in the two cases were so dissimilar, and the expense of handling was so much greater in the one case than in the other, that British Farmers could hardly expect to get as low rates as were granted to the Foreigner unless they combined to send their produce in much larger quantities. This they might do, although even then the "shipload" standard would scarce be reached ; yet, by so helping to diminish the cost of transit and thereby going more than half-way to meet the railway complaint, they would be in a much stronger position for claiming equal rates. As to the rest of Mr. Rew's "special" point, as much of it is a repetition of my own chapter rather than a criticism on it, I can really find no comment to offer beyond pointing out that the Railway Rates Committee, to which Mr. Rew refers, sat in 1893, not in 1892, as

he says, and that his assumption of limited acquaintance on my part with railway rates hardly fits in with the twelve years of railway service which it has been my fate to undergo.

Of a piece with the rest of Mr. Rew's criticism is his final section on Co-operation. He himself is an advocate of co-operation, so that I should have thought that in this matter he would either have supported me or have left the thing alone. Instead he lectures me. The Farmers, he says, "must be convinced, not coerced. It is a mistake to attempt to bully them into it." Well, Mr. Rew, if you will have it so; the sweet long-suffering temper is not given to every man. Let me tell you a tale. The other day a gentleman, newly come into an agricultural estate, went down to the farm and interviewed the tenant. Him he found in low water financially, and in devout loyalty to the most old-fashioned methods of culture. The new owner showed his tenant a copy of *The Foreigner in the Farmyard*, and pointed out certain suggestions therein contained. The Farmer had no adverse comments to offer, but the conclusion of the whole matter was thus enunciated:—"My way was good enough for my grandfather, it was good enough for my father, and it's good enough for me."

Finally, will Mr. Rew explain the object of his attack? I don't suppose he reads *The Leeds Mercury*, but he may have come across the following extract from it*:—"The author of *Made in Germany* has recently devoted himself to a study of the depredations of the *Foreigner in the Farmyard*, but Mr. Henry Rew has no difficulty in exposing some of those historical inaccuracies and economic fallacies of which Mr. Williams is guilty." Thus, Mr. Rew, does the enemy take occasion to blaspheme when one champion of agriculture strives to pick holes in the coat of a recruit to his cause. Why do you do it?

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Professor Long's NEW REVIEW article has a loftier contempt for my poor work. "*Errare est humanum*" is the sonorous and most unexceptionable exordium of his paper, and the sinking of my individuality in "the thousand and one amateurs who so philanthropically advise the British Farmer from week to week," and "who, with every good wish for agricultural prosperity, have neither the knowledge nor the experience

* *Leeds Mercury*, 4th August, 1897.

necessary to shape it," completes his direct reference to my work. But the Professor's paper is a virtual criticism of one aspect of *The Foreigner in the Farmyard*, and as such I will briefly review it.

In one important matter I can call the Professor to my aid. In his able and interesting paper on Scandinavian competition in the butter trade he emphasises the burden of my tale, and shows how deadly the competition is. He helps to show why it is deadly. Not only do the Swede and the Dane enjoy the advantages of combination which our farmers lack; they also, as Professor Long points out, enjoy the advantages of valuable technical education to which the vast majority of England's dairy farmers are hopeless strangers. This view of the case is important, and Professor Long has done good service in calling attention to it. Alas! that he should have diminished the usefulness of his paper by coupling with his exposition an attack on the Co-operative Idea, which in Denmark has been even more efficacious than education as an engine for turning the Britisher out of his own market. True, Professor Long has nothing to say against Co-operation in Scandinavia; he only objects to its application to the United Kingdom. He enumerates his objections under three heads:—

(1) The English Farmer should not co-operate, "because he produces on a much larger scale, and is better able to take care of himself." His ability to take care of himself, judged by the butter market, which is the subject of the Professor's consideration, may be gauged from the fact that English butter is such an unsaleable drug on the London market that one of the biggest of the West End butter shopkeepers told Colonel Curtis Hayward, who took him some butter for sale, that if he bought it he would have to give it away, as none of his customers would touch it—they would eat nothing but Brittany butter*; and by the other fact that the import of butter and margarine has grown from an average in the years '64-73 of 1,171,394 cwts. to 3,963,881 cwts. in '96—an increase in consumption per head of the population from 4·3 lbs. to 11·2 lbs. Nor is the English Farmer's "much larger scale" of production always apparent. The acreage of his farm may be larger, but his dairy operations are not in proportion. I have in mind one English farm of fair size, on which I recently stayed, where the cows in milk numbered (I think) five, and where the butter-making was confined to a bi-weekly churn of a few pounds in a sort of larder adjoining the

* Select Committee on Food Products Adulteration, *Minutes of Evidence*, '94, p. 101.

kitchen. This instance might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Will Professor Long name his cases where the butter-making is on so extensive a scale that the labour-saving and profit-making arrangements of the Co-operative Creamery would be a superfluous reform? I doubt if they will be numerous enough to affect the argument as to the general desirability of Co-operative Dairies. His laborious computation of the comparative average areas of English and Danish farms is not sufficient to convict the Co-operative Creamery of uselessness in British rural economy. According to his own figures on another page, the cows owned by the members of a Danish Co-operative Dairy Society number from 900 to 1,000; the experience of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society convince its managers that the milk of at least 500 cows within a two-and-a-half-mile radius is necessary to ensure all the benefits of a Co-operative Creamery. How many British farms—(I, of course, exclude the Dairy Companies)—possess anything like this number of cows in milk? The obvious corollary is that in most cases butter-making on English farms would, therefore, thrive better by union for production and sale.

(2) Professor Long objects to the British agriculturist as co-operator, "because he is close to an enormous population, and can obtain better prices by his individual efforts than a producer a thousand miles away." The Professor assumes too much. Proximity to an enormous population is not worth much when that population goes steadfastly a-marketing after strange products, and the Secretary of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society could give the Professor some statistics as to the money earned by Irish Farmers under co-operation, compared with what they received in their days of dairy individualism, which would surely make him hesitate to repeat his unsupported statement about the better price gained by individual efforts. Under the co-operative system Irish Farmers have made from £1 10s. to £2 per cow more, simply taking the extra price they have received from their milk, apart from their share in the creamery's profits and the economies they effect through the co-operative purchase in large quantities at reduced prices of feeding stuffs and other raw material.

(3) With respect to the Professor's third objection, that "the raw material (milk) has a higher market value than is obtainable by its conversion into butter," I have already commented in my reply to Mr. Rew. I will only add here that as butter can, under proper co-operative conditions, and with equally proper State aid, be made

to sell at a profit, the Only-Milk theory positively will not wash. Rather the Professor should urge his Farmer friends with the Scriptural exhortation :—"This ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." The possession of the Milk market is no sort of reason for abandoning the Butter market. And even in respect to the town milk supply, the advantages of co-operation for transport and sale are surely obvious and substantial. Moreover, consumers want their milk sterilised nowadays, and a factory is necessary for this purpose.

The Professor's final argument in defence of the Home Dairy against the Creamery, that under the former system the Farmers' wives and daughters are taught to "remember the value of example and the virtue which exists in labour," comprehends a philosophical flight which soars above my powers of criticism. I can but enquire, in the spirit of an humble neophyte in the study of virtuous farm womanhood, whether there may not be some other farm implement equally capable with the churn to inculcate the Dignity of Labour, and minus the churn's economic drawbacks. Why not the milking stool, or the poultry-basket, or even—(woman's education proceeds apace)—the pruning knife?

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSION'S FINAL REPORT

The mountainous labours of the Royal Commission, which began its sitting on the 9th November, 1893, which has published four portentous volumes of evidence, besides a library of smaller volumes containing sub-commissioners' reports and other aids to the study of Agricultural Depression, are now concluded; and Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, midwives in ordinary to the Government, have presented the public with the bouncing little blue-clad mouse. True, it is a fat mouse: three hundred and seventy foolscap pages are stuffed into its frame, and since publication there has been issued an overflow appendix of one hundred and forty-six pages in smaller type. It *is* a mouse, nevertheless. Moreover, it knows itself to be a mouse. "We do not claim for these recommendations that either singly or in the aggregate they will prove to be a complete remedy for Agricultural Depression. They are in the nature of palliatives." So runs the dismally true addendum to the recommendations over the Commissioners' signatures: and its appositeness is punctuated by the Supplementary Reports, and the Reservations and the Memoranda, wherein individual Commissioners

have expressed their dissent from their brethren, as well as in the separate Reports of the two Commissioners who refused their names to the Majority Report. It is a somewhat sorry outcome. Such a huge expenditure of time and labour might surely have been more fruitful. As a fact, it might easily have been more fruitful, had not the Commissioners, throughout their investigations, looked steadily over something which lay just beneath their noses. They scoured the horizon for signs and portents: for the most part they affected unconsciousness of an object close at hand and big enough well nigh to fill the ordinary vision.

The Palliatives

Let us first consider those matters before which the Commissioners' courage did not quail. Their summarised recommendations range themselves under nine heads. First come the suggested amendments to the Agricultural Holdings Act. There are thirteen of them, and their main object is to secure justice for the farmer in his relations with the landlord. Such, for instance, is the recommendation that notice only to the landlord, not necessarily his consent, shall precede the undertaking of such works as the making of gardens, orchards, and osier beds not exceeding one acre, and the improvements of roads and watercourses. Suggestions are also made for arbitration with respect to compensation for long continued use of manures, &c., where the parties cannot agree. In these recommendations may be seen the foreshadowing of the Land Court. It is, of course, a long way from legal arbitrament over compensation for improvements to the establishment of a Judicial Rent system, but the presence for any purpose of the legal arbitrator in disputes between landlord and tenant is an ominous sign to opponents of the Land Court. But it must not be supposed that the Commission (excepting Mr. George Lambert) gives any countenance to the Land Court. So far as regards the specific proposals made in Mr. Thomas Ellis's Welsh Land Court Bill, which was laid before them, the Commissioners state their conviction that a Land Court such as that outlined would be mischievous, promoting litigiousness, and doing nothing to raise the standard of cultivation. Their best argument against the proposal for a judicial re-fixing of rents every five years, is that during the final years of the quinquennial period tenants might be tempted to let their farms run down in the hope of getting a lower rent fixed for the next period.

But, surely, the drawing of effective clauses as a guard against that sort of fraud ought not to exceed the capacity of the Parliamentary draughtsman. It may be well enough to leave the competition rent system alone for the present, but when serious proposals are made for legislating on behalf of British Agriculture, the argument that the landlord would get the benefit of any such legislation, is bound to be expressed by a large section of the electorate with sufficient vehemence to imperil the passage of the needed legislation. Nor is the argument easily refuted. But I am diverging from my immediate subject.

The next point dealt with is Tithe Rent Charge. This thorny topic is handled with characteristic gingerliness. The suggestion, for example, "that the tithe owner and the tithe payer should be empowered to enter into agreements for the reduction of the amount payable for a term of years, subject to the approval of a central authority, and, after due notice, to the Bishop of the Diocese," can hardly be described as drastic. It will want many palliatives of this attenuated kind to lift British Agriculture out of the mire. But all through the list there runs the same note of hesitancy and half-heartedness.

Sometimes the Commissioners take refuge in vagueness, as in the third subject, Railway Rates. They recommend "that the Traffic Acts of 1888 and 1894 be amended so as to make clear and effective the intention of the Legislature in regard to rates on foreign agricultural products and the increased rates generally since the end of 1893." (They mean the end of 1892.) A final recommendation from a Commission to a Government could scarcely go further in the direction of vagueness. Nor does a reference to the body of the Report help us to find out what in the Commissioners' opinion is wanted. "We cannot make specific legislative proposals," they say. In another paragraph, however, we do come across a passage worth remembering. They refer to the Railway Companies' contention that the proper method of determining railway rates is on the principle of "what the traffic will bear." "Then," say the Commissioners, "as regards the agricultural produce, which has fallen in value from 30 to 50 per cent., it is at least a *prima facie* grievance if the farmer finds that the rates have not fallen at all, and that the charge has become more than the traffic can bear." Of more value than the Majority Report recommendation is Mr. Channing's in his report, that "further legislation is necessary in order to enable traders to bring to the test, and the

courts to determine, the reasonableness of all rates, and of any part of a rate, whether made or increased before 1893 or not And more especially to enable traders and the courts to test with precision the real cost of all services and accommodation provided by railways, and the relation of the charges and rates imposed in respect of such services to the cost so determined."

Timorousness in reform is also evinced in the recommendations under the head of Sale of Imported Goods as Home Produce. To stop this fraud it is necessary that the produce—meat, cheese, &c.—should be marked, and the evidence laid before the House of Lords' Committee proved the feasibility of marking. But the Commission will not go further than to recommend the registration of dealers in imported meat, the affixing of a notice over their shops, and the inspection of retail butchers' shops. These reforms are good, but not good enough. There are shops which sell both home and imported meat: something more than a notice over the shop—viz., a labelling of the actual joints—is necessary to the prevention of fraud.

Then there is the matter of Loans for Agricultural Improvements. The Commission recommends the advancing of public money to landowners for agricultural improvements, repayable, where the nature of the improvement permits, over a longer period than the twenty-five years now fixed by the Improvement of Land Act. This is all right; but when on the subject of loaning public money for Agriculture, why should not the Commissioners have recommended lending (of course, for shorter periods) of money to farmers also? The recent disclosures before the Money Lending Committee prove that reform is badly wanted in this direction; nor need a system of State loans interfere with the establishment of Agricultural Banks. The Agricultural Co-operative Bank deals more with the loaning of small sums; but often the tenant of a good sized farm needs a larger amount than the Agricultural Co-operative Banks of the kind known at present would care to advance.

The Commission also recommends the proper definition and simple enforcing of tenants' right to compensation for damage to crops by game preserved by their own or adjoining landowners; it endorses the suggestions of the Food Products Adulteration Committee, especially the proposals to prohibit the artificial colouring of margarine in imitation of butter; it urges the granting of more assistance to the Board of Agriculture for the employment of correspondents to aid in the diffusion

of agricultural knowledge ; and it recommends legislation to raise the standard of middle class education, especially in the rural districts, to bestow on the Board of Agriculture more ample powers of control, and inspection over the whole system of technical and agricultural education, and to ordain the exclusive application to education, and an adequate share to agricultural education, of the residue grant under the Local Taxation (Customs and Excise) Act, 1890.

That is all. Excellent in its way is every recommendation, tending in the right direction, bound to effect some good. No hasty attempts at revolution, no carving of short cuts to the millennium. All of a kind to which the blandest Permanent Official could with scarce a qualm set his hand and seal. And when all these recommendations are translated into legislation English agriculture will still remain a prey to the Foreigner, and will have scarce its head and shoulders out of the Slough of Despond. Much of the work of extrication lies outside the power of the State, and consequently outside the province of the Agricultural Commission ; but there is at least one most essential aid which the State might grant to Agriculture, and upon this the Commissioners are silent.

The Nameless Thing

It was present with the Commissioners all through their investigations. It must have got on their nerves eventually : the consciousness of its presence is revealed in almost every one of the final paragraphs of the Report ; but, like African savages shivering in the remembrance of a fetish, they will not mention its awful name. Yet they seem anxious that their readers should know of the Thing which oppresses their minds. They hint it darkly. They tell you that Agricultural Depression has become much worse even than it was at the time of the last Commission in 1882 ; they tell you of farms which bring in greatly-diminished profits or no profits at all, of the large number of farmers who have been ruined, and of the many who are still in a very precarious condition ; and of the diminution of labourers employed on the land. They carefully assure you that the remedies they suggest will 'only touch "some of the disadvantages under which Agriculture still labours." In a last pathetic flight towards optimism they beg you to believe that under certain favouring circumstances now existing, and under such other favouring circumstances as they trust will follow the adoption of their recommendations, combined with still further reductions in

railway rates, and with the spread of the co-operative spirit among the Farmers, possibly "even with the present low level of prices, the land of Great Britain which is reasonably favoured in point of either quality or situation will continue to be cultivated, in grass if not in arable, and will yield a profit, reduced indeed and more hardly gained, but fairly comparable, all circumstances considered, with that earned in other departments of industry." But this hedged-around hope of most conditional salvation is quickly dissipated so far as regards the lands not favoured in point of quality or situation, in respect of which the Commissioners prophesy a time "when not only the payment of rent, but the cultivation of the land, will cease to be possible. . . . Failing a recovery of prices, it is probable, in our opinion, that more land will become wholly derelict, or will fall down to rough pasturage of little value." "Effective relief," they exclaim in another paragraph, "cannot be brought about by further reduction of rent, or by land tenure reforms." And they bid us hope little from small holdings:—"In the face of the evidence before us we cannot say that in the distressed districts of which we are speaking, it is probable that small freeholders would farm the land to greater profit than the tenant-farmers would have done, or that the elimination of the landlords' interest would keep land in cultivation which would otherwise be abandoned." Later, their fearful hints become a thought more explicit. "The grave situation," they whisper, "is due to a long continued fall in prices. This fall is attributed by a great majority of witnesses to foreign competition." And they almost blurt the secret out in their final paragraph:—"Upon the remaining subject of discussion, viz., whether any and, if so, what remedy or remedies might be possible for the chief cause of depression, there is a considerable difference of opinion amongst us, and we think it desirable to close this part of the Report at its present stage." Now can't you guess it? The Nameless Thing is Protection.

The Report reminds me of a scene in *Die Walkure*. Siegmund's life is threatened; Wotan's magic sword, which is stuck in the roof tree, is powerful to save it; Siegmund is ignorant of its presence; Sieglinde, who would save him, endeavours by mute yet meaning glances to direct his gaze towards the sword. More she is afraid to do in the presence of her husband, Siegmund's wrathful foe. The Commissioners in similar fashion direct the threatened and defenceless agriculturist's gaze towards the helping weapon of Protection. They

dare not be more explicit, for the mighty spirit of triumphant Cobdenism glowers keenly and watches their every word. But Siegmund eventually discovered his sword: Agricultural England, let us hope, will ere long discover hers.

The Royal Agricultural Commission certainly cannot be congratulated upon its courage. It will occupy a niche in history among the curious illustrations of men's superstitious terror before a fetish, even after they have ceased with their sane minds to believe in it.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

INTERNATIONAL MORALITY

ON the first sight of this title it may occur to some readers that, like the Irishman who was assigned the task of writing an essay on "Snakes in Ireland," I might conveniently exhaust the subject, as he did, *mutatis mutandis*, in three words:—"There is none." Yet, if only in courtesy to his examiners, that gentleman might have protracted his discussion by inquiring whether, at least, there were no creatures in the country bearing some resemblance to these reptiles; or, if there were none, what were the causes of their absence—which would have led to some curious geological speculations—and, finally, it might have been permissible to ask what would be the probable effect on the fauna and flora of the country if, in some future time, the reptiles aforesaid were to be there evolved or imported. On similar lines we may speculate tentatively upon the morals of nations, a subject which—unlike the question of the snakes—is one of great difficulty, of great importance, and of fascinating human interest.

First, then, is there such a thing as International Morality? or, rather, should nations, or can nations, in their intercourse with one another, regulate their conduct by the same rules of morality which govern the relations of individuals? If there is any difference in the respective codes of morality, in what does the difference consist, and what is the cause of the difference?

We are not now concerned with such logical differences as may be found in the fact that a corporation cannot be said to have a conscience, or, that the actions of the State are not elicited by any predominant motive upon which we can lay our finger, as in the case of a private person. An Act of Parliament, or a decision of the Cabinet, may be the issue of a multitude of conflicting or contradictory motives, making it difficult to fix the responsibility or estimate the ethical value of the result. One member may vote for war with Turkey solely from horror of the infidel, another from compassion for the oppressed Armenian, a third to obtain a hold over Constantinople, and a fourth "to dish the

Whigs," and so on. These, and similar difficulties of divided responsibility, may constitute one of the several reasons why public bodies act, or seem to act, less conscientiously than individuals, and if the question before us were concerned with a single public act, such difficulties would have to be taken into account, but they may be eliminated when we are dealing with the international acts of centuries all over the globe, and we shall therefore regard the ethical character of the State's action as if it had emanated from one mind and one will. Again, we are not discussing the relations of the State towards its subjects, or *vice versa*. Here undoubtedly exist reciprocal moral obligations, rights, and duties, though their extent and nature may be variously estimated, and accordingly we attribute to the State all sorts of natural virtues and vices, and even such theological qualities as Sabbath breaking, Bible loving, God-fearing so far as the legislation appears to favour or oppose these dispositions. Nor, is there any question here of what is called National Character, or the moral characteristics which may distinguish the mass of the people generally. We are at present concerned exclusively with the relations of one Sovereign and independent State as a whole with another such State as a whole—"Sovereign and independent States"—and therefore we do not use the word "nation" in the popular sense in which we speak, *e.g.*, of the Irish nation, for Ireland can have no international relations. The native States of India were once nations, but are now so no longer. The several sovereign States of North America comprising the Union are similarly not "nations," in the sense of this paper, for they are not independent. In fact, the integrity and perfection of a nation is to be constitutionally capable of fighting. It cannot hold free intercourse with other nations until it can follow up speech with blows.

It is at once obvious that the field of international morality is a very narrow one. Except as a pleasantry we can hardly think in this connexion of the evangelical virtues of charity, mercy, forgiveness, humility, or any sort of altruism. The kind of virtues in any way practicable or to be expected are, let us say, justice or honesty, fidelity to word and treaty, truth. We may add two qualities, which may or may not be virtues, and which may be useful to a burglar, prudence and courage. Or, regarding such moral international acts on the negative side, we may take as a measure the primitive prohibitions of the Hebrew decalogue, four of which may certainly be laid upon nations in their dealings with one another:—"Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not

kill; thou shalt not bear false witness or lie; thou shalt not covet." The bare enumeration unavoidably smacks of irony, but this by the way. Some writers would restrict the possible ethical action of States within narrower limits than are here indicated. Lord Lytton, for example, addressing the Glasgow University in 1888, remarks:—"First of all, the subjects of private morals, that is individuals, differ from the subjects of public morals, that is nations, so widely, that hardly a proposition applicable to the one can be properly applied to the other. In the next place, of the classes of obligations which constitute private morals, only one, namely, *justice*, has a place in public morals; and the sort of justice which finds its place in public morals is totally different from the justice which relates to individuals. . . . The only justice to be recognised here *consists mainly in moderation and kindly prudence*." A critic of Lord Lytton substantially agreeing with him but objecting to the curious qualification "*kindly prudence*," writes:—"Justice within the State involves impartiality in dealing with competing claims of individuals, whereas the State is said to act justly towards neighbouring States if it is *prudent, i.e., looks after its own interests*." No one will care to deny that in this sense, nations, as a rule, act towards each other with the perfection of justice. Extending, however, the possible ethical acts between nation and nation as far as may be conceivable, and interpreting them as we do the acts of individuals, it is necessary to ask in what measure have they been put in practice in times past or are they being practised now?

It would seem that the nation in its public acts *ought* to stand at the highest possible level of ethical conduct. The representatives and spokesmen through whom the State speaks in international dealings are picked men of the community, men of wisdom, moral culture, and responsibility, Cabinet Ministers and Ambassadors, and, if such virtues as justice, honour, truth, fidelity, were anywhere to be practised in a notable or heroic degree, it might be expected from these men acting in their representative character. But, on the contrary, statecraft and diplomacy are everywhere bye-words of reproach, meaning lying, deception, and intrigue. Indeed, it cannot be denied that the international history of civilised States appears to be a record of perpetual selfishness, ambition, and greed, involving a policy of treachery and injustice which necessarily provokes constant outbreaks of violence and bloodshed.

This state of things, which needs explanation, led at the dawn of

modern times a certain school of Italian or Florentine statesmen, who had a habit of regarding facts as they appeared to be and not as one would like them to be—to use the language of despair. Guicciardini, in his *Dialogues*, quotes Bernardo del Nero to Capponi :—" This advice may appear cruel and unconscientious, and so in truth it is . . . and for this reason thy great-grandfather Gino wrote in those *Recordi* of his, that the Council of Ten for War should always be composed of persons who loved their country better than their souls *because it is impossible to regulate Governments and States according to the precepts of Christian law.*" Moreover, it appeared to these thinkers that, whereas among individuals vice in the long run is rarely triumphant or even unpunished, in the case of nations, as a rule, it is the other way. The greatest political successes and the best results to civilisation seem to fall to the strong and cautious robber. " The cruelties and tricks of Louis XI initiated the unity and greatness of France. Ferdinand the Catholic, a master of deceit, founded the new monarchy of Spain," and so through a long enumeration of such successful immoralities, as we should call them, proceeds that historical artist who delights to paint the nude in an unconventional manner, and makes you blush from his too gross adherence to nature, Machiavelli. As to England, the policy which may be said to have preserved, not only in England herself but in Scotland and indeed Europe, Protestantism and liberty, if they are good things ; the policy which created British maritime and commercial supremacy, if that be a good thing ; which virtually led to the Union of the Crowns under James VI, and put a stop to the fratricidal wars of centuries, if that too be good, was the policy of Anne Boleyn's daughter, of whom Mr. Green writes :—" Nothing is more revolting and nothing is more characteristic of the Queen than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth was without a peer in Christendom." Machiavelli, who however did not live to see this model of successful political craft, exclaims :—" Of what avail, then, to imagine ideal Governments that have never been and can never be? Of what use to recommend a course of policy that is followed by none, nor ever has been followed, and *that would prove the ruin of him who would follow it.*" " Earth is sick," cries Wordsworth, " and Heaven is weary of the hollow words, which States and kingdoms utter, when they talk of Truth and Justice."

But the case is not so weak as to need strong language. That a difference between personal and national morals exists, and is one not

of degree only but of principle, is virtually admitted by men of the most opposed schools of political thought. When John Bright failed to recognise the glories of the Pax Britannica, established in India on the ruins of a hundred native States, and denounced British rule as the result of "ambition, conquest, and crime," Sir James Stephen, indignantly spurning this "view of the common-place shopkeeper intensified by the prejudices of the Quaker," maintained that "ambition was the incentive to all manly virtues, and conquest an essential factor in the building up of all nations." "Justice without force," he adds (and *force* here stands for a great deal), means *the pursuit of unattainable ideals*." "There are acts," he says elsewhere, "of which the justice and virtue cannot be disproved, and which no man ever ventures to propose to a nation. An *unexpressed conviction* pervades mankind that *the ordinary rules of morality do not quite reach the case of national acts*."

Why not? Unfortunately, this very able criminal lawyer and essayist, who constantly hovers about the subject, never ventures upon a definite answer. "Morality has its limits," he says, and he takes refuge in "mystery." "The question as to what is right or wrong for a nation to do depends upon the further question as to what a nation is and for what purposes it exists, and of this we know exceedingly little, and *our habits of thought do not encourage speculation*." It is to be feared, however, that our habits of thought thereby dangerously tend to encourage self-delusion and cant. In spite, then, of all such reprehensible habits, let us put this further question:—"What may be the *cause* of the differences referred to?" ..

Assuming, then, that this diversity in the moral standards is an evil, we may trace it back to the very birth of nations. The State is evolved by a natural process, as it were, from within. Men and women increase and multiply, and in time their gregarious or social instincts prompt them to cohere, organise, and form a Government—that is, a State. With the State come law, order, harmony—making for righteousness. The State is self-sufficient; and there is no intrinsic reason why there ever should be more than one. But the moment you get a plurality of States, each claiming to be sovereign, free, and independent, that moment you get anarchy in germ, and a kind of anarchy in which morality, as the private citizen understands it, can take no root.

No doubt such separate nations arise under the pressure of outward circumstances—the barriers of mountain and sea isolating groups of

mankind and resulting in different languages and religions—so that these nations spring up, here and there, the one scarcely knowing of the other's existence ; and as long as these natural barriers effectually keep them asunder and give to each room for free movement within their own bounds, there cannot be said to be anarchy—only free and wholesome individuality.

But as soon as these sovereign and independent nations come into close contact, where is the security for peace and order? Reasonable beings thus situated, as, for instance, settlers in some new territory, come to terms, form a society, appoint or find a government or sovereign, and between them pay for the policeman. Nations—which we have agreed to regard as rational and moral units—have not done, and won't do anything of the sort. They recognise no common good. Each is an end to itself. Nations as nations are wanting in the gregarious and social instincts which are the foundations of morality. In a word, among men, *sympathy makes morals*. Whereas, nations, in their intercourse with nations, know next to nothing of sympathy, and therefore have next to nothing of morals. But I may go too far in personifying nations, and you may object. As the government of the nation is, after all, composed of men, and even good men, what has become of their sympathy? The answer must be, that it is neutralised or swallowed up by that virtue, vice, or passion which has no place whatever in the private relations of man and man, but usurps the highest place in the relations of States, Patriotism. Patriotism, the noblest fruit of national self-assertion, a passion stronger sometimes than even human love or religion, is at the basis of international activity. It is the very negation of international sympathy and the glorification of National Egoism. Patriotism is, moreover, not mere love of country. It is, or tends to become, an heroic, quasi-supernatural act of faith, by which a man steadfastly believes that his own country is the best of all countries and has a mission or destiny or a potentiality to dominate over others, so that the common good of humanity, if the idea of such a common good is ever reached, is identified with the good of one's own country. Thus, the good man who enters the Council Chamber of nations, puts off his human sympathy and puts on Patriotism. Hence a direct opposition between the sources of private and international morality. The *origo mali* is the claim of independent existence. This is the original blot, the International Original Sin, for which, as yet, there has been revealed no effectual Baptism.

Again, the interests of these surging, overlapping, hungry nations necessarily clash, and disputes arise. They have, in their dealings with one another, no law, no judge, no superior; and their rudimentary morals—such as they are—have no sanction. Their only appeal is to brute force. So that, finally, every powerful nation becomes a standing menace to its neighbour, and a perpetual provocation to breaches of the peace. Not Peace—as the jurists would have us believe—but War, actual war, or preparation for war, or dread of war (in the words of the moderate Sir Thos. More, “beastly war”), constitutes the normal international relations. Treaties of peace are, for the most part, extorted by violence at the mouth of the cannon. Treaties of amity are the seeking of allies or fellow combatants in the impending struggle. In the language of the newspapers of to-day:—“The dual alliance has divided Europe into two hostile camps”; and yet we are supposed to be at peace! This is surely an anarchical condition of things, necessarily resulting, however, from the first principles of multiple national existence, and incompatible with the rules of morality as between man and man.

Then for actual injustice or illegality lying at the very root of these relations—take, first, the question of Dominion. What right has any one nation to appropriate to itself a portion of the globe and say “Here I am lord and master,” and bar out the rest of the world? The private ownership of land is held with the consent of the community—or if the community no longer consents it (the ownership) will go—and it is protected and safeguarded so long by the law and police. But whatever theorists may say there is no such real “recognition” on the part of nations. “As a matter of fact,” writes a learned American professor, commenting on Fichte’s *Science of Rights* (and I quote him not now for his inferences but for his statement of the fact), “not a single State recognises the possessions of the other, but only awaits an opportunity to appropriate them, and the ground of this is that a *legal relation* is possible only between individuals, but *not* between States *when such States assume to be absolute bodies*. From this universal uncertainty of [national] property in all countries . . . arises the *unlawfulness* of all States which do not embrace the possibility of annexing the whole globe, or of uniting the whole human race under one form of government.”

Then take the question of war already touched upon. What sort of ethical justice is there in the mode of settling disputes as to ownership

of bits of territory, payment of money debts, reparation for insults to a flag, &c., by a national duel—involving a horrible massacre of thousands of men? The victor acting as judge in his own cause, assesses the damages to his own profit. There need be no proportion between the injury done—if there be any injury—and the penalty exacted. The only limit to the ambition and vindictiveness of the stronger nation is the danger he may incur by exciting the jealousy of other neighbours, or of so permanently exasperating the vanquished as to create in them a dangerous spirit of revenge. The old answer, always a poor one, was that of Lord Bacon:—"Wars are no massacres, but the highest trial of right when States, acknowledging no superior on earth, put themselves upon the justice of God." So at one time were regarded trials by combat, trials by wager, and ordeals in litigation between private citizens. Nowadays the suggestion has an air of profanity. As a later philosopher admits:—"Since every State has not the same amount of strength as of right, war may promote as often, *if not oftener*, the cause of injustice as the cause of justice." The clause "*if not oftener*" is well put, for, obviously, the provocation to fight is more likely to come from the stronger party or the bully irrespective of his right. "But," he continues, "war is the *only* means to compel a State, and hence the *problem* must be to *arrange matters* so that the just cause should always be victorious."

Unfortunately, however, Johann Gottlieb Fichte quitted this world without having solved for us the problem or having "arranged matters" as he promised. But he has left on record a view of the morals of war which is as entertaining as some of the most brilliant efforts of Jesuit casuistry. "The object of war," he explains, "is not to kill but to drive away and disarm the force which protects the country. In a hand-to-hand fight you kill another to escape being killed yourself, in right, therefore, of self-defence, and not in virtue of any right conferred by the State to kill the enemy, for no State has that right or can confer it. So," he continues, "as to the modern manner of conducting warfare by cannons and guns" (firing at a distance) "it is not the object to kill with the bullets, but merely to drive away the enemy from the place covered by the guns. If, nevertheless, the enemy remains it is his own fault if the bullets hit him." That is, Bismarck and Von Moltke order five hundred thousand men to march on Paris, firing off guns all the time. And if a Frenchman puts his foolish head in the way and gets killed, the blame is entirely his own and not the German's. Did

Mr. Gilbert ever hit upon, or Sir Arthur Sullivan ever set, an idea more deliciously topsy-turvy?

But to return to more serious matters than German metaphysics:— In suggesting that existing international relations are fundamentally and essentially lawless, and therefore incompatible with the production of ordinary morals, I shall not be allowed by my critic to forget what is called *International Law*, or the principles and rules which govern, or are supposed to govern, these relations. These rules, sometimes by flippant persons called the “Rules of the Game,” are educed from the customs and traditions recognised, or partially recognised, by certain powerful nations, and they have been elaborated and wrought into a system by jurists and philosophers, whose laudable object has been to mitigate the horrors of war, minimise their occasions, and generally to improve the manners and courtesies of nations in their intercourse with one another. But if the relations themselves are illicit, or ethically objectionable, you do not remove the radical defects by merely hiding their coarseness or preventing some possible or accidental evil consequences. Sometimes, indeed, you may rather give vitality and fixity to the original fault by imparting to it an air of legality. This, it would appear from the confessions of the learned, has happened in the present case. First of all, let us not be deluded by high-sounding metaphor.

(1) International law is not a code of international morality. It does not pretend to be. Its fundamental principle is distinctly non-moral. “The doctrine of the absolute independence of separate States,” writes Professor Lorimer, in his *Institutes*, “amounts to a total repudiation of international responsibility. . . . The relation of citizen to citizen involves the duty of mutual protection. Is the recognised State entitled to claim from the community of States aid and protection if its continued existence as a State is in jeopardy?” The answer is, No.

(2) “International law” is not *law*. It has no proper legislator or judiciary, and no sanction.

(3) “International law” is not *international*; for (and this is its ugliest blot) it is confined to the so-called “family of nations,” the self-elected clique of powerful ones, who have mainly framed these rules for their own benefit. (Turkey, by the way, was admitted into this not altogether Happy Family so recently, I believe, as 1856.) International law does not deal even Lord Lytton’s “kindly moderation” towards the stranger, the poor, or the cripple at the gate. A Glasgow professor

of the science, in up-to-date lectures of last year, thus illustrates this amiable principle :—"Unorganised bodies," or bodies without the family circle, "are generally dealt with as objects of right, but not as possessors of legal rights themselves" (very much, therefore, as slaves within a State). "In a collision between a European State and an African tribe the European State is regarded as *the sole good*. War is an evil between European States, because they are both postulated as ends. In an African battle it is only the European loss of life that is counted." Again :—"The *mistaken* attempt to treat the native Indian States by the Law of Nations was atoned for in blood and gold"; and as to semi-barbarous China, remember that "the murder of an English missionary by a Chinese mob is an insult to *Europe* ('Europe' underlined), and is intended to be an insult." The inferences are obvious.

(4) "International law"—which is *not* law, and *not* international—is, moreover, *not* an accepted code of "honour among thieves," such as the rules which may prevail among banditti for the fair distribution of spoils, or as the would-be excellent regulations for the improvement of the prize ring made under the auspices of an eminent Scottish nobleman. For these are known, accepted, and fairly acted upon by the parties concerned. Whereas, says Professor Lorimer of the Law of Nations :—"There is not one of its doctrines with reference to which a scientific determination has been arrived at, or even a ripe public opinion has been formed."

What, then, does it effect? Sir Henry Maine replies :—"It creates among nations a *law-abiding sentiment*"; that is, of course, not a sentiment in favour of the moral law, but a sentiment in favour of the rules of the aforesaid Law of Nations, which is no law.

The consideration of International Law, however, leads us to the heart of the present discussion. Sir H. Maine, exemplifying the strong and wholesome restraint which this "law-abiding sentiment" exerts upon nations when under temptation to fight, selects three rules laid down in the well-known work of Mr. W. E. Hall—rules which Maine pronounces to be "good law" :—

1. "The right of any State to organise itself in such manner as it may choose" (*i.e.*, adopt any sort of constitution, religious or civil despotism, domestic institutions, commercial codes, &c., except, of course, China, which is not in the Family).
2. "The right to do within its own dominions whatever acts it may think calculated to render it strong or prosperous" (*i.e.*, mass

troops on the frontier, erect fortresses or sail ironclads under its neighbour's nose).

3. "Unlimited right to occupy unappropriated territory, or to incorporate new provinces *with the free consent* (!) of their inhabitants" (*i.e.*, as it is sometimes worded, the right of "cosmopolitan expansion," a beautifully comprehensive phrase!).

Now, Maine points out how, over and over again, within this century respect for these rules has preserved contentious nations from coming to blows. But is it not clear that these rules contain precisely those non-ethical elements against which the individual conscience or the religious conscience is more and more rising in revolt? The first two mean Non-Intervention writ large as far as the Family of Nations is concerned, and the third means Intervention, wherever and whenever prudent, in the case of weaker nations or peoples with coloured skins. It is just these principles which tend to throw the rules of International Law into the sharpest conflict with the axioms of private morality. Even in democratic Britain the *people* are practically (sometimes fortunately) kept outside the inner circle of the foreign political machinery, upon which they can only exercise an indirect influence. But this influence is bound to increase, and its tendency will be to break down the bulwarks, weak as they are, which safeguard peace and liberty and to precipitate infinite mischief. For if, on grounds of altruistic virtue or in view of abstract justice, we disregard our national interests, we do so to the peril of the Empire. If, on the other hand, by indiscriminate knight errantry we set forth to redress the wrongs of other nations and provoke them to retaliate by correcting *us*, we inevitably bring about a pandemonium.

In answer to such pleas as this we often hear excellent persons, in and out of the pulpit, exclaim:—"Nations must do right whatever comes of it. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum!*" It has always seemed to me that this rhetorical phrase expresses the extremity of wickedness. If heaven is to fall—if that means anything—hell must take its place. It at least supposes the utter ruin of mankind, and that would be *Summa Injuria*. Morality was made for man—not man for morality. What petty immorality or sectarian act of injustice in any corner of the earth can be set against a supreme injustice to the whole of humanity? "Perish India!" is a kindred cry only one degree less wicked; for "Perish India" means desolation, massacre, cruelty, the oppression of millions, and the downfall of the Empire, which at least, as things stand,

is the main stronghold on earth of liberty and the best security for the greatest happiness of the greatest number. All ordinary laws of morality, then, must give way before the higher law, *Salus reipublicæ*, or the highest law of all, *Salus mundi, suprema lex*. Anyhow, we must make the best of circumstances that we cannot now alter, and of two evils choose the least.

Is it, after all, wrong for a *nation*—as we are generally agreed it would be for an individual—to do a little evil that a great good may come? I ask. I do not know. Sir James Stephen said he didn't know. Lord Wolseley apparently thinks not—not even for an individual when acting on behalf of the nation—for in his *Soldiers' Pocket Book*, instructing spies how to lie with audacity and success, he remarks that some people “keep hammering away that honesty is the best policy and that truth always wins in the long run,” but “these pretty little sentences do well for a copy-book, but a man who acts upon them had better sheath his sword for ever.”

Again, it has been asked—and I want the questions answered—if “a life spent in the discharge of Christian duties is the highest form of life?” “Is there, after all, not something more valuable than blamelessness and something higher than innocence in a nation?” Or should we be “prepared to sacrifice the history of this country for a history of unbroken inoffensiveness—relieved by no heroism, exalted by no greatness—as, say, that of the Esquimaux?”

But it is not my object to attempt a reconciliation of the two moral standards, or to justify international usages by any other plea than that of dire necessity. That object is rather—while admitting the ideal desirability of nations acting according to our private notions of morality—to insist that they have never done so, and can never do so, as long as they remain in their aboriginal condition, voluntarily subject, as it were, to the primitive law of nature and the animal struggle for existence. Can the ideally desirable end of universal peace be ever attained, even under altered circumstances? Some writers, as David Strauss in *The Old Faith and the New*, ridicule this aspiration and say:—“You may as well try to abolish thunderstorms.” But with all respect to Dr. Strauss, free will and moral causes do not work on the same lines as electricity. History has had, as yet, no experience of that event, that crisis in mundane affairs, which must come some day, perhaps within two or three centuries, viz., the complete peopling of the whole habitable globe. The effect of this upon morals, private and

national, must be immense. Once Great Britain, for instance, has satisfied her prodigious appetite for annexation, has quite digested her last African meal and hoisted the Union Jack upon the North Pole ; when savage or inferior races are wiped out, or are elevated to an equal level of civilisation over the whole earth, so that the Family of Nations should embrace every State in them, at least, one great provocation to war will be removed. Possibly nations may then confederate into a universal commonwealth, with a central judiciary and executive, forming a vast United States of Humanity, such as the excellent Fichte and Professor Harris have dreamt of. When the brotherhood of mankind is something more than an expression, War may become a thing of the past, and the human conscience triumph for a time over Nature's great law of battle.

And what then ? Nature will not, I think, have to wait long for her revenge. If the beasts of the forest were to meet in council, and if, on the motion of the tiger, the carnivora were to agree to become vegetarians, the elephant would applaud their abandonment of a disgusting habit, but the sagacious creature would foretell with certainty the speedy extinction of the species. With the cessation of war—"beastly war," if you will—comes the cessation of the most powerful stimulus to heroism, mighty deeds, and glory. Decay must gradually set in upon the whole social frame. The epic vanishes from poetry, art becomes insipid, even our games and diversions lose their flavour. "Waterloo," said the old Duke, "was won in the playing fields of Eton." Field sports, cricket, and football will cease to have an object or an interest. Chess, draughts, even the milder joys of our children's Beggar-my-neighbour, will be discarded as painful reminiscences of the obsolete Law of Nations. The world will be drawing to its end—the nations must die, and why not ? It would not at least be by any violence or cruelty, but it would be a natural death, pious, and meritorious, a *requiescens in pace*, from the suppression of ambition and the extinction of desire. With the end of Desire, says the Oriental sage, comes the end of life ; and so the end of humanity, the National Euthanasia—Nirvana.

T. G. LAW.

LETTERS OF GENIUS

A Human Document from the Waste Paper Basket

MY friend, the sub-editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*, was in the midst of his nightly struggle against the evil machinations of the country correspondents and the telegraph clerks. Now and then I gave him such advice as a decent cigar suggested, but I regret to say that he was, as usual, ungrateful.

"Look here!" he said, turning away for a moment to his private desk, and taking a bundle of rather dusty papers out of it. "Just amuse yourself with these for a little, old man, and dry up that everlasting rivulet of yours."

I smiled serenely enough, for I am used to the dear fellow's occasional explosions, and took the bundle, which consisted of about a dozen letters neatly fastened together with an old blue necktie.

"What are they all about?" I asked, as I settled my feet comfortably on the mantelshelf, just clear of a belated cup of luke-warm cocoa. But at that instant a messenger hurried in with suppressed excitement and a sheet of "flimsy." One of the more important wheels of the social or Parliamentary machine—I forget which, just now—had unexpectedly gone out of gear. Amongst the many results that followed, my friend the sub-editor had to perform for the *n*th time the miracle of getting a quart of news into a pint bottle, and I was left for the next two hours to the undisturbed enjoyment of the documents which here follow:—

(1.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 5th, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

SIR,—I beg to explain that I sent you to-day by parcel post an essay upon Manchester. I am quite aware that it might be considered to be my duty to go more into details of my own history and experiences than I have done in such an article. But I could amend it in that respect, if you so desire, before you print it. You will observe that I mention in it my opinion—taken from self-analysis—

that geniuses are child-like. If the essay is printed by you, it will to that extent be autobiographic.

I am writing humbly. It is no use boasting in this world.

I ought to mention, perhaps, that I sent the essay to the Editor of *The Liverpool Daily Mail*, who rejected it—I do not know why. I have always understood that editors were jealous of clever young fellows springing up around them. I hope you are an exception, though I fear you cannot circulate the essay so widely as *The Mail* would have done. (But you are welcome to it.) I may assure you that I cannot improve upon it at all. This is the third altered copy I have constructed. I have its contents exactly in my memory, and I do not wish to alter anything.

I am not quite sure of all the names I have given to the streets in my essay, as I have never cared to ask people things in my wanderings about Manchester, and it was often too dark to see the names. But I imagine it as just as well if there is some mistake and opening for criticism in an essay thus describing the artistic impression of a city, especially if it is to be permanently read.

I am myself more of a pedestrian than a literary person. My age is twenty-seven.

As regards Manchester manners, possibly those of the educated classes are vulgar and coarse a little. I think that I would prefer to leave the part dealing with the manners pretty much as it is now.

Trusting not to be misunderstood as to my hints on being a genius,

I am, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

HARRY CORNELIUS.

P.S.—I never was told that the building which I describe as the People's Palace was really an edifice of that nature; or that it was actually erected from the proceeds of the Exhibition. But there seems little possibility of error here.—H. S. C.

It is to get a little attention to my essay that I shall take the liberty of again writing to you about my abilities.—H. S. C.

(2.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 9th, 1895.

To the Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

DEAR SIR,—As I did not ask for the return (if rejected) of my essay upon Manchester, I have no means of knowing whether it is receiving

the attention which it merits from you. In case it should be receiving such, I venture now to make a few remarks regarding it and regarding myself. In the first place, I will allow that I do not know at all whether the essay is a good one. It cost me some little pains (but I am not in working training). As regards the slightly humorous—or intended to be such—remarks about the annual and permanent picture shows, they have a flavour of conceit. So far as I am concerned, I do not wish to alter them. If the essay should receive, on its being printed, any large amount of attention, its peculiarity of being written by a person independent of society or class—if it has such—will be protected by the fact that the writer is a genius.

A few remarks upon my own life may be pertinent to this, and will let you know my history, and so on.

At the age of sixteen I left Uppingham, after six years of education there. (I had entered school at a younger age than the majority of boys do, my mother having died young.) I went then to an office in the City of London, and was an apprentice for the space of two or three years. I broke my apprenticeship to learn farming, having been more taken by the farmers than I was by my mercantile folks and surroundings. At this part of my life I was often in religious difficulties—and these of a kind severe enough to make me absolutely despairing, and so on. As a result of a fit of despondency I returned from learning farming to the office. After a few months' really hard work I took to the farming again, to the extent of going to the College of Agriculture at Aspatria. I only remained there for a few weeks, having gone near the end of a term. At this time I was a landed proprietor in Cumberland, my father having bequeathed to me, his only son, the estate of Naemansthwyt, near Keswick. I never have been in any situation or at any college since I left Aspatria—my life having been at Naemansthwyt or at my aunt's house in Birkenhead, for the next few years from such time as I left Aspatria College. (The estate was sold, as it was mortgaged to a very large extent, and as I had no capital left me to keep it up with.) Young people get "freer" in some respects (I do not refer to morals), when they are not in situations or under control in any way. Since I took to learning farming I had gradually become more indifferent to my elders than most fellows are. Not very long after my leaving Aspatria I began to suspect that I was a genius. At this time, also (or a little previously), I fell in love—not in a sentimental way—from a conviction that, in a young lady friend of my

temporary acquaintance, I had found a girl exceptionally pleasing to me. I never saw her again to speak to (to this day). I know now, although I did not know at the time, that the lady in question is a very clever woman. I wrote letters to her, and to her relatives—not to any purpose, however. I called on one brother once, and he gave me real encouragement—the condition of an introduction being that I would first publish.

I was fixed for several years in a very disheartening way, waiting till I got a reply from my sweetheart—who I now felt sure was a very clever woman. She never replied to one of my letters. I was very fond of her (I have always fancied), till I began to think that she did not care a fraction for me—not even to the extent of ordinary kindness. At last I left off that courtship altogether. It had been the means of rendering me very unhappy.

I need not follow my personal history further in this style. I may say that on leaving Aspatia—or not so much as a year afterwards—just at the time, or so, that I was in love first with the lady above-mentioned, I began to think that I was a genius. I laid my plans, or rather I resolved upon my future principles in life carefully. I had always been a gentle and sensitive fellow, and, alas! a tremendously passionate one as regards morals.

As a matter of fact, my morals broke down after this period; a result due largely to my complete unhappiness, and my disappointed and yet never-ended hopes about my sweetheart.

It is only strong passions that have been my misfortune. I am not an immoral fellow, nor am I careless of others' morals.

My estate was sold a few years ago. It did not yield me much money. I am still living on the interest of it, &c., &c. At the present time I am very hard up for money, as my funds are all in Investments not yet due. My solicitor has—with either good or bad intentions—put my capital into Investments. To-day, and lately, I have not any money at all, and am living here with my aunt: I have not enough money to take my furniture out of store, or to take a ticket to Liverpool. It is no wonder that I am trying to write an essay! I have spent a large part of my capital (though not all of it selfishly, I may add).

I suppose that if one believes that he is a genius, he gradually gets out of the ordinary system of obedience, and so on. I have for some years felt myself alone in the world. I do not seek to be so—if necessary, I am prepared to undergo the toil that others undergo.

It is a fact—I speak from experience—that the nature of a genius is just this—nothing more than other men and women, but less in very many of the various kinds of characteristics of human nature. A genius's manhood is on the basis of infancy or childhood all his life—(whether he try to hide the fact, or whether he acknowledge it).

Before stating what I have done in the way of utilising my talents of recent years, I will venture to mention that I bear a considerable resemblance to Thomas Carlyle in my features, and that I consider that I am like him in nature and in intellect: but that I have a much more amorous disposition than he had.

My talents are all, apparently, of one kind, with two divisions, viz., the power of thinking and power of observing. I am not “clever” otherwise, though not stupid. (It is my idea that those fellows at school or college who are very scholarly are rather scholars than geniuses. I think that geniuses are just such men as a farmer or a shopkeeper, with their heads full of genius instead of the ordinary degree of intellect.)

I have kept note-books of recent years—during the last three years, perhaps—containing my chief thoughts and observations during that period. This work has been one division of what I have somewhat systematically attempted to keep up. I have also been wide-awake to form my opinions, and so on. My body has gone through more than my head, possibly, as I have become quite a pedestrian. The reason of my not publishing was, originally, because of religious difficulties delaying my pen; and since that time, that I have been very unhappy. I am not naturally a prolific writer, unless full of facts—all my knowledge, however important, being put down without being made into a long-enough piece to form a publishable essay. I have not yet learnt how to “enlarge,” as an uncle of mine, who has made the same observation regarding his own abilities, calls it. At one time, when I was not quite a young man, perhaps—I was too careless in my morals—I never ceased trying to do well—I mean that I was never a wicked fellow—but I gave myself license. I gave this up gradually, and on my taking a house for the first time last autumn I very much improved in morality. Previous to that time I had often been so ill and weak that I was compelled to get assistance—my situation being that I might have failed in my memory while walking about the streets of cities. I had no home at this time—as I did not care to stay with other relatives, and my aunt had no home at that time, and was living with some relatives. I ought to have stayed with her doubtless. I

may have had good reasons for not doing so—I hardly remember just now. I have been saved from an almost certain failure of memory by some woman on at least one occasion. It was a question to me often whether I preferred to do wrong or to perish—in that my obvious duty was to save my intellect.

I have often been somewhat, sometimes extremely, ill, and gone home to an hotel. My life has been free of its faults for a year now, practically speaking, or at any rate, I am at this day a very different fellow as regards my morals than I once was, the result of many an effort. London is a most unfortunate place for a genius—it is so hard and stern in its style ; it chokes his soul and feelings as much as it does his body by its fogs.

I have told the Editor all facts regarding myself, in order that I might be known to him in every respect. I hope that I can say that my principles are as safe as the Bank of England if I get into print. I have a conscience, and want to be of use to humanity.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

(3.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 9th, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

DEAR SIR,—I wrote at length to-day regarding my essay upon Manchester and other matters. It is probably quite unnecessary for me to mention that I once recently wrote the Editor of *The Liverpool Daily Mail* to the effect that I was going soon to attempt writing an essay entitled "The Eternal Laws." I had no feeling of any kind more favourable towards *The Mail* than *The Guardian*. I always admired *The Mail* editor's style of composition, and *The Mail* was the paper that I usually saw at home.

I know nothing of whether my essay has merits of any description. Perhaps it was not old-world enough in its views for being in keeping with *The Mail* Editor's opinions.

As regards the question of my morality in Manchester—I do not think that I need have a very bad conscience if my essay is printed. Manchester has seldom been the field of any iniquities of mine, and certainly not recently. I have for the last year or so been in it very

frequently for a day or a few days at a time, and walked the streets all day, so as to produce the greatest receptivity to impressions that I could.

I am writing all this at the risk of having my essay rejected on that score alone. I can say truly that Manchester has not of late been a place in which I have gone astray; and that I have been correct in my morals of late, and that my heart is right.

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S. (*crossed*).—I am seeking another sweetheart, and am trying, hitherto unsuccessfully, to get her old employers to give me her address. I think that they will yield.—H. S. C.

(4.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 12th, 1895.

DEAR SIR,—It would be a kindness if a line be sent me (at your leisure, of course) to inform me of my essay's fate.

It is a matter not at all to the point—but one that interests me greatly—that the girl that I am seeking to get the address of with a view to matrimony, is, I think, very likely to be as like a woman to Robert Burns as could be found.

I am trying to get my Investments paid by borrowing them through my lawyer. I will then certainly sail for America, if my sweetheart does not turn up. (I am borrowing upon this condition.)

Yours sincerely,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

(5.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 12th, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

DEAR SIR,—My essay upon Manchester, about which I have already written you to-day, was to a certain extent a hasty one. I am quite willing to revise it carefully, if it be not in all respects suitable to a newspaper, or if it be imperfect in any easily remedied way.

The original "tone" of it (that which I felt in writing it) was rather of the stiff and important order. When, in the copy sent to you, I

reached a bit of moralising upon Manchester's selfishness in money matters (carefully reasoned out one or two days before in all seriousness), the relapse from the state of mind in which I had written the previous part brought on a fit of humour. I now think that it may be no drawback to the moralising if it be capable of being read lightly, and of being smiled at.

I do not wish to put any weight upon the descriptions of the streets, &c. (though, if the reader catches the heavy tone that I wrote the essay in, he may feel that my descriptions are very serious). I feel that I have expressed myself in this essay, *re* my very real enthusiasm for Manchester and Manchester folks. As for any especial merit in the essay, I cannot see any.

I can scarcely say how I wish the essay to be read—whether lightly or as if it were quite an important article. Perhaps it can be read in any way, or several ways, intelligently; or it may be a fair example of a combined style.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

The style is not an acquired and "naturalised" one. It is only composition.—H. S. C.

(6.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 13th, 1895.

Please read slowly.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

DEAR SIR,—A few observations regarding my essay upon Manchester. I do not mean to put very much weight upon the neglect of Manchester, or the almost contempt for it, of Liverpool people; one purpose of the essay, or use of it, being to cause Manchester folk, or those who go often to Manchester, to feel that this essay expresses the city, &c., with which they are familiar. (I am saying this under the belief that I am a clever man, whose essays will be read when he is well known, even if they are inferior.) Is not "style" a very valuable thing, and is not there possibly an opening for an essay upon Manchester for this purpose alone?

There are facts in my essay, or statements of my ideas. I will not discuss them here, as they speak for themselves, and are not, possibly, the product of any very especial thought. I almost *guess* some things, it may be.

In an essay upon Manchester such as I have supposed, it may be as well that it be clear and definite in its remarks, and limited as to their quantity, I should think.

I have no idea of class distinctions in a proud or even ordinary way. A result of this is that my essay joins all classes in Manchester as if they were more equal than is usually the case.

I may state that I am an evolutionist, and have long been so : that is, for the last few years. Trusting to be favoured with a reply at your leisure, and that my essay will be considered. (I do not say that it is a good one. The general information in it may be good, and the essay useful for style.)

Yours sincerely,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

(7.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 22nd, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

SIR,—I should like to see you personally, if that be possible, before my essay be accepted. (I do not feel that I am acting with a clear conscience.) I will walk to Liverpool to-morrow. No, that is scarcely possible for me, as the ferry is an obstruction to an empty pocket. What I am taken up about is the matter of truthfulness in my essay. It is all true (allowing a little uncertainty as to streets) so far as I remember. (I don't think that I said anything about the old Infirmary ; I would have that sentence scored out if I did, as I have almost no knowledge regarding it or the new one.) It is as to whether the essayist, who poses as a man, *is* a man, that I am taken up. I *am* a man to any extent, I think, if willingness to undergo physical labour in walking be a test of manhood. My longest walk is forty-two good miles, next thirty-seven and a half, then thirty-five, thirty-two, thirty-one and a half, &c. These walks, the longer ones especially, were undertaken in very poor health as regards strength, and were very exhausting. I cannot mix among men very well, having but little inclination to. If I had any money at all I would walk willingly to Liverpool just to prove that I can walk the distance. I am not confessing to not being a man.

I have come through a lot of worry, I daresay ; I have turned out a young man of genius, and have an essay written, and am an

accomplished thinker upon social subjects, and have many note-books full of general thoughts and observations. The question for me to ask myself is, shall I leave my essay in your hands, to be accepted possibly, or withdraw it? The principal thing at stake is truthfulness.

Can you help me decide? I withdraw my essay until I receive from the Editor an invitation to call at where his office is. If I am communicated with I will call. If asked to do so by you, I will walk to Liverpool.

I withdraw my essay. Kindly note this, till I write from my Liverpool address or call at the office, which will be within a couple of days at the most (as I am going to Chester to sell old clothes).

Yours very truly,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S.—I shall probably walk to Liverpool to-morrow, *via* Chester.

(8.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 22nd, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

SIR,—I cannot possibly control my temper and patience; OTHERS are killing me.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY CORNELIUS.

P.S.—The sentence on the delicacy of the subject and my forwardness I won't delete.

P.S. *continued*.—I have no money, not a penny. My aunt does not love me: or, if she does, will not lend me a penny. (She is a stupid, senseless woman, of course; not lacking in heart and humanity at all, but greedy, and a perfect fix of a woman to any one with an empty pocket.) As for my lawyer, he is very likely a blackguard as concerns my affairs.

My morals in Manchester were often very bad and conspicuous.

(OTHERS, not the Editor of the *Guardian*, are killing me.) I called at bars and visited music-halls also; and this story might be made known.—H. S. C.

(9.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 22nd, 1895.

SIR,—I have written twice on the subject of my essay upon Manchester to-day. It occurs to me that, owing to the poorness of my health, the essay may not be spontaneous enough—or rather, may make readers of it feel queer. I have no intention of doing any one an ill-turn by my essay. If it be unreadable for any reason, I shall be glad if it is rejected by you. If the fault is limited, then you may alter the essay to make it suitable in that respect.

My health has been precarious so often that I have been driving full speed to such extent as my efforts go to keep up sufficient strength for life. My favourite set of men are the tramway men—their abundance of manhood and easy naturalness having been observed by me. I often think that the business man resembles the driver of any sort in his “spirit.” I have learnt the same style myself, in pressing to be a man, &c.

My letters are often the result of efforts in ill-health, and may be very amazing to receive—I hope not.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY CORNELIUS.

P.S.—My health is excellent in many ways. I can walk a long distance, and look like a pedestrian.—H. S. C.

(10.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 22nd, 1895.

SIR,—I wrote to-day a letter in a fit of exasperation, the result of misery. I have no stamps to post this apology with. As for my lawyer, it is impossible for me to accuse him of anything, as he gave me plenty of money at a time—not long ago—when I did not realise fully its value. He may now be meaning to do me an ill-turn on a larger or smaller scale, or not.

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S.—I have had such years of waiting that I am very tired of it.—H. S. C.

(11.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 24th, 1895.

SIR,—After some reflection I think that I should be as well off financially, possibly, if my essay were accepted just now as after I have walked to Liverpool. I can see no reason why it should not be printed, so far as I am concerned. *If the payment of a few shillings be made to me now, I will sell the essay.*

Awaiting your reply at leisure,

I am,

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S.—I am not decided that I would accept more than the natural value of the essay. (I would not be looking for *much* more, at any rate.) If all men of genius ought to be brought before the public as soon as possible, then I am ready to become famous, if that be possible through you at this time. If you wish to bring me forward as a man of genius, the above argument will take all responsibility from you. I reserve the right to decline such an honour in the meantime. I said that I looked a pedestrian, but a woman told me yesterday that I didn't look it, and she may probably be right.—H. S. C.

(12.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 24th, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

SIR,—Enclosed are half-a-dozen stamps in payment of the postage of my recent letters regarding my essay upon Manchester. I beg to apologise for having posted them unstamped. Yesterday I went on foot to Chester and sold enough things to keep me going. The walk to and from Chester was a good test of my capacity for distance just now. I cannot do more in one day till my spirits are better. (Good spirits are a splendid tonic for walking.) Last night I got home quite exhausted and not fit for another mile.

If the essay is kept by you and not returned just yet I may manage to walk to Liverpool some day soon. Meantime I do not see my way in truthfulness to allow it to be printed should you have thought of

accepting it. I will write you before long as to whether I have walked to Liverpool and as to whether the essay may be printed. I suppose that that is my only course in the matter. I really think that I am not justified in calling myself a man to-day.

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S.—My remarks may give my accusers an opening (not that I've no faith in myself). I *am* man enough and *look* it, so far as pedestrianism goes. As for mixing among men, my instincts are all that way, but—I am not a man in that respect. I am not a man in some other respects, and in some respects again I am one, perhaps. All these facts give me great difficulty in deciding whether I really *am* a man or not. It is a matter of the greatest importance to me that I get some money by my essay. I cannot see my way to altering my plan given above (whether it be unjust to me or no).—H. S. C.

(13.)

Sunnyside Cottage, Congleton,

April 26th, 1895.

SIR,—The essay upon Manchester sent you by me may not have any especial merit or feature, possibly. It has one important attribute, however, in being written by as clever a young fellow as is now alive. There can be no harm in the essay comparable with the good that my becoming known to the world (or even getting a few shillings and seeing myself in print) would do. I write these remarks in the same manner as if I were speaking of some other person than myself. I trust to be excused their self-importance.

It is killing to a genius to be unknown after his work is largely accomplished, and his powers are at their maturity or near it. He requires attention. (I never put blame in my mind on Editors in matters of this kind.)

I say that my work may be nearly accomplished. That is a difficult question for me to answer to myself, inasmuch as I had to form my object and never formed a very definite one—owing to the difficulty of so doing. I know, however, that I have taken my notes with the greatest pains for several years (with occasional intervals), and that my life has been during that time not without its difficulties. In other words, I have come through a good deal, or something, at least. One

thing I know is true—that I have thought out and observed (in the course of time severing the grain from the chaff) some very valuable facts. I say that with every possible weight on the words (I am independent of my note-books).

I can say with truth that the love of solitude and of nature and of a simple life is as strong in me as the love of vanity and attention—my only besetting sin; for, as for ambition, I have not allowed it entrance to my heart. As far as manhood is concerned I feel very sprightly, and like what I ought to feel to some little extent. I am very soft—hopelessly so—in some respects. Well, I may modify that statement, inasmuch as I am improving. If I have not mixed with men I have been a walk-till-nearly-drop pedestrian, which few folks are. The nature of me is very childlike, and mixing with men much or at all would make me conceited and produce unnatural artificiality of manner on my part.

As regards the possible consequences of my appearing—a thin and weak-looking fellow—as a genius in respect to public morals, I can say truthfully that beyond the question of my duty I don't wish to appear at all, and much prefer to make some money on my own account; and that my morals as regards the other sex are in all respects now reformed, and that I never was a tempter; and that I have hopes that my character will be allowed to pass muster, and that no special evil consequences will follow my becoming famous; and that my heart is pure, so far as I know (if that be to the point); and that I am trying to get a wife and have written her, though to a vague address; and that there is nothing against the girl's character so far as I am aware.

I must on no account marry a bad character, of course. The girl that I seek was for several years a favourite of mine for nothing else than her worth, and her humility, and her handsomeness. She used to be an extremely modest girl. I only saw her once and my memory of her is taken from that occasion. It was at a little hotel in a Highland glen.

I ought to find out all particulars of my sweetheart's character before I allow myself to become known, I think. (The doing so is no difficult matter, I believe, if I get the girl to answer my letters. I have great faith in her worth and truthfulness.) It is a great moral responsibility on me, this coming before the public whilst the victim of strong passions—and the marrying of a girl who may have made a mistake. I must find out all about her before my essay is printed with any remarks from the

Editorial pen regarding the essayist's abilities, if such were thought of. The essay could be printed on its own strength so far as I am concerned if it is worth printing. I rely upon the public being aware of my circumstances and efforts in the past for making it safe that I should publish (and on the worth of my sweetheart).

If my essay may be held over for a week or two, I will meantime inquire as to the girl's past character (which I do not have any reason to doubt). If you care to print it on its own value, of course, I shall be glad of a few shillings for it. I may walk to Liverpool on hearing favourable news of the girl, or from the girl. (Who is to advise geniuses in regard to questions of morality?)

I most resemble J. M. W. Turner of all men of genius—like as I am to Rousseau and to Carlyle. In nature of genius and imagination I am like Turner (I have, or had, when studying his life, his special love of colour also). Trusting that the Editor will excuse these statements of a young man of genius, in bad health and totally unknown, and overlook his egotism.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

P.S.—Mary is my sweetheart's name. Geniuses needs brains.—
H. S. C.

(14.)

Barleycorn Hotel, Chester,

Saturday, April 27th, 1895.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

DEAR SIR,—My logic of yesterday was wrong, in that I can quite well decide to marry the girl or not—if she writes me—after I have published my essay. I am therefore quite willing that you should accept it for publication forthwith.

It is the Editor's turn to help me now, as I am quite done with my letters. Indeed, I am far from well, as the suspense of my sweetheart's causing is too much for me.

I came on foot last night (walking through the night) to Chester, being too unwell to remain at my home. I have no money at all (I wired my lawyer to send a sum, to no purpose, so far as I know). Kindly write me to this hotel if any communication. I am done with the essay, and on'y await your decision.

Yours sincerely,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

(15.)

(Telegram.)

12/5/95. 3.40 P.M.

Editor *Liverpool Guardian*.

Your cruelty disgraceful do you accept essay reply Cornelius
Barleycorn Hotel Chester.

(16.)

35, Augustine Street, Liverpool,

May 14th, 1895.

SIR,—I am very much disposed to withdraw my accusation of cruelty on your part. I accuse no person of cruelty, or ought not to do so unless assured of cruelty on his part. As regards my essay, I fancy that the circumstances are decidedly unusual. Very likely I am not man enough to be a citizen, which would make a great fault in it. My sweetheart has thrown me over again, and I cannot write you any more letters.

Yours faithfully,

HARRY S. CORNELIUS.

The Editor of *The Liverpool Guardian*.

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"Well?" said my friend, the sub-editor. He had seen the paper put to bed, and was sitting on the edge of a desk, swinging his legs and munching the telegraph clerk's sandwiches. "Well?"

"He seems to have been an ingenuous young person, your correspondent," I replied, as I put the bundle of letters carefully into my pocket. "But this famous essay: what was it like?"

"Why," said the sub-editor, with a silent chuckle, "there you have the best of the joke. Either he forgot to enclose the essay, or it was a figment of his imagination. In any case it never reached this office, and all I know about Mr. Cornelius is from these letters. After all, our young friend may have been a regular high-toned decadent genius!"

Thereupon I left the office, for my friend the sub-editor has no reverence, and I could not tell what he might say next.

W. E. GARRETT FISHER.





The New Review.

No. 102.—NOVEMBER, 1897.

THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS"

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

VI.

IT looked as if it would be a long passage. The south-east trades, light and unsteady, were left behind ; and then, on the equator and under a low grey sky, the ship, in close heat, floated upon a smooth sea that resembled a sheet of ground glass. Thunder squalls hung on the horizon, circled round the ship, far off and growling angrily, like a troop of wild beasts afraid to charge home. The invisible sun, sweeping above the upright masts, made on the clouds a blurred stain of rayless light, and a similar patch of faded radiance kept pace with it from east to west over the unglittering level of the waters. At night, through the impenetrable darkness of earth and heaven, broad sheets of flame waved noiselessly, and for half a second the becalmed craft stood out with its masts and rigging, with every sail and every rope distinct and black in the centre of a fiery outburst, like a charred ship enclosed in a globe of fire. And, again, for long hours she remained lost in a vast universe of night and silence, where gentle sighs, wandering here and there like forlorn souls, made the still sails flutter as in sudden fear, and the ripple of a beshrouded ocean whisper its compassion afar in a voice mournful, immense, and faint. . . .

When the lamp was put out, through the door thrown wide open, Jimmy, turning on his pillow, could see, vanishing beyond the straight line of the top-gallant rail, the quick, repeated visions of a fabulous world made up of leaping fire and sleeping water. The lightning gleamed in his big sad eyes, that seemed in a red flicker

to burn themselves out in his black face, and then he would lie blinded and invisible in the midst of an intense darkness. He could hear on the quiet deck soft footfalls, the breathing of some man lounging on the doorstep, the low creak of swaying masts, or the calm voice of the watch-officer reverberating aloft, hard and loud, amongst the unstirring sails. He listened with avidity, taking a rest in the attentive perception of the slightest sound from the fatiguing wanderings of his sleeplessness. He was cheered by the rattling of blocks, reassured by the stir and murmur of the watch, soothed by the slow yawn of some sleepy and weary seaman settling himself deliberately for a snooze on the planks. Life seemed an indestructible thing. It went on in darkness, in sunshine, in sleep; tireless, it hovered affectionately round the imposture of his ready death. It was bright, like the twisted flare of lightning, and more full of surprises than the dark night. It made him safe, and the calm of its overpowering darkness was as precious as its restless and dangerous light.

But in the evening: in the dog-watches, and even far into the first night-watch: a knot of men could always be seen congregated before Jimmy's cabin. They leaned on each side of the door, peacefully interested and with crossed legs; they stood astride the doorstep discoursing, or sat in silent couples on his sea-chest; while against the bulwark along the spare topmast, three or four in a row stared meditatively, their simple faces lit up by the projected glare of Jimmy's lamp. The little place, repainted white, had, in the night, the brilliancy of a silver shrine, where a black idol, reclining stiffly under a blanket, blinked its weary eyes, and received our homage. Donkin officiated. He had the air of a demonstrator showing a phenomenon, a manifestation bizarre, simple, and meritorious, that, to the beholders, should be a profound and an everlasting lesson. "Just look at 'im, 'ee knows what's what—never fear!" he exclaimed now and then, flourishing a hand hard and fleshless like the claw of a snipe. Jimmy, on his back, smiled with reserve and without moving a limb. He affected the languor of extreme weakness, so as to make it manifest to us that our delay in hauling him out from his horrible confinement, and then that night spent on the poop among our selfish neglect of his needs, had "done for him." He rather liked to talk about it, and of course we were always interested. He spoke spasmodically, in fast rushes with long pauses between, as a tipsy man walks:— "Cook had just given me a pannikin of hot coffee.

Slapped it down there, on my chest—banged the door to. . . . I felt a heavy roll coming; tried to save my coffee, burnt my fingers and fell out of my bunk. . . . She went over so quick. . . . Water came in through the ventilator. . . . I couldn't move the door dark as a grave tried to scramble up into the upper berth. . . . Rats a rat bit me in the finger as I got up. . . . I could hear him swimming below me. . . . I thought you would never come. . . . I thought you were all gone overboard of course could hear nothing but the wind. . . . Then you came to look for the corpse, I suppose. A little more and"

"Man! But ye made a rare lot of noise in here," observed Archie, thoughtfully:

"You chaps kicked up such a confounded row above. . . . Enough to scare any one. . . . I didn't know what you were up to. . . . Bash in the blamed planks my head. . . . Just what a silly, scary gang of fools would do. . . . Not much good to me anyhow. . . . Just as well drown. . . . Pah."

He groaned, snapped his big white teeth, and gazed with scorn. Belfast lifted a pair of dolorous eyes, with a broken-hearted smile, clenching his fists stealthily; blue-eyed Archie care-sed his red whiskers with a hesitating hand; the boatswain at the door stared a moment, and brusquely went away with a loud guffaw; Wamibo dreamed. . . . Donkin felt all over his sterile chin for the few rare hairs, and said, triumphantly, with a sidelong glance at Jimmy:—"Look at 'im! Wish I was 'arf has 'ealthy has 'e his—I do." He jerked a short thumb over his shoulder towards the after end of the ship. "That's the blooming way to do 'em!" he yelped, with forced heartiness. Jimmy said:—"Don't be a dam' fool," in a pleasant voice. Knowles, rubbing his shoulder against the doorpost, remarked shrewdly:—"We can't all go an' be took sick—it would be mutiny." "Mutiny—gawn!" jeered Donkin, "there's no bloomin' law against bein' sick." "There's six weeks' hard for refoosing dooty," argued Knowles: "I mind I once seed in Cardiff the crew of an overloaded ship—leastways she weren't overloaded, only a fatherly old gentleman with a white beard and an umbreller came along the quay and talked to the hands. Said as how it was crool hard to be drowned in winter just for the sake of a few pounds more for the owner—he said. Nearly cried over them—he did; and he had a square mainsail coat, and a gaff-topsail hat too—all proper. So they chaps they said they wouldn't go to be drowned

in winter—depending upon that 'ere Plimsoll man to see 'em through the court. They thought to have a bloomin' lark and two or three days' spree. And the beak giv' 'em six weeks—coss the ship wasn't overloaded. Anyways they made it out in court that she wasn't. There wasn't one overloaded ship in Penarth Dock at all. 'Pears that old coon he was only on pay and allowance from some kind people, under orders to look for overloaded ships, and he couldn't see no further than the length of his umbreller. Some of us in the boarding-house, where I live when I'm looking for a ship in Cardiff, stood by to duck that old weeping spunger in the dock. We kept a good look out, too—but he topped his boom, and ran off free directly he was outside the court. . . . But they got six weeks' hard. . . ."

They listened, full of curiosity, nodding in the pauses their rough pensive faces. Donkin opened his mouth once or twice, but restrained himself. Jimmy lay still, with open eyes and not at all interested. A seaman emitted the opinion that after a verdict of atrocious partiality "the bloomin' beaks go an' drink at the skipper's expense." Others assented. It was clear, of course. Donkin said:—"Well, six weeks hain't much trouble. You sleep hall night in, reg'lar, in chokey. Do it hon my 'ead." "You are used to it ainch'ee, Donkin?" asked somebody. Jimmy condescended to laugh. It cheered up every one wonderfully. Knowles, with surprising mental agility, shifted his ground:—"If we all went sick, what would become of the ship? Eh?" He posed the problem and grinned all round. "Let 'er go to 'ell. Damn 'er. She ain't yourn." "What? Just let her drift?" insisted Knowles in a tone of unbelief. "Aye! Drift, an' be blowed," affirmed Donkin with fine recklessness. The other did not see it—meditated. "The stores would run out," he muttered, "and . . . never get anywhere . . . and what about pay day?" he added with greater assurance. "Jack likes a good pay-day," exclaimed a listener on the doorstep. "Aye, because then the girls put one arm round his neck an' t'other in his pocket, an' call him ducky. Don't they, Jack?" "Jack, you're a terror with the gals." "He takes three of 'em in tow to once, like one of 'em Watkinses two-funnel tugs waddling away with three schooners behind." "Jack, you're a lame scamp." "Jack, tell us about that one with a blue eye and a black eye. Do." "There's plenty of girls with one black eye along the Highway by . . ." "No, that's a speshul one—come, Jack." Donkin looked severe and disgusted; Jimmy very much bored; a grey-haired sea-dog shook his head slightly,

smiling at the bowl of his pipe, discreetly amused. Knowles turned about bewildered; stammered first at one, then at another. "No! . . . I never! . . . can't talk sensible sense midst you . . . Always on the kid." He retired bashfully—muttering and pleased. They laughed, hooting in the crude light round Jimmy's bed, where his hollowed black face moved to and fro restlessly on a white pillow. A puff of wind came, made the flame of the lamp leap, and outside, high up, the sails fluttered, while near by the block of the foresheet struck a ringing blow on the iron bulwark. A voice far off cried "Helm up!"; another, more faint, answered "Hard-up, sir!" They became silent—waited expectantly. The grey-haired seaman knocked his pipe on the doorstep and stood up. The ship leaned over gently, and the sea seemed to wake up, murmuring drowsily. "Here's a little wind comin'," said some one very low. Jimmy turned over slowly to face the breeze. The voice in the night cried loud and commanding:—"Haul the spanker out." The group before the door vanished out of the light. They could be heard tramping aft while they repeated with varied intonations:—"Spanker out! . . . Out spanker, sir!" Donkin remained alone with Jimmy. There was a silence. Jimmy opened and shut his lips several times, as if swallowing draughts of fresher air; Donkin moved the toes of his bare feet and looked at them thoughtfully.

"Ain't you going to give them a hand with the sail?" asked Jimmy.

"No. Hif six ov 'em hain't 'nough beef to set that blamed, rotten spanker, they hain't fit to live," answered Donkin in a bored, far-away voice, as though he had been talking from the bottom of a hole. Jimmy considered the conical, fowl-like profile with a queer kind of interest; he was leaning out of his bunk with the calculating, uncertain expression of a man who reflects how best to lay hold of some strange creature that looks as though it could sting or bite. But he said only:—"The mate will miss you—and there will be ructions."

Donkin got up to go. "I will do for 'im hon some dark night, see hif I don't," he said over his shoulder.

Jimmy went on quickly:—"You're like a poll-parrot, like a screechin' poll-parrot." Donkin stopped and cocked his head attentively on one side. His big ears stood out, transparent and veined, resembling the thin wings of a bat.

"Yuss?" he said, with his back towards Jimmy.

"Yes! Chatter out all you know—like . . . like a dirty white cockatoo."

Donkin waited. He could hear the other's breathing, long and slow; the breathing of a man with a hundredweight or so on the breastbone. Then he asked calmly:—"What do I know?"

"What? What I tell you not much. What do you want to talk about my health so"

"Hit's a bloomin' himposyshun. A bloomin', stinkin', first-class himposyshun—but hit don't take me hin. Not hit."

Jimmy kept still. Donkin put his hands in his pockets, and in one slouching stride came up to the bunk.

"I talk—what's the hodd. They hain't men here—sheep they hare. A driven lot of sheep. I 'old you hup Vy not? You're well hoff."

"I am I don't say anything about that. . . ."

"Well. Let 'em see hit. Let 'em larn what a man can do. I ham a man. I know hall habout yer. . . ." Jimmy threw himself further away on the pillow; the other stretched out his skinny neck, jerked his bird face down at him as though pecking at the eyes. "I ham a man. I've seen the hinside of every chokey in the Colonies rather 'n give hup my rights. . . ."

"You are a jail-prop," said Jimmy weakly.

"I ham an' proud of it too. You! You haven't the bloomin' nerve—so you hinventyd this 'ere dodge. . . ." He paused, then with marked afterthought accentuated slowly:—"Yer ain't sick—hare yer?"

"No," said Jimmy firmly. "Been out of sorts now and again this year," he mumbled with a sudden drop in his voice.

Donkin closed one eye, amicable and confidential. He whispered:—"Ye 'ave done hit afore—aven'tchee?" Jimmy smiled—then as if unable to hold back he let himself go:—"Last ship—yes. I was out of sorts on the passage. See? It was easy. They paid me off in Calcutta, and the skipper made no bones about it either. . . . I got my money all right. Laid up fifty-eight days! The fools! O Lord! The fools! Paid right off." He laughed spasmodically. Donkin chummed giggling. Then Jimmy coughed violently. "I am as well as ever," he said, as soon as he could draw breath.

Donkin made a derisive gesture. "In course," he said profoundly, "hany one can see that." "They don't," said Jimmy, gasping like a fish. "They would swallow any yarn," affirmed Donkin. "Don't you let on too much," admonished Jimmy in an exhausted voice. "Your

little gyme? Eh?" commented Donkin jovially. Then with sudden disgust:—"Yer hall for yerself, s'long has ye're right. . . ."

So charged with egoism James Wait pulled the blanket up to his chin and lay still for awhile. His heavy lips protruded in an everlasting black pout. "Why are you so hot on making trouble?" he asked without much interest.

"'Cos hit's a bloomin' shayme. We hare put hon bad food, bad pay I want hus to kick up a bloomin' row; a blamed 'owling row that would make 'em remember! Knocking people habout brain hus hindeed! Ain't we men?" His altruistic indignation blazed. Then he said calmly:—"I've been a-hairing ov yer clothes." "All right," said Jimmy languidly, "bring them in." "Giv' us the key of your chest, I'll put 'em away for yer," said Donkin with friendly eagerness." "Bring 'em in, I will put them away myself," answered James Wait with severity. Donkin looked down, muttering. "What d'you say? What d'you say?" inquired Wait anxiously. "Nothink. The night's dry; let 'em 'ang out till the morning," said Donkin, in a strangely trembling voice, as though restraining laughter or rage. Jimmy seemed satisfied. "Give me a little water for the night in my mug—there," he said. Donkin took a stride over the doorstep. "Git it yerself," he replied in a surly tone. "You can do it, hunless you *hare* sick." "Of course I can do it," said Wait, "only" "Well, then, do it," said Donkin viciously. "If yer can look hafter yer clothes, yer can look hafter yerself." He went on deck without a look back.

Jimmy reached out for the mug. Not a drop. He put it back gently with a faint sigh—and closed his eyes. He thought:—"That lunatic Belfast will bring me some water if I ask. Fool. I am very thirsty." It was very hot in the cabin, and it seemed to turn slowly round, detach itself from the ship, and swing out smoothly into a luminous, arid space where a black sun shone, spinning very fast. A place without any water! No water! A policeman with the face of Donkin drank a glass of beer by the side of an empty well, and flew away flapping vigorously. A ship, whose masts protruded through the sky and could not be seen, was discharging grain, and the wind whirled the dry husks in spirals along the quay of a dock with no water in it. He whirled along with the dust—very tired and light. All his inside was gone. He felt lighter than the husks—and more dry. He expanded his hollow chest. The air streamed in carrying away in its rush a lot of strange things that resembled houses, trees,

people, lamp-posts. . . . No more! There was no more air—and he had not finished drawing his long breath. But he was in jail! They were locking him up. A door slammed. They turned the key twice, flung a bucket of water over him—Phoo! What for?

He opened his eyes, thinking the fall had been very heavy for an empty man—empty—empty. He was in his cabin. Ah! All right. His face was streaming with perspiration, his arms heavier than lead. He saw the cook standing in the doorway, a brass key in one hand and a bright tin hook-pot in the other.

"I have been locking up for the night," said the cook, beaming benevolently. "Eight-bells just gone. I brought you a pot of cold tea for your night's drinking, Jimmy. I sweetened it with some white cabin sugar, too. Well—it won't break the ship."

He came in, hung the pot on the edge of the bunk, asked perfunctorily "How goes it?" and sat down on the box. "H'm," grunted Wait inhospitably. The cook wiped his face with a dirty cotton rag, which, afterwards, he tied round his neck. "That's how them firemen do in steamboats," he said serenely, and much pleased with himself. "My work is as heavy as theirs—I'm thinking—and longer hours. Did you ever see them down the stokehold? Like fiends they look—firing—firing—firing—down there."

He pointed his forefinger at the deck. Some gloomy thought darkened his shining face, fleeting, like the shadow of a travelling cloud over the light of a peaceful sea. The relieved watch tramped noisily forward, passing in a body across the sheen of the doorway. Some one cried "Good night!" Belfast stopped for a moment, and looked in at Jimmy, quivering and speechless as with repressed emotion. He gave the cook a glance charged with dismal foreboding, and vanished. The cook cleared his throat. Jimmy stared upwards and kept as still as a man in hiding.

The night was clear, with a gentle breeze. The ship heeled over a little, slipping quietly over a sombre sea towards the inaccessible and festal splendour of a black horizon pierced by points of flickering fire. Above the mastheads the resplendent curve of the Milky Way spanned the sky like a triumphal arch of eternal light, thrown over the dark pathway of the earth. On the forecastle head a man whistled with loud precision a lively jig, while another could be heard faintly, shuffling and stamping in time. There came from forward a confused murmur of voices, laughter—snatches of song. The cook shook his

head, glanced obliquely at Jimmy, and began to mutter:—"Aye. Dance and sing. That's all they think of. I am surprised the Providence don't get tired. . . . They forget the day that's sure to come . . . but you. . . ."

Jimmy drank a gulp of tea, hurriedly as though he had stolen it, and shrank under his blanket, edging away towards the bulkhead. The cook got up, closed the door, then sat down again, and said distinctly:—

"Whenever I poke my galley fire I think of you chaps swearing, stealing, lying, and worse—as if there was no such thing as another world. . . . Not bad fellows, either, in a way," he conceded slowly. Then, after a pause of regretful musing, he went on in a resigned tone:—"Well, well. They will have a hot time of it. Hot! did I say? The furnaces of one of them White Star boats ain't nothing to it."

He kept very quiet for a while. There was a great stir in his brain; an addled vision of bright outlines; an exciting row of rousing songs and groans of pain. He suffered, enjoyed, admired, approved. He was delighted, frightened, exalted—as on that evening (the only time in his life—thirty-seven years ago; he loved to recall the number of years) when, as a young man, he had—through keeping bad company—become intoxicated in an East-end music hall. A tide of sudden feeling swept him clean out of his body. He soared. He contemplated the secret of the hereafter. It commended itself to him. It was excellent; he loved it, himself, all hands, and Jimmy. His heart overflowed with tenderness, with comprehension, with the desire to meddle, with anxiety for the soul of that black man, with the pride of possessed eternity, with the feeling of might. Snatch him up in his arms and pitch him right into the middle of salvation . . . the black soul—blacker—body—rot—Devil. No! Talk—strength—Samson. . . . There was a great din as of cymbals in his ears; he flashed through an ecstatic jumble of shining faces, lilies, prayer-books, unearthly joy, white shirts, gold harps, black coats, wings. He saw flowing garments, clean shaved faces, a sea of light—a lake of pitch. There were sweet scents, a smell of sulphur—red tongues of flame licking a white mist. An awesome voice thundered. . . . It lasted three seconds.

"Jimmy!" he cried, in an inspired tone. Then he hesitated. A spark of human pity glimmered yet through the infernal fog of his supreme conceit.

"What?" said James Wait, unwillingly. There was a silence. He turned his head just the least bit, and stole a cautious glance. The cook's lips moved inaudibly; his face was rapt, his eyes turned up. He seemed to be mentally imploring deck beams, the brass hook of the lamp, two cockroaches.

"Look here," said Wait, "I want to go to sleep. I think I could."

"This is no time for sleep!" exclaimed the cook, very loud. He had prayerfully divested himself of the last vestige of his humanity. He was a voice—a fleshless and sublime thing, as on that memorable night—the night when he went over the sea to make coffee for perishing sinners. "This is no time for sleeping," he repeated, with exaltation. "I can't sleep."

"Don't care damn," said Wait, with factitious energy. "I can. Go an' turn in."

"Swear in the very jaws in the very jaws. Don't you see the fire don't you feel it. Blind, chock-full of sin. I can see it for you. I can't bear it. I hear the call to save you. Night and day. Jimmy, let me save you!" The words of entreaty and menace broke out of him in a roaring torrent. The cockroaches ran away. Jimmy perspired, wriggling stealthily under his blanket. The cook yelled. "Your days are numbered!" "Get out of this," boomed Wait, courageously. "Pray with me!" "I won't!" The little cabin was as hot as an oven. It contained an immensity of fear and pain; an atmosphere of shrieks and moans; prayers vociferated like blasphemies and whispered curses. Outside, the men called by Charley, who informed them in tones of delight that there was a row going on in Jimmy's place, pushed before the closed door, too startled to open it. All hands were there. The watch below had jumped out on deck in their shirts, as after a collision. Men running up, asked:—"What is it?" Others said:—"Listen!" The muffled screaming went on:—"On your knees! On your knees!" "Shut up!" "Never! You are delivered into my hands. Your life has been saved. Purpose. Mercy. Repent." "You are a bloody fool!" "Account of you you. Never sleep in this world, if I" "Leave off." "No! stokehold only think." Then an impassioned screeching babble, where words pattered like hail. "No!" shouted Jim. "Yes. You are No help. Everybody" "You lie!" "I see you dying this minnyt before my eyes as good as dead now."

"Help!" shouted Jimmy, piercingly. "Not in this valley . . . look upwards," howled the other. "Go away! Murder! Help!" clamoured Jimmy. His voice broke. There were moanings, low mutters, a few sobs.

"What's the matter now?" said a seldom-heard voice. "Fall back, men! Fall back, there!" repeated Mr. Creighton sternly, pushing through. "Here's the old man," whispered some. "The cook's in there, sir," exclaimed several, backing away. The door clattered open; a broad stream of light darted out on wondering faces; a warm whiff of vitiated air passed. The two mates towered head and shoulders above the spare, grey-headed man who stood revealed between them, in shabby clothes, stiff and angular, like a small carved figure, and with a thin, composed face. The cook got up from his knees. Jimmy sat high in the bunk, clasping his drawn-up legs. The tassel of the blue nightcap almost imperceptibly trembled over his knees. They gazed astonished at his long, curved back, while the white corner of one eye gleamed blindly at them. He was afraid to turn his head, he shrank within himself, and there was an aspect astounding and animal-like in the perfection of his expectant immobility. A thing of instinct—the unthinking stillness of a scared brute.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Baker, sharply. "My duty," said the cook, with ardour. "Your . . . what?" began the mate. Captain Allistoun touched his arm lightly. "I know his caper," he said, in a low voice. "Come out of that, Podmore," he ordered, aloud.

The cook wrung his hands, shook his fists above his head, and his arms dropped as if too heavy. For a moment he stood distracted and speechless. "Never," he stammered, "I . . . he . . . I." "What—do—you—say?" pronounced Captain Allistoun. "Come out at once—or" "I am going," said the cook, with a hasty and sombre resignation. He strode over the doorstep firmly—hesitated—made a few steps. They looked at him in silence. "I make you responsible!" he cried desperately, turning half round. "That man is dying. I make you" "You there yet?" called the master in a threatening tone. "No, sir," he exclaimed hurriedly in a startled voice. The boatswain led him away by the arm; some one laughed; Jimmy lifted his head for a stealthy glance, and in one unexpected leap sprang out of his bunk; Mr. Baker made a clever catch and felt him very limp in his arms; the group at the door grunted with surprise. "He lies," gasped

Wait, "he talked about black devils—he is a devil—a white devil—I am all right." He stiffened himself and Mr. Baker, experimentally, let him go. He staggered a pace or two; Captain Allistoun watched him with a quiet and penetrating gaze; Belfast ran to his support. He did not appear to be aware of any one near him; he stood silent for a moment, battling single-handed with a legion of nameless terrors amidst the eager looks of excited men that watched him far off, utterly alone in the impenetrable solitude of his fear. Heavy breathings stirred the darkness. The sea gurgled through the scuppers as the ship heeled over to a short puff of wind.

"Keep him away from me," said James Wait at last in his fine baritone voice, and leaning with all his weight on Belfast's neck. "I've been better this last week . . . I am well . . . I was going back to duty . . . to-morrow—now if you like—Captain." Belfast hitched his shoulders to keep him upright.

"No," said the master, looking at him fixedly.

Under his armpit Belfast's red face moved uneasily. A row of eyes gleaming stared on the edge of light. They pushed one another with elbows, turned their heads, whispered. Wait let his chin fall on his breast, and, with lowered eyelids, looked round in a suspicious manner.

"Why not?" cried a voice from the shadows, "the man's all right, sir."

"I am all right," said Wait with eagerness. "Been sick . . . better . . . turn-to now." He sighed. "Howly Mother!" exclaimed Belfast with a heave of the shoulders, "stand up, Jimmy." "Keep away from me then," said Wait, giving Belfast a petulant push, and, reeling, fetched against the door-post. His cheek-bones glistened as though they had been varnished. He snatched off his night-cap, wiped his perspiring face with it, flung it on the deck. "I am coming out," he said without stirring.

"No. You don't," said the master curtly. Bare feet shuffled; disapproving voices murmured all round. He went on as if he had not heard:—"You have been skulking nearly all the passage, and now you want to come out. You think you are near enough to the payable now. Smell the shore, hey?"

"I've been sick . . . now—better," mumbled Wait glaring in the light. "You have been shamming sick," retorted Captain Allistoun with severity. "Why . . ." he hesitated for less than half a second.

"Why, anybody can see that. There's nothing the matter with you, but you choose to lie up to please yourself—and now you shall lie up to please me. Mr. Baker, my orders are that this man is not to be allowed on deck to the end of the passage."

There were exclamations of surprise, triumph, indignation. The dark group of men swung across the light. "What for?" "Told you so" "Bloomin' shame" "We've got to say something habout that," screeched Donkin from the rear. "Never mind, Jim We will see you righted," cried several together. An elderly seaman stepped to the front. "D'ye mean to say, sir," he asked ominously, "that a sick chap ain't allowed to get well in this 'ere hooker?" Behind him Donkin whispered excitedly amongst a staring crowd where no one spared him a glance; but Captain Allistoun shook a forefinger at the angry bronzed face of the speaker. "You—you hold your tongue," he said warningly. "This isn't the way," clamoured two or three younger men. "Hare we bloomin' masheens?" inquired Donkin in a piercing tone, and dived under the elbows of the front rank. "Soon show 'im we ain't boys" "The man's a man if he is black." "We ain't goin' to work this bloomin' ship shorthanded if Snowball's all right" "He says he is." "Well then, strike, boys, strike!" "That's the bloomin' ticket." Captain Allistoun said sharply to the second mate:—"Keep quiet, Mr. Creighton," and stood composed in the tumult, listening with profound attention to mixed growls and screeches, to every exclamation and every curse of the sudden outbreak. Somebody slammed the cabin door to with a kick; the darkness, full of menacing mutters, leaped with a short clatter over the streak of light, and the men became gesticulating shadows that growled, hissed, laughed excitedly. Mr. Baker whispered:—"Get away from them, sir." The big shape of Mr. Creighton hovered silently about the slight figure of the master. "We have been hymposed upon all this voyage," said a gruff voice, "but this 'ere fancy takes the cake." "That man is a shipmate." "Are we bloomin' kids?" "The port watch will refuse duty." Charley carried away by his feelings whistled shrilly, then yelled:—"Giv'us our Jimmy." This seemed to cause a variation in the disturbance. There was a fresh burst of squabbling uproar. A lot of quarrels were set going at once. "Yes—No." "Never been sick." "Go for them to once." "Shut yer mouth, youngster—this is men's work." "Is it?" muttered Captain Allistoun bitterly. Mr. Baker grunted:—"Ough! They're gone silly. They've been simmering for

the last month." "I did notice," said the master. "They have started a row amongst themselves now," said Mr. Creighton with disdain. "Better get aft, sir. We will soothe them." "Keep your temper, Creighton," said the master. And the three men began to move slowly towards the cabin door.

In the shadows of the fore rigging a dark mass stamped, eddied, advanced, retreated. There were words of reproach, encouragement, unbelief, execration. The elder seamen, bewildered and angry, growled their determination to go through with something or other; but the younger school of advanced thought exposed their and Jimmy's wrongs with confused shouts, arguing amongst themselves. They clustered round that moribund carcass, the fit emblem of their aspirations, and, encouraging one another, they swayed, they tramped on one spot, shouting that they would not be "put upon." Inside the cabin, Belfast, helping Jimmy into his bunk, twitched all over in his desire not to miss all the row, and with difficulty restrained the tears of his facile emotion. James Wait, flat on his back under the blanket, gasped complaints. "We will back you up, never fear," assured Belfast, busy about his feet. "I'll come out to-morrow morning . . . take my chance . . . you fellows must . . ." mumbled Wait, "I come out to-morrow . . . skipper or no skipper." He lifted one arm with great difficulty, passed the hand over his face. "Don't you let that cook . . ." he breathed out. "No, no," said Belfast, turning his back on the bunk, "I will put a head on him if he comes near you." "I will smash his mug!" exclaimed faintly Wait, enraged and weak; "I don't want to kill a man, but . . ." He panted fast like a dog after a run in sunshine. Some one just outside the door shouted:—"He's as fit as any ov us!" Belfast put his hand on the door-handle. "Here!" called James Wait hurriedly, and in such a clear voice that the other spun round with a start. James Wait, stretched out black and deathlike in the dazzling light, turned his head on the pillow. His eyes stared at Belfast, appealing and impudent. "I am rather weak from lying up so long," he said distinctly. Belfast nodded. "Getting quite well now," insisted Wait. "Yes. I noticed you getting better this . . . last month," said Belfast looking down. "Hallo! What's this?" he shouted and ran out.

He was flattened directly against the side of the house by two men who lurched against him. A lot of disputes seemed to be going on all round. He got clear and saw three indistinct figures standing

alone in the fainter darkness under the arched foot of the mainsail, that rose above their heads like a convex wall of a high edifice. Donkin hissed :—"Go for them . . . it's dark!" The crowd took a short run aft in a body—then there was a check. Donkin, agile and thin, flitted past with his right arm going like a windmill—and then stood still suddenly with his arm pointing rigidly above his head. The hurtling flight of some small, heavy object was heard ; it passed between the heads of the two mates, bounded heavily along the deck, struck the after hatch with a ponderous and deadened blow. The bulky shape of Mr. Baker grew distinct. "Come to your senses, men!" he cried, advancing at the arrested crowd. "Come back, Mr. Baker!" called the master's quiet voice. He obeyed unwillingly. There was a minute of silence, then a deafening hubbub arose. Above it Archie was heard energetically :—"If ye do it ageen I wull tell!" There were shouts. "Don't!" "Drop it!" "We ain't that kind!" The black cluster of human forms reeled against the bulwark, back again towards the house. Shadowy figures could be seen tottering, falling, leaping up. Ringbolts rang under stumbling feet. "Drop it!" "Let me!" "No!" "Curse you . . . hah!" Then sounds as of some one's face being slapped ; a piece of iron fell on the deck ; a short scuffle, and some one's shadowy body scuttled rapidly across the main hatch before the shadow of a kick. A raging voice sobbed out a torrent of filthy language . . . "Throwing things—good God!" grunted Mr. Baker in dismay. "That was meant for me," said the master quietly. "I felt the wind of that thing ; what was it—an iron belaying-pin?" "By Jove!" muttered Mr. Creighton. The confused voices of men talking amidships mingled with the wash of the sea, ascended between the silent and distended sails—seemed to flow away into the night, further than the horizon, higher than the sky. The stars burned steadily over the inclined mastheads. Trails of light lay on the water, broke before the advancing hull, and, after she had passed, trembled for a long time as if in awe of the murmuring sea.

Meantime the helmsman, anxious to know what the row was about, had let go the wheel, and, bent double, ran with long, stealthy footsteps to the break of the poop. The *Narcissus*, left to herself, came up gently to the wind without any one being aware of it. She gave a slight roll, and the sleeping sails woke suddenly, coming all together with a mighty flap against the masts, then filled again one after another in a quick succession of loud reports that ran down the

lofty spars till the collapsed mainsail flew out last with a violent jerk. The ship trembled from trucks to keel; the sails kept on rattling like a discharge of musketry; the chain sheets and loose shackles jingled aloft in a thin peal; the gin-blocks groaned. It was as if an invisible hand had given the ship an angry shake to recall the men that peopled her decks to the sense of reality, vigilance, and duty. "Helm up!" cried the master sharply. "Run aft, Mr. Creighton, and see what that fool there is up to." "Flatten in the head sheets. Stand by the weather fore-braces," growled Mr. Baker. Startled men ran swiftly, repeating the orders. The watch below, abandoned all at once by the watch on deck, drifted towards the forecastle in twos and threes, arguing noisily as they went. "We shall see to-morrow!" cried a loud voice, as if to cover with a menacing hint an inglorious retreat. And then only orders were heard, the falling of heavy coils of rope, the rattling of blocks. Singleton's white head flitted here and there in the night, high above the deck, like the ghost of a bird. "Going off, sir!" shouted Mr. Creighton from aft. "Full again." "All right . . ." "Ease off the head sheets. That will do the braces. Coil the ropes," grunted Mr. Baker, bustling about.

Gradually the tramping noises, the confused sound of voices, died out, and the officers, coming together on the poop, discussed the events. Mr. Baker was bewildered, and grunted; Mr. Creighton was calmly furious; but Captain Allistoun was composed and thoughtful. He listened to Mr. Baker's growling argumentation, to Creighton's interjected and severe remarks, while looking down on the deck he weighed in his hand the iron belaying-pin—that a moment ago had just missed his head—as if it had been the only tangible fact of the whole transaction. He was one of those commanders who speak little, seem to hear nothing, look at no one—and who know everything, hear every whisper, see every fleeting shadow of their ship's life. His two big officers towered above his lean, short figure; they talked over his head; they were dismayed, surprised, and angry, while between them the little quiet man seemed to have found his taciturn serenity in the profound depths of a larger experience. Lights were burning in the forecastle; now and then a loud gust of babbling chatter came from forward, swept over the decks, and became faint, as if the unconscious ship, gliding gently through the great peace of the sea, had left behind and for ever the foolish noise of turbulent mankind. But it was

renewed again and again. Gesticulating arms, profiles of heads with open mouths appeared for a moment in the illuminated squares of doorways; black fists darted—withdrew. . . . "Yes. It was most damnable to have such an unprovoked row sprung on one," assented the master. . . . A tumult of yells rose in the light, abruptly ceased. . . . He didn't think there would be any further trouble just then. . . . A bell was struck aft, another, forward, answered in a deeper tone, and the clamour of ringing metal spread round the ship in a circle of wide vibrations that ebbed away into the immeasurable night of an empty sea. . . . Didn't he know them! Didn't he! In past years. Better men, too. Real men to stand by one in a tight place. Worse than devils too sometimes—downright, horned devils. Pah! This—nothing. A miss as good as a mile. . . . The wheel was being relieved in the usual way. "Full and by," said, very loud, the man going off. "Full and by," repeated the other, catching hold of the spokes. "This head wind is my trouble," exclaimed the master, stamping his foot in sudden anger. "Head wind! all the rest is nothing." He was calm again in a moment. "Keep them on the move to-night, gentlemen; just to let them feel we've got hold all the time—quietly, you know. Mind you keep your hands off them, Creighton. To-morrow I will talk to them like a Dutch uncle. A crazy crowd of tinkers! Yes, tinkers! I could count the real sailors amongst them on the fingers of one hand. Nothing will do but a row—if—you—please." He paused. "Did you think I had gone wrong there, Mr. Baker?" He tapped his forehead, laughed short. "When I saw him standing there, three parts dead and so scared—black amongst that gaping lot—no grit to face what's coming to us all—the notion came to me all at once, before I could think. Sorry for him—like you would for a sick brute. If ever creature was in a mortal funk to die! . . . I thought I would let him go out in his own way. Kind of impulse. It never came into my head, those fools. . . . H'm! Stand to it now—of course." He stuck the belaying-pin in his pocket, seemed ashamed of himself, then sharply:—"If you see Podmore at his tricks again, tell him I will have him put under the pump. Had to do it once before. The fellow breaks out like that now and then. Good cook, tho'." He walked away quickly, came back to the companion. The two mates followed him through the starlight with amazed eyes. He went down three steps, and, changing his tone, spoke with his head near the deck:—

"I shan't turn in to-night, in case of anything; just call out if Did you see the eyes of that sick nigger, Mr. Baker? I fancied he begged me for something. What? Past all help. One lone black beggar amongst the lot of us, and he seemed to look through me into the very hell. Fancy, this wretched Podmore! Well, let him die in peace. I am master here after all. Say what I like. Let him be. He might have been half a man once Keep a good look-out." He disappeared down below, leaving his mates facing one another, and more impressed than if they had seen a stone image shed a miraculous tear of compassion over the incertitudes of life and death.

In the blue mist spreading from twisted threads that stood upright in the bowls of pipes, the forecastle appeared as vast as a hall. Between the beams a heavy cloud stagnated; and the lamps surrounded by halos burned each at the core of a purple glow in two lifeless flames without rays. Wreaths drifted in denser wisps. Men sprawled about on the deck, sat in negligent poses, or, bending a knee, drooped with one shoulder against a bulkhead. Lips moved, eyes flashed, waving arms made sudden eddies in the smoke. The rumour of voices seemed to pile itself higher and higher as if unable to run out quick enough through the narrow doors. The watch below in their shirts, and striding on long white legs, resembled raving somnambulists; now and then one of the watch on deck would rush in, looking strangely over-dressed, listen a while, fling a rapid sentence into the noise and run out again; but a few remained near the door, fascinated, and with one ear turned to the deck. "Stick together, boys," roared Davis. Belfast tried to make himself heard. Knowles grinned in a slow, dazed way. A short fellow with a thick clipped beard kept on yelling periodically:—"Who's afeard? Who's afeard?" Another one jumped up, excited, with blazing eyes, sent out a string of unattached curses, and sat down quietly. Two men discussed familiarly, striking one another's breasts in turn, to clinch arguments. Three others, with their heads in a bunch, spoke all together with a confidential air, and at the top of their voices. It was a stormy chaos of speech where intelligible fragments tossing, struck the ear. One could hear:—"In the last ship—Who cares? Try it on any one of us if—. Knock under—Not a hand's turn—He says he is all right—I always thought—Never mind. . . ." Donkin, crouching all in a heap against the bowsprit, hunched his shoulder-blades as high as his ears, and, hanging a peaked nose, resembled a sick vulture with ruffled plumes. Belfast, straddling his legs, had a face red

with yelling, and with arms thrown up, figured a Maltese cross. The two Scandinavians, in a corner, had the dumbfounded and distracted aspect of men gazing at a cataclysm. And beyond the light Singleton stood in the smoke, monumental, indistinct, with his head touching the beam ; like a statue of heroic size in the gloom of a crypt.

He stepped forward, impassive and big. The noise subsided like a broken wave, but Belfast cried once more with uplifted arms :—"The man is dying, I tell ye !" then sat down suddenly on the hatch and took his head between his hands. All looked at Singleton, gazing upwards from the deck, staring out of dark corners, or turning their heads with curious glances. They were expectant and appeased as if that old man, who looked at no one, had possessed the secret of their uneasy indignations and desires, a sharper vision, a clearer knowledge. And indeed standing there amongst them, he had the uninterested appearance of one who had seen multitudes of ships, had listened many times to voices such as theirs, had already seen all that could happen on the wide seas. They heard his voice rumble in his broad chest as though the words had been rolling towards them out of a rugged past. "What do you want to do?" he asked. No one answered. Only Knowles muttered, "Aye, aye," and somebody said low :—"It's a bloomin' shame." He waited, made a contemptuous gesture. "I have seen rows aboard ship before some of you were born," he said slowly, "for something or nothing ; but never for such a thing." "The man is dying, I tell ye," repeated Belfast woefully, sitting at Singleton's feet. "And a black fellow, too," went on the old seaman, "I have seen them die like flies." He stopped, thoughtful, as if trying to recollect gruesome things, details of horrors, hecatombs of niggers ; and they looked at him absorbed. He was old enough to remember slavers, bloody mutinies, pirates, perhaps ; who could tell through what violences and terrors he had lived ? What would he say ? He said :—"You can't help him ; die he must." He made another pause. His moustache and beard stirred. He chewed words, mumbled behind tangled white hairs ; incomprehensible and exciting, like an oracle behind a veil. . . . "Stop ashore . . . sick . . . Instead. . . . Bringing all this head wind. Afraid. The sea will have her own. . . . Die in sight of land. Always so. They know it . . . long passage . . . more days, more dollars. . . . You keep quiet. . . . What do you want ? Can't help him." He seemed to wake up from a dream. "You can't help yourselves," he said austere, "Skipper's no fool. He has something in his mind.

Look out—I say! I know 'em!" With eyes fixed in front of him, he turned his head from right to left, from left to right, as if inspecting a long row of astute skippers. "He said 'e would brain me!" cried Donkin in a heartrending tone. Singleton peered downwards with puzzled attention, as though he couldn't find him. "Damn you!" he said vaguely, giving it up. He radiated unspeakable wisdom, hard unconcern, the chilling air of resignation. Round him all the listeners felt themselves somehow completely enlightened by their disappointment, and, mute, they lolled about with the careless ease of men who can discern perfectly the irremediable aspect of their existence. He, profound and unconscious, waved his arm once, and strode out on deck without another word.

Belfast was lost in a round-eyed meditation. One or two vaulted heavily into upper berths, and, once there, sighed; others dived head first inside lower bunks—swift, and turning round instantly upon themselves, like animals going into lairs. The grating of a knife scraping burnt clay was heard. Knowles grinned no more. Davies said, in a tone of ardent conviction:—"Then our skipper's looney." Archie muttered:—"My faith! we haven't heard the last of it yet!" Four bells were struck. "Half our watch below is gone!" cried Knowles in alarm, then reflected. "Well, two hours' sleep is something towards a rest," he observed consolingly. Some already pretended to slumber; and Charley, sound asleep, suddenly said a few slurred words in an arbitrary, blank voice. "This blamed boy has worrums!" commented Knowles from under a blanket, and in a learned manner. Belfast got up, and approached Archie's berth. "We pulled him out," he whispered sadly. "What?" said the other, with sleepy discontent. "And now we will have to chuck him overboard," went on Belfast, whose lower lip trembled. "Chuck what?" asked Archie. "Poor Jimmy," breathed out Belfast. "He be blowed!" said Archie with untruthful brutality, and sat up in his bunk. "It's all through him. If't hadn't been for me, there would have been murder on board this ship!" "'Tain't his fault, is it?" argued Belfast, in a murmur. "I've put him to bed . . . an' he ain't no heavier than an empty beef-cask," he added, with tears in his eyes. Archie looked at him steadily, then turned his nose to the ship's side with determination. Belfast wandered about as though he had lost his way in the dim forecastle, and nearly fell over Donkin. He contemplated him from on high for a while. "Ain't ye going to turn in?" he asked. Donkin looked up hopelessly. "That black-'earted

Scotch son of a thief kicked me!" he whispered from the floor, in a tone of utter desolation. "And a good job, too!" said Belfast, still very much depressed. "You were as near hanging as damn-it to-night, sonny. Don't you play any of your murdering games around my Jimmy! You haven't pulled him out. You just mind! 'Cos if I start to kick you"—he brightened up a bit—"if I start to kick you, it will be Yankee fashion—to break something!" He tapped lightly with his knuckles the top of the bowed head. "You moind, me bhoy!" he concluded, cheerily. Donkin let it pass. "Will they split on me?" he asked, with pained anxiety. "Who—split?" hissed Belfast, coming back a step. "I would split your nose this minyt if I hadn't Jimmy to look after! Who d'ye think we are?" Donkin rose, and watched Belfast's back lurch through the doorway. On all sides invisible men slept, breathing calmly. He seemed to draw courage and fury from the peace around him. Venomous and thin-faced, he glared from the ample misfit of borrowed clothes as if looking for something he could smash. His heart leaped wildly in his narrow chest. They slept! He wanted to wring necks, gouge eyes, spit on faces. He shook a dirty pair of meagre fists at the smoking lights. "Ye're no men!" he cried, in a deadened tone. No one moved. "Yer 'aven't the pluck of a mouse!" His voice rose to a husky screech. Wamibo darted out a dishevelled head, and looked at him wildly. "Ye're sweepings ov ships! I 'ope you will hall rot before you die!" Wamibo blinked, uncomprehending but interested. Donkin sat down heavily; he blew with force through quivering nostrils, he ground and snapped his teeth, and, his chin pressed hard against his breast, he seemed busy gnawing his way through it, as if to get at the heart within.

In the morning the ship, beginning another day of her wandering life, had an aspect of sumptuous freshness, like the spring-time of the earth. The washed decks glistened in a long clear stretch; the oblique sunlight struck the yellow brasses in dazzling splashes, darted over the polished rods in lines of gold, and the single drops of salt water, forgotten here and there along the rail, were as limpid as drops of dew, and sparkled more than scattered diamonds. The sails slept, hushed by a gentle breeze. The sun, rising lonely and splendid in the blue sky, saw a solitary ship gliding close-hauled on the blue sea.

The men pressed three deep abreast of the mainmast and opposite the cabin-door. They shuffled, pushed, had an irresolute mien and stolid faces. At every slight movement Knowles lurched heavily on

his short leg. Donkin glided behind backs, restless and anxious, like a man looking for an ambush. Captain Allistoun came out suddenly. He walked to and fro before the front. He was grey, slight, alert, shabby in the sunshine, and as hard as adamant. He had his right hand in the side-pocket of his jacket, and also something heavy in there that made folds all down that side. One of the seamen cleared his throat ominously. "I haven't till now found fault with you men," said the master, stopping short. He faced them with his worn, steely gaze, that by an universal illusion looked straight into every individual pair of the twenty pairs of eyes before his face. At his back Mr. Baker, gloomy and bull-necked, grunted low; Mr. Creighton, fresh as paint, had rosy cheeks and a ready, resolute bearing. "And I don't now," continued the master; "but I am here to drive this ship and keep every man-jack aboard of her up to the mark. If you knew your work as well as I do mine, there would be no trouble. You've been braying in the dark about 'See to-morrow morning!' Well, you see me now. What do you want?" He waited, stepping quickly to and fro, giving them searching glances. What did they want? They shifted from foot to foot, they balanced their bodies; some, pushing back their caps, scratched their heads. What did they want? Jimmy was forgotten; no one thought of him, alone forward in his cabin, fighting great shadows, clinging to brazen lies, chuckling painfully over his transparent deceptions. No, not Jimmy; he was more forgotten than if he had been dead. They wanted great things. And suddenly all the simple words they knew seemed to be lost for ever in the immensity of their vague and burning desire. They knew what they wanted, but they could not find anything worth saying. They stirred on one spot, swinging, at the end of muscular arms, big tarry hands with crooked fingers. A murmur died out. "What is it—food?" asked the master. "You know the stores had been spoiled off the Cape." "We know that, sir," said a bearded shellback in the front rank. "Work too hard—eh? Too much for your strength?" he asked again. There was an offended silence. "We don't want to go shorthanded, sir," began at last Davies in a wavering voice, "and this 'ere black—" "Enough," cried the master. He stood scanning them for a moment, then, walking a few steps this way and that, began to storm at them coldly, in gusts violent and cutting like the gales of those icy seas that had known his youth. "Tell you what's the matter? Too big for your boots. Think yourselves damn good men. Know half your work. Do

half your duty. Think it too much. If you did ten times as much it wouldn't be enough." "We did our best by her, sir," cried some one with shaky exasperation. "Your best," stormed on the master. "You hear a lot on shore, don't you? They don't tell you there your best isn't much to boast of. I tell you—your best is no better than bad. You can do no more? No, I know, and say nothing. But you stop your caper, or I will stop it for you. I am ready for you. Stop it." He shook a finger at the crowd. "As to that man," he raised his voice very much; "as to that man, if he puts his nose out on deck without my leave I will clap him in irons. There!" The cook heard him forward, ran out of the galley, lifting his arms, horrified, unbelieving, amazed, and ran in again. There was a moment of profound silence during which a bow-legged seaman, stepping aside, expectorated decorously into the scupper. "There is another thing," said the master calmly. He made a quick stride and with a swing took an iron belaying-pin out of his pocket. "This!" His movement was so unexpected and sudden that the crowd stepped back. He gazed fixedly at their faces, and some at once put on a surprised air as though they had never seen a belaying-pin before. He held it up. "This is my affair. I don't ask you any questions, but you all know it; it has got to go where it came from." His eyes became angry. The crowd stirred uneasily. They looked away from the piece of iron, they appeared shy, they were embarrassed and shocked, as though it had been something horrid, scandalous, or indelicate, that in common decency should not have been flourished like this in broad daylight. The master watched them attentively. "Donkin," he called out in a short, sharp tone.

Donkin dodged behind one, then behind another, but they looked over their shoulders and moved aside. The ranks kept on opening before him, closing behind, till at last he appeared alone before the master as though he had come up through the deck. Captain Allistoun moved close to him. They were much of a size, and at short range the master exchanged a deadly glance with the beady eyes. They wavered. "You know this," asked the master. "No, I don't," answered the other with cheeky trepidation. "You are a cur. Take it," ordered the master. Donkin's arms seemed glued to his thighs; he stood, eyes front, as if drawn on parade. "Take it," repeated the master, and stepped closer; they breathed on one another. "Take it," said Captain Allistoun again, making a menacing gesture. Donkin tore away one arm from his side. "Vy hare yer down hon me?" he mumbled with

effort and as if his mouth had been full of dough. "If you don't" began the master. Donkin snatched at the pin, as though his intention had been to run away with it, and remained stock still holding it like a candle. "Put it back where you took it from," said Captain Allistoun, looking at him fiercely. Donkin stepped back opening wide eyes. "Go, you blackguard, or I will make you," cried the master, driving him slowly backwards by a menacing advance. He dodged, and with the dangerous iron tried to guard his head from a threatening fist. Mr. Baker ceased grunting for a moment. "Good. By Jove," murmured appreciatively Mr. Creighton in the tone of a connoisseur. "Don't tech me," snarled Donkin, backing away. "Then go. Go faster." "Don't yer 'it me. . . . I will pull yer hup afore the magistrtyt. . . . I'll show yer hup." Captain Allistoun made a long stride, and Donkin, turning his back fairly, ran off a little, then stopped and over his shoulder showed yellow teeth. "Further on, fore-rigging," urged the master, pointing with his arm. "Hare yer goin' to stand by and see me bullied," screamed Donkin at the silent crowd that watched him. Captain Allistoun walked at him smartly. He started off again with a leap, dashed at the fore-rigging, rammed the pin into its hole violently. "I will be heven with yer yet," he screamed at the ship at large, and vanished beyond the foremast. Captain Allistoun spun round and walked back aft with a composed face, as though he had already forgotten the scene. Men moved out of his way. He looked at no one. "That will do, Mr. Baker. Send the watch below," he said quietly. "And you men try to walk straight for the future," he added in a calm voice. He looked pensively for a while at the backs of the impressed and retreating crowd. "Breakfast, steward," he called in a tone of relief through the cabin door. "I didn't like to see you—Ough!—give that pin to that chap, sir," observed Mr. Baker. "He could have bust—Ough!—bust your head like an eggshell with it." "O! he!" muttered the master absently. "Queer lot," he went on in a low voice. "I suppose it's all right now. Can never tell tho', nowadays, with such a Years ago; I was a young master then—one China voyage I had a mutiny; real mutiny, Baker. Different men, tho'. I knew what they wanted: they wanted to broach cargo and get at the liquor. Very simple. We knocked them about for two days, and when they had enough—gentle as lambs. Good crew. And a smart trip I made." He glanced aloft at the yards braced sharp up. "Head wind day after day," he exclaimed bitterly. "Will we never get a decent slant this

passage?" "Ready, sir," said the steward, appearing before them, as if by magic and with a stained napkin in his hand. "Ah! All right. Come along, Mr. Baker—late—with all this nonsense."

VII.

A heavy atmosphere of oppressive quietude pervaded the ship. In the afternoon men went about washing clothes and hanging them out to dry in the unprosperous breeze with the meditative languor of disenchanted philosophers. Very little was said. The problem of life seemed too voluminous for the narrow limits of human speech, and by common consent it was abandoned to the great sea that had from the beginning enfolded it in its immense grip; to the sea that knew all, and would in time infallibly unveil to each the wisdom hidden in all the errors, the certitude that lurks in doubts, the essential logic of accidents, the realm of safety and peace beyond the frontiers of sorrow and fear. And in the confused current of impotent thoughts that set unceasingly this way and that through bodies of men, Jimmy bobbed up upon the surface, compelling attention, like a black buoy chained to the bottom of a muddy stream. Falsehood triumphed. It triumphed through doubt, through stupidity, through pity, through sentimentalism. We set ourselves to bolster it up, from compassion, from recklessness, from a sense of fun. Jimmy's steadfastness to his untruthful attitude in the face of the inevitable truth had the proportions of a colossal enigma—a manifestation grand and incomprehensible that at times inspired a wondering awe; and there was also, to many, something exquisitely droll in fooling him thus to the top of his bent. The latent egoism of tenderness to suffering appeared in the developing anxiety not to see him die. His obstinate non-recognition of the only certitude whose approach we could watch from day to day was as disquieting as the failure of some law of nature. He was so utterly wrong about himself that one could not but suspect that he had access to some source of supernatural knowledge. He was absurd to the point of inspiration. He was unique, and as fascinating as only something inhuman could be; he seemed to shout his denials already from beyond the awful border. He was becoming immaterial like an apparition; his cheekbones rose, the forehead slanted more; the face was all hollows, patches of shade; and the fleshless head resembled a disinterred black skull, fitted with two restless globes of silver in the

sockets of eyes. He was demoralizing. Through him we were becoming highly humanized, tender, complex, excessively decadent : we understood the subtlety of his fear, sympathised with all his repulsions, shrinkings, evasions, delusions—as though we had been over-civilized, and rotten, and without any knowledge of the meaning of life. We had the air of being initiated in some infamous mysteries ; we had the profound grimaces of conspirators, exchanged meaning glances, significant short words. We were inexpressibly vile and very much pleased with ourselves. We lied to him with gravity, with emotion, with unction, as if performing some moral trick with a view to an eternal reward. We made a chorus of affirmation to his wildest assertions, as though he had been a millionaire, a politician, or a reformer—and we a crowd of ambitious lubbers. When we ventured to question his statements, we did it after the manner of obsequious sycophants, to the end that his glory should be augmented by the flattery of our dissent. He influenced the moral tone of our world, as though he had it in his power to distribute honours, treasures, or pain ; and he could give us nothing but his contempt. It was immense ; it seemed to grow gradually larger, as his body day by day shrank a little more, while we looked. It was the only thing about him—of him—that gave the impression of durability and vigour. It lived within him with an unquenchable life. It spoke through the eternal pout of his black lips ; it looked at us through the profound impertinence of his large eyes, that stood far out of his head like the eyes of crabs. We watched them intently. Nothing else of him stirred. He seemed unwilling to move, as if distrustful of his own solidity. The slightest gesture disclosed to him—it could not surely be otherwise—his bodily weakness, and caused a pang of mental suffering. He was chary of movements. He lay stretched out, chin on blanket, in a kind of sly, cautious immobility. Only his eyes roamed over faces : his eyes disdainful, penetrating and sad.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

(To be continued.)

SAINT-SIMON

I.—HIMSELF

LOUIS DE ROUVROY, Duc de Saint-Simon, was born old, the son of an old father. His earliest years were devoted less to the trivial sports of childhood than to the study of science and history, and when at the age of sixteen he put on the uniform of the Grey Musketeers he was not only a scholar but a man of the world. He records his presentation to the King with his habitual irony and circumspection. It was at half-past twelve on the day of Saint-Simon and Saint-Jude, in 1691, that he made his first bow. The King, finding him small and delicate, objected that he was still very young. "He will serve your Majesty the longer," replied his father with an old-fashioned loyalty, to which the more punctilious and wayward son never attained. And, though his service was neither long nor constant, he advanced rapidly in the Royal favour. Three months after he was admitted Musketeer he mounted guard at Compiègne; he was equipped with thirty-five horses, innumerable servan'ts, and as much money as he cared to spend; while his rank admitted him instantly to the narrow circle of the Court. So that at seventeen he had danced his first step before a brilliant assembly in the King's palace with the accomplished Mademoiselle de Sourches for a partner, and he had already mastered the recondite secrets of etiquette and genealogy.

His character and career show no progress, or rather his youth was never immature. What he was at forty, that he was already at nineteen—set, hard-witted, and bitter-tongued. So long as he remained a soldier his courage and energy were unquestioned. He distinguished himself by five dashing charges at Neerwinden, where he not only outstripped his escort, but tired two horses. Nevertheless he speedily discovered that warfare was not his profession. The long idleness of a dragging campaign was insupportable to his restless spirit. He found his brother soldiers coarse and slatternly; they understood his ambitions as little as they respected his serene arrogance; and though he was a captain at eighteen, and a year later had purchased a regiment of

cavalry, his curiosity drove him rather to the Court than to the field. Indeed, his first campaign was no sooner over, than he was ambitious of a distinguished alliance, and he set about marrying himself with the cold blood of a professional matchmaker and the cunning of an ancient diplomatist. He went forth upon his love-making without excitement and without passion. His terrific precocity put pleasure and sentiment far from him. The wooing well became one who had never sown a handful of wild oats, and who would never be influenced by any tenderer emotion than pride and expedience. He began, in fact, by selecting his father-in-law, and so far he could not have been more wisely guided. For the Duc de Beauvilliers was a Marshal of France and governor of the Duc de Bourgogne, so that he would possess not only the will but the power to help a favoured son-in-law. Saint-Simon instantly realised the advantage, and there is not the smallest hint that he was swayed by affection, admiration, or the desire of happiness. He was a duke; he was wealthy; he was out of debt. He expected no dowry, and he was indifferent to beauty. But he would marry into a powerful family; upon that he was resolved at nineteen; wherefore he boldly waited upon M. de Beauvilliers, and exposed his ambition without phrase or hesitation. The father was flattered by the attention thus paid to his daughter and to his house, and if only he had had a marriageable daughter all would have been well. But Saint-Simon, in spite of his circumspection, had aspired to the unattainable. For the eldest girl—she was but fourteen—had already determined to espouse the Church; the second was deformed; the third was a child of twelve. But the young Saint-Simon was unabashed; if the eldest were vowed to religion, he would content himself with the third. After all age was of little account, and did not the late Duc de Martemont marry the sister-in-law of M. de Beauvilliers himself when she had not turned her thirteenth year? So he had a precedent ready for the most desperate emergency, and it was not his fault that M. de Beauvilliers dismissed him with a courtly acknowledgment of gratitude. Moreover, Saint-Simon had won his end. If he could not espouse Mademoiselle de Beauvilliers, he had won the family; his handsome compliment had attached the friendship of her father, and thus he was free to marry Mademoiselle de Lorges without sacrificing the support of a great soldier and a Royal favourite.

A boy who could thus formulate his opinion of life was evidently

devoid neither of cynicism nor conceit, and his second exploit immensely increased his fame. M. de Luxembourg, returning to Paris flushed with victory, claimed to be placed over the heads of seventeen dukes, who hitherto had taken precedence of him. Here was a crisis, which instantly attracted the energies of Saint-Simon, who, young as he was, felt that the privileges of his order were attacked. Without pity or fatigue he flouted the pretensions of M. de Luxembourg, and in thus early leading the opposition he buckled to himself a band of enemies who never forgot nor forgave. But the young Quixote was unabashed: he saw his order affronted, and a passionate admiration of the ducal body was as strong in his heart as the love of the Church. He fought the fight against the superior odds of King and Parliament, and he lost. But the failure did not abate his sense of honour and well-doing: he never was reconciled to M. de Luxembourg, and his first experiment in militant egoism gave him that eager taste for the fray which he only lost with death.

Meanwhile, his fortunate alliance with the family of the Marshal de Lorges had bettered his position at Court, and it was already the part of envious intrigue to oppose his advance. The narrow world in which he had elected to live resented his assumption of superior pride as bitterly as they feared the sting of his malignant tongue. Before long he saw all hopes of military advancement eclipsed. His own regiment was taken from him, and his juniors placed unscrupulously over his head. Now, no man ever sat down less lightly under an injury than Saint-Simon. Was he not a duke, who conferred a glory upon the army by his presence? None the less, he hesitated many a weary month lamenting the prospect of enforced laziness, and those long summers of inactivity, when all men should speak of war, glory, and promotion. Besides, he declares that he had caught the enthusiasm of his trade, that he already dreamt of victory and fame; and, though, perhaps, he was here guilty of self-deception, he determined to resign only after long and mature reflection. The occasion, in truth, was not one for haste. The Duc de Saint-Simon proposed to resign his commission, and surely so vast a decision could not be easily framed. With all his own incomparable sense of dignity, he appointed a board of reference (so to say), which, consisting of three marshals and three eminent courtiers, was capable of passing an honourable sentence. With no dissentient voice they agreed that Saint-Simon should leave the service, which had failed to treat him with becoming respect. A duke and

peer, well established in the world, as was Saint-Simon, could not condescend to serve like a common runaway, and to see a riff-raff mob put over his head. Wherefore, said his friends, he owed to his order an instant resignation. Still he wavered: "*J'ai besoin*," says he, "*de ma colère et de mon dépit*," qualities which never failed him, and he realised with regret that the King's fury was inevitable. At length, however, the letter was written, which ascribed his resignation to ill-health, and a multitude of friends were set to discover the attitude of the King. Louis, who was never so magnificent as when he accepted a blow attracted by his own imprudence, spoke of it but once. "Eh, bien, monsieur," said he to Chamillart, "voilà encore un homme qui nous quitte." With this superb reticence there was no argument, and Saint-Simon was driven to a false position. Nor did the King pause on the road of humiliation. He overwhelmed Saint-Simon by a single act of politeness, and then left him in silence for two years. Now, the King possessed before all men the art of giving importance to trifles, and he was wont to show his esteem by permitting a favoured courtier to hold his candle as he went to bed. Only those of the highest rank were chosen to perform this intimate service. Ambassadors, save the Papal Nuncio, were rarely thus flattered, and it was with astonishment that Saint-Simon, purposely retired to the background, heard his name pronounced on the eve of his retirement. But he held the candle, and henceforth endured the displeasure of the King, who would neither address him nor, save by accident, cast even a casual glance upon him.

Retired from the army, Saint-Simon had no resource but the Court, and at the Court he was received with declared chagrin. The King no longer bade him to Marly, and even at Versailles encountered him unwillingly. But it was only in the close air of the Court that Saint-Simon could breathe, and, despite his monarch's displeasure, he did not begin the real work of his life until he had laid aside his captain's uniform. Moreover, by degrees the King's anger abated, and his wife's tact, together with his own intrigue, recaptured him a semblance at least of the Royal favour. Now, Saint-Simon was born into the world an animated peerage. For him a knowledge of ceremony and precedence was the essential of a duke's career, while there was nobody of distinction either above or below his own rank. The throne was useful as the expression of the ducal power; the people was useful, because it could work for the ducal pleasure. But the

one and the other were but complements, and the smallest infraction of the ducal dignity was a danger to the State. To preserve this dignity in its becoming place the most punctilious diligence was necessary, and Saint-Simon worshipped the forms of ceremonial life with a keener devotion than Amadis de Gaul brought to the cult of chivalry. He forgot that the pomp of the Court did but facilitate the progress of the kingly chariot, and in this forgetfulness he esteemed it a separate and necessary enterprise. So in his eyes the Court existed for pageantry's sake; so in the enthusiasm of a courtier he valued the means above the end. With all sincerity he believed that the set of a wig or the colour of a hat was of more importance than policy or valour. When Lauzun persuaded the Maréchal de Tessé to appear before his monarch in a grey hat, Saint-Simon is no less indignant at the outrage than his monarch. The folly of a Master of the Ceremonies who permitted a *débutante* to kiss the Duchess of Burgundy's cheek aroused a fiercer anger in his breast than Marlborough's most brilliant victory. The appointment of a maid of honour was to him of far higher interest than the generalship of a campaign. But it were foolish and unjust to reproach Saint-Simon with the loyal pursuit of his duty. Narrow as was his ideal, he worshipped it with a fidelity and a courage which make ridicule unjust and contempt impossible. He discussed the one burning question of his life, whether he should or should not leave Court, with the same contracted persistence which Panurge brought to the subject of marriage. But his persistence was honourable and wise. For him the Court seemed the supreme necessity of life. At Court he could exercise his best gifts, his most brilliant talents; away from the Court he was a musician deprived of his instrument, a knight stripped for ever of the accoutrements of war.

But not merely did he cherish a lofty ideal. He was born into the world with a perfect knowledge of his art. There was no question of etiquette or propriety which he could not decide at a first hearing, and so faithfully did he follow his conviction that he would never permit an infraction of the law he knew so well. Hence was derived much of his inevitable unpopularity. He was infallible, and the world—even the world of Louis XIV—hated infallibility. The traps laid to foil his knowledge were innumerable, and never once was he caught by the jester. On the day of his reception by Parliament he was purposely misinformed as to his costume. But the *greffier* wasted his breath.

Saint-Simon could not have been deceived even in his cradle by the most accomplished student of etiquette. Thus he lived in the proud consciousness of infallibility—the one courtier of France, from whom no detail of genealogy, procedure, or precedent could ever be concealed. And his pride is pardonable for its splendid sincerity. Some there are who devote themselves to sport or literature. Others can quicken a sluggish interest only in a tumult of affairs. Saint-Simon, the secret of his *Memoirs* being kept, posed before the world for a touchstone of correctness. Nor may the most censorious do more than lift his hat in the presence of a master, and acknowledge that in one corner of human intelligence Saint-Simon was, and will always remain, incomparable.

His very superiority procured him enemies, and had he not angered the King by his early retirement from the army he could not have lived on terms of constant amity with *le Roi Soleil*. While his knowledge and independence made him a bad subject, he was incapable of the flattery which could alone have won for him the esteem of his Sovereign, and his active life is a record of quarrel and dispute. He stood, the personification of ducal rectitude against the world. And ducal rectitude persuaded him to hate the King, Madame de Maintenon (*cette vieille fée* he calls Her Solidity), and all the race of Royal bastards. In truth, there was nothing in the wide world that he hated so bitterly as a bastard, and if his heart had become the slate of destiny, there is no doubt what word would have been inscribed thereon. Thus his quarrel with the King grew apace, and a hundred attempts at reconciliation were thwarted by the intrigue of Madame de Maintenon. Yet Saint-Simon never lost courage; again and again he would have compelled an understanding by a personal interview. And when you remember the terrifying eye and the awful majesty of the Great King, you can appreciate the intrepidity of this insolent duke. "Since you left my service," said the King, "you think of nothing but studying ranks and of bringing actions against all the world. If I were wise, I would see you so far off that you would not worry me for a long time." But Saint-Simon stood against the pitiless rebuke. He took it to his own glory that he had protected the rank of his peers; he raised his voice against the King's, that all the Court might hear, and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the King felt the rectitude of his argument. For a while his position was easier, but the cabal of the Lorraines and the bastards would not grant him peace, and

every year he is found appealing to the King's justice. And the King each time resents the duke's "attachment to his dignity," and each time grants him a reluctant reconciliation. "It is your own fault," he said on another occasion, "you talk and you blame, and that is the reason why all the world speaks against you. If you had never occupied yourself with rank, there would have been nothing to say."

But to occupy himself with rank was the first necessity of Saint-Simon's existence, and he would have sacrificed the King's favour to his never-failing sense of duty. However, the service which he rendered to the realm by separating the Duc d'Orléans from Madame d'Argenton helped to make a final peace, and Saint-Simon returned to Court with all the air of an injured hero. Nor did he attribute the glory of his return to his own tact. His generosity gave the credit, where it was due, to his wife, whose popularity had never been dimmed even by her husband's petulance. "What a treasure," he exclaims, "is a sensible and virtuous wife!" But his restoration to Court did not abate his hostility to the bastards. Asked to accept the friendship of M. du Maine he was virtuously indignant. "Never will I shake their hand," he replied with fervour; "I hate them, and I hate their rank." Even when the sons of M. du Maine received the crowning honour of their father's rank, he offered the necessary congratulations with a breaking heart. "This scene," he confesses, "was the most novel and singular of the whole reign for those who knew the King and his intoxication of omnipotence. Entering his *cabinet* at Versailles, and the order given as usual, he advanced gravely into his second *cabinet*, and placed himself near his arm-chair without sitting down, slowly passed his eyes over the whole company, and, without addressing any one, declared that he gave to the children of M. du Maine the same rank and the same honours as M. du Maine himself possessed, and without a moment's interval he marched to the furthest end of the *cabinet*, calling to himself Monseigneur and the Duc de Bourgogne. There, for the first time in his life, this proud monarch, this severe and masterful father, humiliated himself before his son and his grandson. He implored them, as they were both to reign after him, to grant the rank to the children of the Duc du Maine which he had given them, and to attribute his wish to the tenderness which he flattered himself they felt for him, and which he felt both for the father and the children." Thus the King drank the dregs of humiliation to the hushed silence of his son and grandson; thus Saint-

Simon enjoyed the secret pleasure of his Sovereign's sole discomfiture, a pleasure tempered by the subsequent compliment extorted from his ducal Majesty. But his hatred knew no abatement, and even when he had helped to compass the bastards' ruin, he still hardened his heart mercilessly against them.

Meanwhile he had won the friendship of the Duc d'Orléans, a friendship which contrived his solitary appearance upon the active stage of politics, and which gave him at last a recognised position. His influence over this self-indulgent prince is as undoubted as his fidelity, and a fleeting admiration for the Duc de Bourgogne did not break the bond which united Philip and the courtier. Doubtless, had the Duc de Bourgogne lived to succeed his grandfather, Saint-Simon would have become famous as the framer of a constitution. For his confessed hobby was politics, and, had he possessed the power, he would have reformed the whole realm of France to suit the legitimate ambition of her dukes. But the Duc de Bourgogne died, and France was allowed to drift into the Revolution without the check which Saint-Simon might have set upon her progress. None the less, the death of Louis XIV gave him his supreme opportunity. With his aid the King's testament was set aside, the bastards at last suffered a merited disgrace, and the Duc d'Orléans was proclaimed Regent. Such was the moment of Saint-Simon's triumph. For this he had endured the ill-will of the Great King, and tolerated the insolence of Madame de Maintenon; for this he had borne the impertinence of courtiers, who would still chaff him concerning order and precedence. At last he saw the illegitimate children of his King driven into obscurity, and was content. It was a brilliant victory, which soon put him out of conceit with a public life. He, who had the right to ask so much, asked nothing; he refused the guardianship of the infant King, and, doubtless with a swift recollection of that embassy to Rome from which he had been jockeyed by Madame de Maintenon's intrigue, he accepted the one serious employment of his life—a mission to Madrid. There he acquitted himself with the tact and intelligence expected of an accomplished courtier, and there he drew that series of vivid pictures which are a title to immortality. But with his embassy to Madrid his public life was finished. The death of the Regent drove him from the Court, and henceforth he devoted himself to a country life and the preparation of his renowned *Memoirs*. Moreover, the life of Paris had no longer an interest for him. He belonged to the ancient France of Henry IV

and Louis XIII. The brilliance of Louis XIV, which he witnessed himself, was but an interlude, and he had little sympathy with the age of reason heralded by Voltaire and Diderot. You cannot imagine this miracle of eloquence enduring the bitter logic of the *Encyclopédie*. His hasty references to Voltaire are sufficient to demonstrate the spirit of intolerance wherewith he approached the newest literature of his age. "Arouet, the son of a notary who served my father and myself until his death, was exiled and sent to Tulle for a set of verses very satirical and very impudent. I would not amuse myself by recording this trifle had not this same Arouet, now grand poet and Academician, under the name of Voltaire, become, in consequence of many tragic adventures, a kind of personage in the republic of letters, and even a kind of somebody in a certain society." Such is his reference to Voltaire—twice made. But this intolerance did not proceed from a lack of literary appreciation. It merely meant that an aged courtier did not understand the wit and intelligence of a strange world, into which he had wandered by the accident of a long life. Thus he tottered towards the grave in the retirement of his country seat, so little mindful of his former dignity that (says rumour) he sat without his wig because "his head smoked." But those *Memoirs* were already written which were destined to make his character and genius a part of the world's inheritance.

His character, which we know as intimately as if he had sketched it in a page of his own mordant prose, was shaped by his age. Saint-Simon, as he reveals himself, could only have flourished at the Court of Louis XIV. He needed an atmosphere of sumptuous frivolity for the proper development of his qualities; and it is his noblest distinction that in his eyes the prevailing frivolity, sumptuous as it was, always escaped the reproach of folly and irrelevance. When the King died, his historian has scarce a word to say of his policy or prowess. But he devotes all his eloquence to the proper description of the Royal uprising, the putting on of the Royal boots, the Royal supper-table, and the Royal retirement to rest. Even patriotism is merged in the pious observation of a courtly manner, and you feel that it matters not a jot that M. du Maine shows the white feather at the head of the army so long as the Roi Soleil sinks to the west in august magnificence. A single custom of the Court—the distinction of the *pour*—gives us an insight into the dominant *punctilio*. Over the apartments of the Princes of the Blood, the Cardinals, and foreign Princes was written *pour M. un Tel*. Over the apartments of lesser personages stood the bald

legend *M. un Tel*, and this simple word *pour* was responsible for many an argument and much ill-humour. The distinction could not have survived without the support of an invincible tradition, and the wisest courtier might be pardoned if he saw all things in a whimsical relation. But Saint-Simon outstripped the vainest of his contemporaries. For him nothing was unimportant that had its sanction in the habit of princes. Above all, he was a man of principle. For his precedence before the Duc de Richelieu, for the exclusion of Captain de Rouvroy from his family, for the proper service of the King's Commission, he would willingly have sacrificed his life. Never once in his blameless career did he give ground on the field of ceremony, and it was this peculiar sense of devotion that made him the best-hated man of his time. The staunch champion of his order, he won the dislike of high and low. Madame de Maintenon denounced him for a *frondeur*, full of views. Madame, bolder than the rest, turned him to public ridicule. Once when he was taking his seat at dinner before the Prince de Deux-Ponts, she said aloud :—"How is it that M. de Saint-Simon presses the Prince des Deux-Ponts so close? Would he beg him to take one of his sons for his page?" D'Argenson, more violent still, called him "ce petit devôt sans génie," and in a fury denounced "his odious, unjust, anthropophagous character." But Saint-Simon was indifferent to censure. The best hater of his time, he paid all such insolence with contempt, and quickly added another portrait to his incomparable gallery.

So loyal was he to the principle of his life that vice was as remote from his character as gaiety. How should he be gay in a Court devoted to pomp—a Court which found its solitary relief in indelicate horse-play? And of vice he was intolerant even in others. So virtuous was he, in brief, that he seems almost too good ; and the supreme gravity of his demeanour, his perpetual ambition to win the friendship of older men than himself, might have involved him in the reproach of priggishness. But his talent saved him from this last disgrace, and his unflinching tact, his perfect discretion, forced respect even from his enemies. He was, moreover, a gentleman of perfect courage, who never feared to face the anger of his Sovereign, and so vast was his capacity for righteous indignation, that he was never known to excuse a friend or forgive an enemy. Yet where he loved, he loved with a loyal generosity which was not common in his world of cynicism and selfishness. He would have laid down his life for Beauvilliers ; he clung to Chamillart, even in his disgrace ; and he mourned Rancé, the sincere admiration of

his youth, with a simple pathos, which dignity almost withheld from expression. Moreover, his honesty was beyond question. He confesses that he has a horror of making money at Court, and with all his opportunity of gain he lived and died with hands unsullied by avarice. His wisdom matched his virtue. He was born with a perfect knowledge of mankind. At nineteen he had mastered all the mysteries of conduct and intrigue, and throughout his career he never made a mistake through lack of foresight or intelligence. In brief, he was a virtuous, fantastic, proud, intolerant, lettered, upright, courageous, cynical, implacable, pious gentleman, who would have fought king or devil in defence of his Church or his Order. Had he been ever placed near the throne he would have clipped the sovereign power for the glory of the Dukes, since, with all his contempt of the people, he was in a sense the enemy of the Crown; and it is common to assert that his policy of ducal aggrandisement prepared the way for the downfall of Kings and the advent of democracy. Yet, maybe, he was prophet enough to see that the power of the great families might stem the tide of revolution in France, as in England, and at least he fought the battle of his order with a constancy none the less admirable for its conspicuous egoism.

He left the army too early for the display of his skill, and the death of the Duc de Bourgogne took from him his one chance of political experiment. So that he lives neither as soldier nor as statesman. But he has a far better title to immortality: he was a man of genius. Though his contemporaries knew it not, he was preparing an ample revenge for their neglect and antipathy. In brief, he was writing the history of himself and his age, as no man ever wrote it before or since. From his earliest youth he had been attached to the study of *Memoirs*, and it was Bassompierre whose example first spurred him to emulation. His resolve was taken at Gaw-Boecklheim, and it was to solace the tedium of a long campaign that he first sat him down to relate whatever was memorable in his life. With characteristic precocity, he began the real work of his life at the age of nineteen, and for thirty years there is scarce a day without its record. The result is a piece of history and biography unexampled in the world's literature. It is impossible adequately to praise this vast canvas with its crowd of figures, each one outlined by the firm hand of a master. Saint-Simon was not a mere autobiographer. He was determined to give the world something else than the revelation of a personage, and so he painted the grandiose Court of Louis XIV with all its splendour and all its vanity. He has spared

nobody, least of all himself ; he has displayed his hatreds and contempts in the most vivid colours, and as he hated like a strong man his picture is never in monotone ; but, on the other hand, he has sketched, not always with a light hand, his own follies and foibles, and though he bitterly resented the reproof of others, it is plain that he kept an open eye upon his passion for rank and dignity. In brief, he will always remain the most candid historian of his epoch, and no other epoch has ever found so brilliant a commentator. His grasp of detail is miraculous ; nothing escapes his all-seeing eye ; and he seems to have understood the motives as well as the actions of men. He worked, he said in a letter to Rancé, only for himself, a few of his friends during his life, and for whomsoever would after his death, so that he determined to spare nobody on any consideration whatever. He believed that his struggle against the pretension of M. de Luxembourg would be the bitterest chapter in his book ; but he had not then felt the whole strength of his reproof, and he assuredly surpassed his earliest invective in vigour and magnificence. Before all things he claims in his epilogue the merit of truth. The love of truth, he avows, has ruined his career, and he claims to pursue it with doubled ardour in his *Memoirs*. On the score of impartiality he is far less arrogant. "The Stoic," says he, "is a fine and noble chimera." Wherefore he does not boast of a balanced temper. "I should do it in vain," he confesses with excellent sense, and it is true that this fierce contemner of his fellows is not hampered in the exercise of his wits by a foolish sense of justice.

He has achieved the greatest triumph of the artist : he has produced a true and great effect by a multiplicity of details. But the details never disturb a prolonged contemplation, because they are kept most scrupulously in their place. His method was rather that of the historian than of the biographer. He does not, after the fashion of Pepys, attempt to render the sights and sounds of the day. Where vision is defective, he supplements it by enquiry and imagination. Nor does he attempt to render the gradual development of his character and inclination. A serious historian set down to the deliberate production of a masterpiece, he has given to his work a consistent and homogeneous quality. His notes were taken day by day, but the finished work was produced after the stress of long study and consideration. So sternly does he eliminate what he thought trivial that he tells you nothing of those intimacies, which delight you in the page of Bassompierre. You never hear how he was troubled to procure a coat or to woo a lady.

On the other hand, you watch the great panorama of empire as it unrolls itself with splendour and ceremony. The amplitude of the impression never contracts. You are face to face with the *majesté effrayante* of the great King; you shudder at the "false prudery" of Madame de Maintenon; you share the author's disgust at the intolerable viciousness of M. de Vendôme; and all the while you appreciate the perfect conscience, the inspired intuition of the man, who saw even that which was closest to him.

His own pride was that his *Memoirs* were first hand, and *de source*; and his pride was justified. As to their reception he was indifferent. "It matters nothing to me," he wrote; "I shall see nothing of it"—but he anticipated an outburst of indignation, and it was only their tardy appearance which saved their author from an idle expression of rage. They came so late into the world that they could be viewed dispassionately as a work of art. And even as a work of art they were misunderstood. Madame du Deffand, who first admired them, deplores their style (in a letter to Walpole), and, though amused by their anecdote, she condemns their portraiture. Yet after the perfection of their portraiture, it is the style which keeps the *Memoirs* of Saint-Simon ever fresh. For Saint-Simon was a master of French apart and by himself; he derives from none; and when the complete work saw the light in 1829 the condemnation of Madame du Deffand was instantly reversed. His style, vigorous, involved, and inflected as it is, varies with the occasion, and is everything save pedantic. The conversations keep the very impress of the speaking characters; the narrative pauses or quickens with the necessity of quietude or speed. But the phrase is always personal, and though Saint-Simon was a purist in life, most assuredly he was never a purist in speech. He sprinkles his colour with a free hand, and throws into his expressions a vigour that is all his own. To the eighteenth century, accustomed to a timid accuracy, his style might well seem an outrage. But for us, who know that a strict adherence to a set of pedant rules is not the first duty of art, the style of Saint-Simon has an abounding life and a vivid energy. To its shortcomings none was more alive than himself. He recognised his negligence, his vain repetitions of the same words, his too lavish use of multiplied synonyms, his constant obscurity, now born of repetition, now of long and tortuous sentences. He felt his defects, but could not correct them. Always carried away by the subject, he was too little attentive, he confesses, to the method of

expression. But, says this most punctilious of courtiers, with an irresistible irony, "I never was an Academic subject, and I could never cure myself of writing rapidly." His only thought was of truth and exactitude, and he made bold to declare that these were the soul and law of his *Memoirs*, meanwhile asking a benign indulgence for their style. But the style, which needs no indulgence, is still an influence. The lofty intelligence, which took in at a glance the grandeur of the Great King and his Court, did not shrink from expressing itself in a separate and individual language, while the gallery of portraits, which Madame du Deffand condemned, is unique in the literary experience of the world.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

ERNEST RENAN

TO write the biography of a man of genius is precisely the temptation of which Vivian Bell in *le Lys Rouge* had felt the force, and there is surely a dramatic fitness in Madame James Darmesteter's appearance as the author of the *Life of Ernest Renan* (London: Methuen). From the true and graceful lyrism of *A Handful of Honeysuckle* to an enthusiastic appreciation of Froissart is a long remove, and no narrow gulf divides the mediæval soldier from the great contemporary whom Madame James Darmesteter was privileged to know. Both portraits are rendered by an accomplished hand, and the later sitter, a master of urbanity, had not failed in gratitude to the artist. The four who had best loved, because they had best understood, the magician were his mother, his wife, his sister, and his daughter. To all whom it did not concern he delighted to proclaim the fact, and, had he foreseen the future, he must have felt that the beneficence of fate had not ended with his days. He was pleased to say that, were he born again, he would be a woman. He need not have suffered a sea-change, for some part of his endowment was intensely feminine: as his courtly unction, his patrician susceptibility, his debonair indulgence, his intellectual curiosity, his deliberate optimism, his immitigable gaiety, and his romantic melancholy. Constantly favoured by occasion since the September day when she first met Prospero at Torcello seventeen years since, Madame James Darmesteter has given us an authentic miniature of a brilliant, baffling, exquisite personality.

Ernest Renan was the youngest son of a Breton sailor, who, as a prisoner of war, had passed some years in England. His childish ambition was to be a writer of books, and the shortest road to this end lay through the seminary of Tréguier. He might with time have reached a canonry at Saint-Brieuc, but the chapter's loss was the world's gain. In later years he chose to think that, upon his transplantation to Saint-Nicolas-du-Chardonnet, the Breton in him died; and Madame James Darmesteter dissents, adjourning the catastrophe to the time of the Commune. But to a mere onlooker the Breton appears as the

distinctive, immortal part of him, surviving as manifest in every page of his work as in every sentence spoken by him at the Quimper *fêtes*, or at the Quellien dinners near the Gare Montparnasse, the while his countrymen sang the golden age, when—

Anne de France fut reine,
En sabots, mirlitontaine,
Vivent les sabots de bois !

No : whatever he may have said as to the Gascon element ousting the Breton, the certainty is that Renan was a Breton to the core, loving his *bretonneries* a thought too well. Himself recognised that he was a *curé manqué*, and none but your Breton could play the character with unerring tact. Throughout his life Renan's sacerdotalism never left him. It is a common reproach against him that he passed from belief to non-belief with placidity : as though the wistfulness of a Jouffroy and the anguish of a Lamennais were the common properties of every temperament ! Withal it may be thought that the faith which boggles at a text in Saint Jerome is fragile ; and, doubtless, it is a grave question if Renan's untroubled serenity in the crisis of his life is compatible with a passionate antecedent belief. He had never been a great saint, inasmuch as he was not the stuff of which great sinners are made. Sin had passed him by, and the one scruple that beset his youth was a fear lest he had committed the impossible crime of simony. Gottofrey, the professor of philosophy at Issy, had noted in him a tendency to substitute reason and research for faith, and had closed his warning with the words :—"Vous n'êtes pas chrétien." And the event proved that Gottofrey was right. The boy was father of the man. There is a characteristic note of sweetness and humour in his reply to the Abbé Le Hir, who answered his objections by bidding him say the Seven Penitential Psalms before the altar :—" *Gratias ago quam maximas, pater dilectissime.*" And his comment to Jules Simon bears upon it the stamp of his personal irony :—"Je ne puis pourtant point passer ma vie à réciter les Psaumes de la pénitence." But it behoves us to note that Renan's motives for separation from those whom he loved and honoured were anything but common. The sinister absconding cleric, who alleges doubts as to the attribution of Scriptural books, is an unpleasantly familiar figure ; and, when these are followed by practical difficulties concerning the observation of celibacy, a cynical world, with one eye on M. Loyson,

takes proper account of the renegade's sincerity. Renan winced under the suspicion to which the unfrocked are exposed: he felt with humiliation that, for once, he seemed to be acting in a common-place way. Still it was not so: his passion for facts undid him, and, had he never learned Hebrew, he might have stayed in that Church which satisfied all but his critical sense. De Sacy, and others with him, might hold that both Testaments were infallible taken separately, though the New be in error when it cites the Old. For Renan the play was over from the moment he convinced himself that Daniel was a contemporary—not of Nebuchadnezzar but—of Antiochus Epiphanes. He could not, like Bossuet, admire the miracle of Cyrus's name appearing in a document written two hundred years before the Great King was born. His difficulties were neither theological nor moral: they were purely critical, historical, and philological. Could he have made a certain succession of Hebrew words mean other than they plainly meant, he had stayed at Saint-Sulpice and risen, as Dean Gaisford put it, to "positions of honour and emolument." As it was, he half hoped to remain in a Church catholic enough to include the Oratorian Malebranche. Yet the cases differed: though Malebranche wrote the *Recherche de la vérité*, he committed himself to no formal negation in matters of dogma. Renan's speculative difficulties were his own; their practical solution was his sister's, Henriette, whose character compensated for her lack of instruction. Without her, there had been another and a different Ernestic, as his mother called him. Urged by Henriette, he took his life in his hands, and went upon the Paris pavements, to swell, as it seemed likely, that brave and motley company to whom Jules Vallès dedicated *Jacques Vingtras*: "A ceux qui, nourris de grec et de latin, sont morts de faim." Thither his critical sense led him.

It is a cheap form of depreciation to say that Renan, though a great scholar, added little to the sum of knowledge, and that, though an ingenious thinker, he added less to the capital of ideas. The capital of ideas is extremely limited, and a man who finds that everything, save the elemental forces of nature, is derived from Greece, can scarce be condemned for the crime of being born in the Nineteenth Century. It was Renan's task to demonstrate the origin and development of religious ideas, and he accomplished it with a plenary success. For the rest, the sum of knowledge grows by small accretions, and of these Renan contributed his full share. His name, so they tell us, is attached to no organised system. Naturally: why should it be? His alert

intelligence had conceived a dread of dogma, and it was not likely that, after wrenching himself from one system, he should compromise his freedom by forging another. The universe itself is ever changing, and therefore, in the nature of things, systems tend to crumble. A man of fixed views is, in so much, a one-eyed partisan, and Renan's pursuit of knowledge was too curious for partisanship. He held it more important to know what had been thought upon the problems of the world than to invent a personal, ephemeral formula. The wiser part were to be the bondsman of no doctrine, while a constant change of view had the merit of allowing you to hope that on some one occasion, not to be identified, you had been in the right. Renan was never afflicted by the mania for certainty, and he was enchanted to reflect that a lifetime were insufficient to examine the innumerable facets of truth. It was well for those whose pedestals had dissolved beneath them to mourn with Pascal, to wither like Jouffroy, to tear a passion to tatters like Lamennais. It was ill for Renan, who, freed from the monotony of conviction, had before him the prospect of endless intellectual voyaging over wider fields than his vagabond uncle Pierre had ever ranged. With the shadow of doubt the lives of Pascal, Jouffroy, and Lamennais were over. Renan's life was but beginning, and in philology he held the key of the happy Golden Land. Hence, what to others had caused affliction was to him the harbinger of pleasure inexhaustible. Christianity might not be the focus of all ideals; but he never abandoned the central teaching of his ancient masters—that to work for an ideal end (in his case, the furtherance of knowledge) was a satisfaction so complete that by comparison all the rest must be accounted mere *ignominia sæculi*.

The fate that always favoured him was never kinder than in the circumstance of his early environment, and the historian of religions acknowledged his debt with a vigilant generosity. As the believer's effort is vitiated by his tendency to make facts square with a foregone conclusion, so the infidel fails from want of sympathy for modes of thought and sentiment inconceivable to him. The ideal historian in this sort must have a religious past behind him, must have been trained, a Levite, in the service of God's Temple, must recognise the beauty and poetic value of untenable doctrine, must regard the memory of his fathers' tents with an intimate and grateful tenderness, must—in a word—be detached, not alienated. Just such an one was Ernest Renan, gazing on the wreck of creeds, not with Voltaire's grin but,

with the resignation of reluctant disillusion. And it is pleasant to learn that, amid the tempest of obloquy that beat upon him, those who best and earliest had known him preserved intact their conviction of his benign sincerity. It was much that an excellent monk should say:—"He has written beautifully of Saint Francis, and Saint Francis will save him!" It was more that his superiors at Tréguier should point to his empty cell:—"It waits for him; when he returns we shall receive him with open arms, asking nothing—not even an explanation." The trait does honour to both sides. In truth, though he left the camp, Renan never deserted to the enemy, and in one of his latest and best masterpieces he stresses it with such emphasis that "exceeding few have earned the right to disbelieve" as entitles him to say to his first masters that his abandonment of their ideals was scarcely more than nominal.

A clerk without a church, a priest without an acolyte, he faced a world of unresponsiveness. He offered an article on Buddhism to the *Revue des deux mondes*, then directed by Buloz, who rejected it with the remark:—"Il n'est pas possible qu'il y avait des gens aussi bêtes que cela." Nor was the neophyte more in place at the famous Magny dinners where he sat, "ainsi qu'une femme honnête dans un souper de filles." Conceive him initiating the heathen, and undergoing this interruption at the instance of the bright pagan, Théophile Gautier:—"Et Çakia Mouni!—si on buvait un peu à la santé de Çakia Mouni!" Paul de Saint-Victor dubbed the student "le gandin de l'exégèse," and the sterile Goncourt begot the suggestion of an epigram with a phrase at the expense of the "Michelet *fénelonisé*." The same expert in eavesdropping deluded himself into thinking that he had made a point by asking the unobservant Renan the colour of the wall-paper in his room, and confided to his diary this crowning proof of the ex-seminarist's ignorance and incapacity. But the old Sulpician never flinched. Upon his untimely declaration that sanctity was the one thing true and estimable, Gautier's retort is memorable:—"Moi, je suis fort, j'amène 357 sur la tête de Turc, et je fais des métaphores qui se suivent; tout est là." At times Renan would shatter an idol in imitation of the iconoclastic brethren, and, leaving Gautier responsible for the statement that Molière "wrote like a pig," would raise his heel against Madame de Sévigné:—"C'est déplorable, cette réputation; ce n'est pas un penseur! . . . et puis, ce n'est pas un penseur!" His courage never failed him. He faced the *chahut* of the Latin Quarter with the serenity

of a philosopher, and, with an instinct for the picturesque, hoped to die in the Upper Chamber, like a Roman senator done to death by barbarians, or like Stephen in the moment of his supreme confession. A true catechumen, he lusted for the bliss for martyrdom, and he came near enjoying it. Years later he dared to say that the disasters of 1870 were not unmerited, and he lost caste with German "thinkers" by a letter to Strauss wherein he deplored the "dishonest victory."

Withal, he was happy in his period. He came upon a time when men were ready to take interest in the subjects which were his peculiar care, and he was perfectly equipped for gratifying the curiosity which he helped to create. He had an immense knowledge of, and savour for, the past; he had, in such measure as no rival, the historic imagination, and his intense vision was matched by a lucid, supple, incomparable style in such wise that he became the greatest *vulgarisateur* in the world. He had the sovereign advantage of writing in a tongue which lends itself to all effects, and is understood by the circle of mankind. He proved in his own person the truth of Bornier's saying in *la Fille de Roland*:—"Tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France." To crown his triumph, the Congregation of the Index marked him as its own, introduced his name to thousands who had otherwise ignored him, and thus conspired to make the fortune of the *Vie de Jésus*. With this backing from his opponents he achieved an unparalleled vogue, and he enjoyed his apotheosis in his lifetime. His popularity was sufficiently dear to him to lead him into temptation in the hazardous matter of examples and analogies. From his Sulpician days he had ever loved a jest, and had admired the pious dexterity with which M. Garnier joined Sarah's case to that of Mademoiselle de Lenclos. And, as was his rule, he followed his master. *Teste David cum Sibylla*. He compared David to the assassin Troppmann, or to the Negus of Abyssinia; Isaiah to Armand Carrel, or to Emile de Girardin; Jeremiah to Félix Pyat; Ezekiel to Victor Hugo, or to Fourier; Hosea to a League preacher, or to a Cromwellian pamphleteer. Amos was the "slashing journalist" whom Rochefort (not knowing) had taken for his model; and Abd-el-Kader sufficed to illustrate the posture of an Israelite king at bay. In like wise he found a resemblance between Solomon's Temple and the House of Loretto, and the Book of Jonah reminded him of *La belle Hélène*. He may be thought to abuse the method when, in a parenthesis of refined malice, he seeks to explain the frequency of a French Ministerial crisis by the fact that M. Clémenceau does not (probably)

say his prayers. As he traced these quips, the sage doubtless smiled indulgently on those who would have it so: he knew what was expected of him, and he so loved to please that he condescended to sacrifice an atom of the past to the passion for modernity.

But, if he stooped to quilllets on unessential points, he was hard as adamant concerning the one thing necessary. The recurrence in his periods of such qualifying phrases as "on croit," "il semble," "peut-être," "à peu près," "probablement," induced the illiterate to question his intellectual courage and clear-sightedness. It did not occur to them that words are but the symbols of ideas, and that the confusion was in their own minds. They waxed indignant that a collection of dubious facts should not yield irrefragable results, and threw the blame upon the artist instead of upon the material. Triflers talked of dilettantism, because Renan passed by the latest crudity from Tübingen, and—knowing no tongue but their own, and that imperfectly—criticised the scholarship of him who, in the *Corpus semiticarum inscriptionum*, did for the Semitic languages what Boeckh had done for Greek. M. Francisque Sarcey, nurtured upon the marrow of the lion Scribe, left his mummers to declare that Renan, like "le gros Williams," was little better than a *fumiste*, and the melancholy M. Jules Lemaitre, making himself the mouthpiece of the burgess, bewailed the scholar's invincible merriment. Had Renan cultivated the egregious gravity of the pedant, the electors of Seine-et-Marne might have sent him to the Chamber; but what were they to think of a candidate whose placards offended both parties with the device—"Ni guerre, ni révolution"? Like Père Hardouin, he had not risen early for forty years with the aim of thinking like other people. If party-hacks distrusted him, he repaid the mistrust of demagogues with interest. "Will you," he was asked, "vote with your party?" "Perhaps—sometimes"; and he was unworldly enough to believe that he had satisfied his heckler.

His overthrow at Seine-et-Marne in 1869 is no more to be regretted than his defeat when he contested the senatorial vacancy at Bouches-du-Rhône seven years later. The result was admirable, since he was not intended for the practice of the world:—"J'ai renoncé depuis longtemps à l'omnibus; les conducteurs arrivaient à me prendre pour un voyageur sans sérieux: en chemin de fer, à moins que je n'aie la protection d'un chef de gare, j'ai toujours la dernière place." If in these trifles he was a babe, much less was he suited to the scrimmage of politics. Your politician is the helot of compromise, and how is truth to be attained,

Renan asked himself, with such a leading principle? Compromise, passion, diplomacy: he understood none of the three. His few previsions proved mistaken. The War of 1870-71 surprised him; he believed that France would bleed to death if a province were amputated; and he thought that the Second Empire would return—perhaps without the best thing in it—the Emperor! He was never truly at his ease save at the Institute and in the Collège de France, where the unpractical man proved the great administrator. But his disappointment shows in the *Dialogues Philosophiques*. Why educate your masses? You can no more force ideas into their heads than you can hold water in a sieve. The rabble was not born to know, and therefore was not born to govern: its best achievement is to sin, and crucify its Saviour. He could not, with Descartes, believe in the equitable distribution of common-sense; he traced socialism to selfishness, and democracy to jealousy; he rebelled against the rule of Caliban or of the Odd Man in the crowd. But he knew the history of the past, and consoled himself with thinking that no change in human circumstances does half the good its advocates hope, half the harm its opponents fear. Again, he hankers for “la liberté anglaise.” In a land of equality science must be charlatanesque, but perhaps vulgarity is an inseparable condition for the happiness of the elect. It may be that Tammany Hall would not have burned Giordano Bruno nor persecuted Galileo. Doubtless a sorry world: yet, on the whole, the man who reflects that it forms the subject of his study would not reform it if he could, lest he should deprive himself of the most curious of spectacles in the most amusing of centuries.

In a wilderness of such paradoxes he delighted. They seemed inevitable in one who held that all theories, however false, contain a germ of truth; but they bewildered the Philistine. Is not a paradox a truth which is either too new or too old? Strong in the consciousness of his own integrity, he could afford to write the *Abbesse de Jouarre*, to say that chastity was not a necessary virtue, that mysticism was an excellent thing but—that the man of pleasure best understood life. Why not? He was ready to take any suggestion from any quarter, and he excelled in supplying you with better reasons than your own for such views as you professed. His miraculous multiplicity and his rapidity of emotion inspired Challemeil-Lacour's famous epigram that “Renan thinks like a man, feels like a woman, and acts like a child.” The author of the *Vie de Jésus*, he shrank not from reprinting his essay on the theology of Béranger, with its grave rebuke directed against

"cette façon de s'incliner, le verre en main, devant le Dieu que je cherchais avec tremblement." He considers Saint Francis of Assisi the flower and crown of human beings: "depuis Jésus, le seul chrétien": and pictures with reverential brush the beauty and poetry of that great career. Yet, in another place, he protests against the tarnished brilliancy of a world inhabited solely by image-breaking fanatics and virtuous dullards. Or he turns his attention to Mahomet, avowing that, after its women, the touchstone of a religion is its martyrs; and he goes on to assert that, so sweet is it to suffer for a faith, the sweetness has at times supplied the lack of a belief. With a new turn of the kaleidoscope, he shows that Providence and immortality—"autant de bons vieux mots, un peu lourds peut-être"—are to be refined away by the subtleties of divine philosophy. None the less, it irked him to perceive that, after years of studious labour, he had arrived at the same results as Gavroche, M. Homais, and MM. Bouvard and Pécuchet; he could not persuade himself of the innate genius of this illustrious quadrilateral, accepted the coincidence as singularly diverting, and remembered with satisfaction that, at the opposite pole, Joseph de Maistre knew no theology. His opponents revenged themselves by suggesting that the flippant philosopher was in the pay of Rothschild, or by sending him anonymous letters insinuating the existence of hell. Grateful for the interest shown in his welfare here and afterwards, he maintained an untroubled equanimity. As Spinoza counselled the children of the Lutheran Van der Spijcks to follow the guidance of their pastor, Doctor Cordes, so Renan counselled those who consulted him to abide in their breaches. The ideal might be religion without supernaturalism; but, assuming that the thing were attainable, it must be confined to Renan and a few enlightened friends. For the rest of the world he prescribed with objective piety—not liberal Catholicism, which he contemned as a hybrid, but—the extremest teaching of the most logical form of Christianity. The average sensual man was safe in the hands of such directors as his school-fellow the Abbé Cognat, and Renan set such store by the sacrament of penance that, in his *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*, he confessed himself in public.

He wrote as he did because he must: critics who strove to give an analysis of his manner retreated in confusion. Never was art more spontaneous, more apparently artless; and, though he filed his periods with the conscientiousness of a Benedictine, his veriest impromptus

show the possession of an unsurpassable style and of an unique temperament. His work was essentially scientific, and science is purely objective. But, as Flaubert has laid it down :—"Le monde et sa propre personne ne fournissent à l'écrivain qu'une illusion à transcrire." No writer was ever more subjective than Renan, for the simple reason that none was more exceptionally rare, more profoundly interesting to himself and to his readers. His imitators failed with ignominy in their attempts to reproduce the inimitable. Suspended judgment was his second nature ; preferring the years of courtship before the hours of possession, he was content to pursue truth, without attaining unto it. To learn the origins of existing organisms—the origins of language or the origins of Israel—was his beatitude ; he discovered that religion is not an instantaneous invention, and he loved to trace the flower to the seed. As became a man of science and of manners, he introduced into theological discussion the rule of urbane commerce, relying rather on the force of reason than on a habit of cursing. He became a notable favourite, almost the spoilt child of the Continent ; but, since none can please the whole world, he did not escape the carpers. Some of these posted from unwonted points of the wind. George Eliot, an old translator of Strauss, condescended to patronise the *Vie de Jésus*, admitting it had "so much artistic merit that it will do a great deal towards the culture of ordinary minds." It would be edifying to follow the mental process which led up to the consequence of this approval : the writer adds that the book "compelled me to give up the high estimate I had formed of Renan's mind." Nor did personal knowledge reverse the verdict of the Superior Person who records of Renan that "his manners are very amiable, his talk pleasant but not distinguished." The same difficult judge wrote down Byron as "the most *vulgar-minded* genius that ever produced a great effect in literature." But superlatives and italics were not George Eliot's only refuges from affliction. The nicety of taste which shrank from the often infirmities of Byron and of Renan found relish in the aristocratic discretion, the fastidious reticence of Mrs. Beecher Stowe. This correspondence of great wits had added one more to the cases which inclined Renan to belief in the possibility of special creations. He was not tempted to such flights as *Theophrastus Such* : he knew his place too well, and was fain to work without George Eliot's benediction. And he wrought with such effect that Europe acclaimed him as its finest artist.

His felicity of presentation is his own as much as his trick of caressing persuasion. He would have taken it as a trial to be called a man of letters, for he could think of no severer sentence to pass on Nero—"ce pauvre jeune homme"—than to brand him as a literary perversion. His disdain for literature's practitioners was absolute. For him Edmond de Goncourt was a man without the sentiment of abstract things, one who had lost all moral sense: a man "unintelligent, completely unintelligent." Artifices of expression outraged his sense of taste, and, with Maupassant, he had the poorest opinion of the "écriture artiste." To his mind Fénelon's phrase—"l'île de Chio, fortunée patrie d'Homère"—outdid in force all the muddy word-paintings in the world. The tongue which served Molière and Pascal sufficed for him, and he looked forward to hearing it in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. He handled it with an easy and assured dominion, fashioning it to purposes stately, familiar, solemn, joyous, important, and trivial. The august dedication to Henriette:—"Te souviens-tu, du sein de Dieu où tu reposes, de ces longues journées de Ghazir . . . ?"—remains a monument to the resources of French prose in the hands of its latest master. Renan was dowered with a multitude of gifts and talents: learning, grace, power, delicacy, imagination, persuasiveness, distinction, an inexhaustible curiosity, a luminous intelligence, and a hundred other qualities, which Madame James Darmesteter renders with fidelity, comprehension, and the right touch of sympathy. Yet, when all is weighed, he possesses a single incontestable title to the glory which he held to be the least vain of vanities. He, who esteemed character above talent, would not have wished it recorded of him, but it has to be said at the risk of offering him a show of violence. He was, as a man of letters, very great. The foremost of his age and country: one of the greatest of any age and any country.

JAMES FITZMAURICE-KELLY.

THE LIFE OF TENNYSON

WE all know the character of things official, and among things official belongs the much-awaited life of Tennyson by his son (*Alfred Lord Tennyson*. London: Macmillan). It is official biography. So it must have been in any case: a man's very near relations are not they from whom one can expect the ideal portraiture which Tacitus sketched, but was too much Tacitus to execute; poised between the saturnine presentment and the good man with a *nimbus*. But special circumstances make this biography even officially official. The very bugbear of Tennyson's life was the dread that after death he would be "ripped up like a pig." So he conceived and made provision for an official autopsy, which should report authoritatively to the public, and thus shut out any unofficial exhumation and indecently plain *post-mortem*. Here we have the authorised autopsy, and we must even make the best of it. His son does not disguise its nature: he tells us that it is designed to exclude a fuller and more searching memoir: that we should not have had it at all but for the fear lest hands less filial should take up the omitted task, and that it was in this spirit his father desired him to prepare a biography. Such, and no other, is the meaning of his prefatory words. We must sympathise with the motive; we must recognise his necessity to produce nothing other than he has produced; yet we must be allowed to regret the necessity and the result. Hands other than a son's might have given a portrait no less homageful in all essentials, but bolder—not shrinking from the shade without which there can be no modelling in a world where day and night, even in the highest noon, are ever at grips, and without which light itself loses the value of light. As it is, two bulky volumes have been spent to tell us nothing new—or, at least, little essentially new. To his own biographical work the present Lord Tennyson has appended recollections of his father by various eminent hands. Yet well-nigh all singularly fail to give us the presence of a living man: they present to us an unindividualised catalogue of amiabilities, accompanied with some partially-recollected

and not always discriminated, talk. Indeed, they succeed chiefly in suggesting the characters of their authors : from Jowett we get Jowett, from Myers Myers, from Palgrave Palgrave ; but Tennyson——? Tyndall I would make some exception ; not because his sketch notably individualises the poet's personality, but because he records some really characteristic jets of talk. In the body of the book there is, however, one real exception. Mr. Aubrey de Vere, wherever his recollections crop up, does convey some notable suggestion of the man ; hints to us a personality of unshorn power, a tree rough of bark, rugged of limb, no less than golden of fruit. These are the realising touches we need, and hardly anywhere else get. A letter or two of Fitzgerald's adds some welcome strokes in the same direction ; but I seem to recollect letters of "old Fitz," not here given, which would have further helped the portraiture of the *man*—no mere schoolgirl's impeccable vision of a poet, but faulty often, melancholy often, morose often ; enveloped in moods, blue cloak, and tobacco-smoke ; full of imagination, and gruffness, and kindness, and strength.

Yet, if the book has not all the interest we could desire, it must be read—yea, and with interest. If it do not tell us all we would fain be told, yet we are all hungry for what it tells us. If it tell us, even, things we could well have away—giving us diaries of travel, chopped and pedestrian, redolent of portmanteaus and Baedeker, which might plausibly be signed "Smith" ; snippets of letters about vacuous snippets of things—yet we compound with all these for the sake of the residue. For that residue is the story, however clipped and gapped, of a great achievement which has left neither England nor England's speech as it found them ; which is for all time a seal on these latter days of England, and has taught her many-flowering tongue to blossom after new, unwithering ways. The most prosaic nation that ever abounded in poets as the grass of the Savannah, it is good for us to glory over a life such as this, given with so single a devotion to literature. Every one knows that Tennyson was the son of a Lincolnshire rector, and was born at his father's rectory of Somersby in August, 1809. I like to trace in his parentage, more clearly than is often possible, the sources of that constitution which made him a poet. Those who knew him in later years marvelled at the union in one man of an imposing physique, a virile ruggedness, with a feminine sensibility which made him the most thin-skinned of men. He was literally, as well as metaphorically, thin-skinned. "Just feel my skin," he said to Tyndall. "A flea-bite will

spread a square inch over its surface." From his father came his grand physical stature; and also, it is clear, his masterful masculinity. The "old Doctor" was known among the country-folk for his stern and dominating personality no less than for his kindness; and is recorded, like his son, to have been a brilliant talker and a great reader. No less evidently, Tennyson derived his sensibility from his mother. In after years, we are told how her tears would overflow at the most trifling appeal to her feelings. "Now then, mother, dam your eyes!" Tennyson would say; and with a smiling shake of the head at him, she wiped away her tears with her handkerchief. The equally-combined inheritance of two such natures could produce nothing less than a poet, according to all theory; and for once Theory was justified of her children. All the three Tennyson brothers were poets, the diapason closing full in Alfred. But how true, if lesser, a poet was Charles, is known to every reader of *Letty's Globe*—that lovely sonnet. Not much that is novel do we get regarding Alfred's boyhood. He had the run of his father's large library—the best training for an imaginative child, and it is long ago known how early he began to scribble verse. We have had the stories before:—of the half-guinea bestowed by his grandfather for a poem on his grandmother's death, with the assurance that it was the first and last money he would ever earn by poetry; and the old gentleman's declaration that, "If Alfred die, one of our greatest poets will have gone"; of the "Byron is dead!" which he carved on a stone when the news came of Childe Harold's closing pilgrimage; and so forth. The stories are not specially striking; the verses preserved not, perhaps, notably cleverer than have been written by other callow poets. Some extracts from plays written at fourteen show very fluent command of a blank verse more rhythmic than is usual in a boy's heroics. When, however, we are told that he "would reel off hundreds of lines" such as those I shall presently cite, are we to believe it? Did the poet's memory play no pranks of unconscious improvement in recalling his old-time verse? Mr. Dykes Campbell averred that poets lied fearfully about the dates of their early poems; but without using such vigorous language, it may be doubted that a poet's mind is a chemical atmosphere in passing through which juvenile lines suffer a change into something more "rich and strange" than they were in their season of first making. There is an observed difference between the style of the plays preserved in MS. (mentioned above) and these lines preserved in Tennyson's memory: the former have no ring of the adult Tennyson, the latter

partially anticipate the well-known Laureate cadence—though they are supposed to be of earlier date than the former. For instance:—

The quick-wing'd gnat doth make a boat
Of his old husk wherewith to float
To a new life! all low things range
To higher! but I cannot change.

And yet more, hear this:—

When winds are east, and violets blow,
And slowly stalks the parson crow.

Striking enough, if we can trust the poet's memory!

More interesting than any remainders of childish anecdote, with their supposed prophecy of future genius, is Tennyson's young attachment to the desolate Lincolnshire coast. Mablethorpe was the bourne to which his feet turned whenever there was question of a holiday; and it became so idealised in his mind that for ever after it was a standard of grandeur by which he tried all seas.

The hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts

was one of the many lines in which he pictured that sea of Mablethorpe; and one cannot resist a doubt that those "cataracts" roared always in his mind with the added reverberation of boyish impressions, that no eye will ever see the Mablethorpe which Tennyson saw. His first education was received at Louth Grammar School (though he always said that his real education was given him by his father, whose learning made him a better teacher than any master of a country grammar school), and it was a Louth bookseller that published the famous *Poems by Two Brothers*—talked of, more than known. It was really the work of three: Frederick, as well as Charles, collaborating with Alfred. They got twenty pounds for it, though half was paid in books; and Alfred and Charles celebrated the event by hiring a carriage and driving to the well-beloved Mablethorpe. The book is not a *Lyrical Ballads*; nevertheless, let Jackson of Louth be remembered with Cottle of Bristol.

Of Tennyson at Cambridge we get no further knowledge from this biography. We hear again about his membership of the "Apostles," that brilliant young society which included so many famous names; but of his doings in it little is recorded but silence and tobacco-smoke. We hear of the *Timbuctoo* prize-poem, dished up from a set of verses

on the battle of Armageddon. We hear of his friends, Arthur Hallam, Spedding, Brookfield, Monckton Milnes, Trench, &c. ; but we get little detail of him or them. It remains chiefly that he was drawing about him the little band which was afterwards to be his prætorian cohort, and make straight the ways before him wherever they got a chance, in the Press or in private ; and that from Cambridge he issued *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. Of the work which bridged the interval between *Poems by Two Brothers* and this, the emergence of the authentic Tennyson, his son gives some specimens. They show that Tennyson was an artist in silence, as well as in speech. One, the *Coach of Death*, is most noticeable as containing the theme of the *Vision of Sin*, in a very boyish form. And in a fragment on *The Moon* there is one real Tennysonian stanza. The traveller sees from within the moon :—

Large as a human eye, the sun
Drew down the west his feeble lights ;
And then a night, all moons, confused
The shadows from the icy heights.

That is the old large utterance ; the sure, instantaneous touch !

With a brief interlude, in which the poet and young Hallam started off for Spain to do a little rebellion with the insurgent chief, Torrijos, the book passes to the close of the Cambridge epoch. (Nothing much happened, we may add, in the Spanish business, save that Tennyson learned how a Spanish patriot may be a very pretty rascal.) Therewith comes the most interesting portion of his career. He enters on the long engagement with Emily Sellwood, deferred for over ten years by poverty and the intervention of her family—much mistrusting so ineligible a lover. It makes not much figure here, on the principle by which the intimate life of the poet is sealed against the public. He is in the full tide of young poetry, young friendship, and young struggle, ending with the crash of his affairs. A Dr. Allen lured him into a project for wood-carving by machinery. Tennyson embarked his little all in the speculation, which failed, leaving the poet almost destitute ; and he was only saved by Milnes (at Carlyle's earnest entreaty) persuading Sir Robert Peel to bestow on him a pension. I suspect this Dr. Allen sat for the bitter portrait of the swindler in *Sea Dreams* :—

With half his conscience and one eye askew.

During this period he added to his friends Edward Fitzgerald, Carlyle, Aubrey de Vere, and old Samuel Rogers ; and the letters to and from him

at this date are full of gay spirits, character, and literary interest. One sees his poems being handed round in MS., discussed, praised, amended : we are allowed, as it were, to watch over his shoulder the two exquisite volumes of 1832 and 1842 in the making, to hear the enthusiasm of the staunch little band which hallooos him on. It is from his impression on them that we have to surmise the man in daily life ; for conversation evaporates in the reporting of it, and to read the reminiscences of Tennyson's talk is to have a new admiration for Boswell. The pity is that we know geniuses only in the days when they are settled and celebrated ; in their young fighting days they rest unportrayed, or but meagrely portrayed. Who ever thinks of the thin little Napoleon, with face and eyes of ascetic energy, terrible mouth, and revolutionary locks denouncing the fall of kings ? Or who surmises a shaven Tennyson ? To me it is a necessity of imagination to make some clean-conceived picture of the young poet who godded it over Fitzgerald and the rest ; and I seem to get some hints for it, in spite of the biographical reticence which denies me entire material. The Carlyles' are the most luminous vignettes, so far as they go. Here is Mrs. Carlyle's :— "A very handsome man, and a noble-hearted one, with something of the gipsy in his appearance, which for me is perfectly charming. Babbie never saw him, unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, for she must have fallen in love with him on the spot, unless she be made absolutely of ice ; and then men of genius never have anything to keep wives upon."

This to many feminine fancies might suggest a lovely young Apollo, fascinating of manner. But the feminity that was in him by no means showed on the surface, which was virile completely, rather of Jove than Apollo. Hear Carlyle :—"A great shock of rough, dusky, dark hair ; bright, laughing, hazel eyes ; massive aquiline face, most massive yet most delicate ; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking, clothes cynically loose, free-and-easy, smokes infinite tobacco. His voice is musical, metallic, fit for loud laughter and piercing wail, and all that may lie between ; speech and speculation free and plenteous ; I do not meet in these late decades such company over a pipe !"

Yet another draught of him has Carlyle tried :—"A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-coloured, shaggy-headed man is Alfred ; dusty, smoky, free-and-easy ; who swims, outwardly and inwardly, with great composure in an articulate element as of tranquil chaos and

tobacco-smoke ; great now and then when he does emerge ; a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man."

Those "bright, laughing" eyes of the first sketch have, you note, become "dim" in this ; the inner congruity not well perceptible, except haply to the inner Carlyle. He pictures him, moreover, "a man solitary and sad, dwelling in an element of gloom, carrying a bit of chaos about him, in short, which he is manufacturing into Cosmos"—carrying over-much tobacco about him (say others), manufacturing thereby his blood into a saturated solution of melancholy. Broad-hatted, blue-mantled, of girth and stature more than meaner men, a pipe in the fine and sensitive mouth unambushed by beard, so he sat in Spedding's room at Mirehouse, pervading it with smoke and personality. Not his glooms and changes, but the oppression of sheer personality often, indeed, weighed somewhat on these other men ; for he was of those whose very silence is dominant, who cannot take their seat without mastery. That splendid head, as of a supernal mastiff, is not without its virile hint of *cave canem*. The large figure voluming tobacco-smoke can also emit growls—"deep-chested music," and brusque sayings, which have dismay for those unused to the ways of the Olympian mastiff-kind ; at which his friends smile, knowing his inward placability. Something self-wrapt and imperial of mood, he is yet kindly, loyal to friends, loving children, much loved by many women. Not only bursts of fascinating talk, but wit and humour break through his moods of silence ; yea, and fits also of leonine play. A man that commands devotion as by right of birth.

His friends' letters would be pleasant for this quality of devotion alone. Here is Fitzgerald's early testimony, for example:—"Alfred Tennyson staid with me at Ambleside. I will say no more than that the more I see of him the more cause I have to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing. I must, however, say further that I felt what Charles Lamb describes, a sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own." Then he describes a row on Windermere, the two friends resting on their oars while the poet quoted from the *Morte d'Arthur* :—

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.

"Not bad that, Fitz., is it?" he asked. And one feels a thrill of envy.

"What more felicity can fall to creature, Than to enjoy delight with liberty?" and here was one creature floating between sky and water while he listened, from the lips of their creator, to those golden numbers of which the world had yet no dream: the early Tennyson and his poetry was all for him. Not the boat which carried Cæsar and his fortunes bore so rich a load! For the glorious volume of 1842 was then beginning to be; a volume, in Tennyson's career, comparable only to the *Lamia* volume in Keats's: he was in full fertility of song, pouring forth poem after poem; and these treasurable dainties were passing from hand to hand among his friends. That thrill of envy comes again when we read this letter from Spedding:—"I received by Douglas and John Heath divers of your compositions, albeit too few for my appetite: to wit, *Sir Galahad*, which enjoys my unlimited admiration. The virgin-knight is as beautiful a spirit as Don Quixote in a more beautiful kind, if that could be. Also *Nature, So Far As In Her Lies*, one of those pieces which nobody except yourself can write, and I think the most exquisite of an exquisite race. Of the rest I cannot find words to express what and how great is the glory. I have also the alterations of *Oh, That 'Twere Possible*—improvements, I must admit, tho' I own I did not think that could have been . . . and

Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly, slowly glides :
It sees *itself* from thatch to base
Dream in the sliding tides—

It is perfectly true; how on earth did you find it out?" In answer, Tennyson sends him *Love Thou Thy Land* and a fragment of what later became *Of Old Sat Freedom on the Heights*. Envious Fitz., enviable Spedding, *fortunatos nimium*! Arthur Hallam, in an earlier day, had similarly been the recipient of a charming sonnet on the nightingale; notable because its octave, with little but most felicitous change, has become the lovely passage in the *Lotos-Eaters*:—

How sweet, while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly.

In spite of moods, the poet's letters at this time show a happy spirit. One or two are notably playful, but too long to quote. It is after Arthur Hallam's death, and still more after his reverse of fortune, that the grave mood gains on him almost wholly. In the year of his third volume he met another life-long friend, Aubrey de Vere, who brought about Wordsworth's introduction to his poetry. The old poet was

content to judge the younger by hearsay—as is the way with old poets, more or less—until Mr. de Vere repeated to him *Of Old Sat Freedom* and *You Ask Me Why, Tho' Ill At Ease*; an admirable selection for a man of Wordsworth's austere tastes. "I must acknowledge that these two poems are very solid and noble in thought," said the Laureate; "their diction also seems singularly stately." Mr. de Vere likewise tells us of the final meeting between the two singers so little in contact. It was at a dinner given by Moxon, the publisher. Tennyson waited till the ladies had retired, and when Wordsworth, who had followed them, returned to the room, he went up to him, and "in a low voice, and with perceptible emotion," thanked him for the obligations his poetry had conferred on the world in general and the younger writer in particular. Wordsworth returned him thanks with manifest pleasure, and shook hands with him affectionately. In a letter to an American friend he afterwards mentioned the incident with evident delight, declaring Tennyson to be "decidedly the first of our living poets." So the setting sun hailed the rising, who was soon to wear his laurel.

Another and minor light of the past also hailed him, in the person of Leigh Hunt, who certainly has the rare distinction that to the last he never failed to recognise new genius. He had hailed Keats and Shelley, and he was to live to recognise Coventry Patmore and Rossetti. With the publication of the 1842 volume Tennyson had taken up his residence at Boxley, whence he could make easy visits to London; and in these London days, down to 1845, he made or consummated a host of friendships, including Coventry Patmore, Macready, Dickens, Forster, Maclise, and Lord Kelvin; but his two greatest intimates seem to have been Carlyle and Thackeray. Carlyle took to him from the first, and was loyal to the last. That they should coalesce at the outset is not surprising, but one would hardly have prophesied that the alliance could endure. They agreed so well in masterfulness, dyspepsia, and pipe-smoking, that an ultimate quarrel might have seemed certain. Perhaps the necessary element of unlikeness was found in the fact that they did not agree in poetry, of which Carlyle, as Tennyson afterwards said, knew nothing. In spite of the famous description of Tennyson sitting on a dunghill, with all his dead dogs about him, Carlyle shared the general admiration of literary London for the 1842 poems; but, according to Fitzgerald, Carlyle and he gave up all hopes of Tennyson's poetry after the *Princess*. Thackeray was also a lifelong friend, whose poetic admiration did not cease with

the others'. There is a delicious story in these volumes of how the great novelist, in an after-dinner argument, refused to share the poet's admiration for Catullus, and roundly declared—"I could do better myself!" Next morning came a note, which Tennyson justly treasured for its fine character:—"I woke at 2 o'clock, and in a sort of terror at a certain speech I had made about Catullus. When I have dined sometimes I believe myself to be equal to the greatest painters and poets. That delusion goes off; and then I know what a small fiddle mine is, and what small tunes I play upon it. It was very generous of you to give me an opportunity of recalling a silly speech: but at the time I thought I was making a perfectly simple and satisfactory observation. Thus far I must *unbus'm* myself: though why should I be so uneasy at having made a conceited speech? It is conceited not to wish to seem conceited."

Do we not all know those after-dinner moments, and those "perfectly simple and satisfactory" conceits, which—luckily—most of us refrain from communicating? Another letter, *naïf* in another way, is that from a Lancashire mechanic, to whom, through the intercession of Mrs. Gaskell, the novelist, Tennyson sent an autograph copy of his poems. It is *naïf* in its primitive excess, the excess of a man of few books. "But your English! why it is almost unlimitedly expressive. This language of ours, what can it not be made to say?" It is interesting and good to read, because it recalls to us, with fresh impression and untutored speech, that true sense of miracle in poetry which in us is overlaid by too-repeated familiarity. It is like the delight of a blind man in his first moment of recovered sight.

One of the best things in the book is Mr. de Vere's description of Tennyson's visit to Curragh Chase in 1848. He does not shrink from giving us, in one or two touches, that brusquer side of the poet which these volumes in general withhold. One night there was a dance, which the poet declared "stupid." Lady G., "a brilliant and amusing person," took him to task:—"How would the world get on if others went about it growling at its amusements in a voice as deep as a lion's? I request that you will go upstairs, put on an evening coat, and ask my daughter Sophia to dance." He obeyed, and thoroughly enjoyed himself. A young lady spoke of a marriage as a very penniless one. Tennyson felt in his pockets, and slapped a penny down by her plate:—"There, I give you that, for that is the god you worship!" She took it in good part, and he sent her a beautifully bound Milton after his return to

England. He read poetry to the family, was reproachful if no one wept over the pathetic pieces, joined in a charade, and altogether made his five weeks' stay delightful to them, in spite of such characteristic little episodes as those described.

Two years later came the publication of *In Memoriam*, which was the turning point of his life. The pension in 1845 (already alluded to) had left him still a poor man, nor had the 1842 volume spread his fame beyond the inner circle of those who follow poetry for its own sake. *In Memoriam* was his stepping-stone to wider fame. His long-deferred marriage followed; and, in quick succession, his appointment to the Laureateship—largely owing to Prince Albert's admiration for his just-published poem. But let it be always remembered that the laurel was offered first to Rogers—on the principle, we should conceive, that promotion in poetry, as in the army, must go by seniority! With this, and his removal to Farringford, begins his official career, and after the universally abused *Maud* (was the howl of attack in any way connected with his new appointment?), the *Idylls of the King*. There begins, too, a change in the character of the correspondence. The letters are no longer chiefly from literary men, but from men of science, statesmen, &c. They are from very much greater people; very much longer, very much less interesting, and very much less quotable. The long letters from Jowett, for instance, with all their amiability, show the Master of Balliol to have very meandering ideas about poetry and literature; and 'so with correspondents more eminent. And this biography is chiefly, nay, avowedly, composed of letters with a thin connecting thread. The result is that the second volume moves very slowly, contains abundant repetition, and is—must I say it?—not a little dull. One brief, *living* letter of "old Fitz.," or James Spedding, or Milnes, has more matter and interest than a dozen of these long-winded productions. The descriptions of visitors tell the same story over and over again: laurels, cedars, fine old house, the grand figure of the Laureate in his blue cloak and wideawake; amiability, splendid courtesy, unceasing flow of anecdote, powerful talk covering widest range (of which the visitor seems by instinct to remember the most obvious morsels), smoking-den, pipe, abuses critics; garden, reads Guinevere, Boadicea, &c.; good-bye, grand old poet, cloak, &c., again; never-to-be-forgotten visit; visitor goes away hallelujahing and singing of anthems. Let this brief abstract serve for all.

Nor need I comment on the section devoted to the Royal letters,

except to say that they are very kind Royal letters, and the poet's replies very good loyal letters. Let me rather note, in my remaining space, his relations with his own brethren. With most of these he was more or less connected. In Volume I there is a kind and encouraging letter to Jean Ingelow, warning her by the way against Cockney rhymes, and confessing some early sins of his own in that kind. Swinburne he seems to have seen once, and speaks highly of his intelligence and modesty. When *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared he wrote to congratulate the young poet on that brilliant poem. "Altogether," he says, "it is many a long day since I have read anything so fine; for it is not only carefully written, but it has both strength and splendour, and shows, moreover, that you have a fine metrical invention which I envy you." Praise indeed, that last sentence! Matthew Arnold too he writes of with warm admiration. But it is with Browning that his relations are closest and most interesting. His own letters, indeed, are few and contain little very quotable; even in his early days with Fitzgerald and Spedding it is notable how few and short his letters are, how little they contain. He hated letter writing, clearly. But the Brownings' letters to him are frequent and of the warmest kind—Fitzgerald's not more affectionate. The first is from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Tennyson, and is written after that famous reading of *Maud* at Browning's house when Rossetti also was present, and sketched Tennyson in the act of reading. It is impulsive, womanly, and characteristic in the highest degree. "He did so much, and left such a voice crying out 'Maud' to us, and helping the effect of the poem by the personality, that it's an increase of joy and life to us ever. Then may we not venture to think now of Alfred Tennyson, *our friend?*" And Browning adds a postscript:—"God bless you, dear and admirable friends. My wife feels what she says, and I feel with her." All the world knows the friendship thus begun lasted till Browning's death, and of its closeness there are many indications in the second volume of this *Life*. Finally, amongst the younger poets of the day which now is, he hailed Mr. William Watson as patriot and poet; while the poet in whom that combination is finest and strongest he wrote to congratulate on his *English Flag*. Mr. Kipling's answer pleased (as well it might) the old Laureate: "When the private in the ranks is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day."

If I feel, in concluding, that I have merely "splashed about" in my subject, something of this (in spite of a certain proverb about tools and

bad workmen) must be set down to the book. It is voluminous, partly unnecessary, and hardly attempts perspective. It is not the definitive biography of Tennyson which some of us—did *not* hope for. More, it is not a biography at all, and the author knows it. We have a mass of material which, by careful compression and selection, would excellently illustrate a biography. But the biography we have not: the illustrations are substituted for it. They attempt, by their much bulk, to appear a biography, and fail. The method of memoir-writing by the aid of letters (started, I think, by Lockhart) is pushed to a nullifying extreme. We have a selection of letters to or about Tennyson, with a few of Tennyson's letters thrown in. It could not be helped under the rules he appointed for his son. He wrote, apparently, too little to illustrate himself, and the more intimate portions of what he wrote were prohibited from use. The testimonies of others had to be called in. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." They do not, they cannot, supply the place of a real memoir; and in some things the method tells as much against the poet as the intimate writing he dreaded could possibly do. For we hear much *about* his strong love and fascinating qualities, but we are not suffered to see them in action, and the impression is therefore remote, almost negative. Yet, since better might not be, we are thankful for this. We do get a picture, if we will take some pains to realise it, of a great man: strong and steady of purpose, in spite of surface fluctuation; self-withdrawn, yet social and benevolent; noble and rugged and human; a figure so veritably fine that the frankest detail of its human frailties could have injured it only for sentimentalists. But the present Lord Tennyson cannot justly bear blame for what we have not.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE TRIBES OF DANU

I.—*The Lands of the Tribes of Danu*

THE poet is happy, as Homer was happy, who can see from his door mountains, where the heroes and beautiful women of old times were happy or unhappy, and quiet places not yet forsaken by the gods. If a poet cannot find immortal and mysterious things in his own country, he must write of far-off countries oftener than of his own country, or of a vague country that is not far off or near at hand, for even the most fleeting and intelligible passions of poetry live among immortal and mysterious things; and when he does not write of his own country the waters and mountains about him, and the lives that are lived amongst them, are less beautiful than they might be. He will be more solitary too, for people will find little in their lives to remind them of him, and he will find little in his writings to remind him of them, and the world and poetry will forget one another. The more he has of spiritual passion the more solitary he will be, for who would not think *Prometheus Unbound* better to read and better to remember if its legends and its scenery were the legends and the scenery they had known from childhood, or that Shelley had known from childhood and filled with the passion of many memories? Indeed, I am certain that the writers of a spiritual literature, if it is not a literature of simple prayers and cries, must make the land about them a Holy Land; and now that literature which is not spiritual literature is, perhaps, passing away, we must begin making our lands Holy Lands, as the Jews made Palestine, as the Indians made Northern India, as the Greeks made the lands about the Ionian Sea. I think that my own people, the people of a Celtic habit of thought, if genius which cannot be whistled for blow their way, can best begin, for they have a passion for their lands, and the waters and mountains of their lands remind them of old love tales, old battle tales, and the exultant hidden multitudes. There is no place in Ireland where they will not point to some mountain where Grania slept beside her lover, or where the misshapen Fomor were

routed, or to some waters where the Sacred Hazel once grew and fattened the Salmon of Wisdom with its crimson nuts ; nor is there, I think, a place outside the big towns where they do not believe that the Fairies, the Tribes of the goddess Danu, are stealing their bodies and their souls, or putting unearthly strength into their bodies, and always hearing all that they say. Nothing shows more how blind educated Ireland—I am not certain that I should call so unimaginative a thing education—is about peasant Ireland, than that it does not understand how the old religion which made of the coming and going of the greenness of the woods and of the fruitfulness of the fields a part of its worship, lives side by side with the new religion which would trample nature as a serpent under its feet ; nor is that old religion faded to a meaningless repetition of old customs, for the ecstatic who has seen the red light and white light of God smite themselves into the bread and wine at the Mass, has seen the exultant hidden multitudes among the winds of May, and if he were philosophical would cry with the painter, Calvert :—“ I go inward to God, outward to the gods.”

II.—*The Persons of the Tribes of Danu*

!The old poets thought that the tribes of the goddess Danu were of a perfect beauty, and the creators of beautiful people and beautiful arts. The hero Fiachna sang when he came from among them :—

They march among blue lances,
 Those troops of white warriors with knotted hair,
 Their strength, great as it is, cannot be less.
 They are sons of queens and kings,
 On the heads of all a comely
 Harvest of hair yellow like gold.
 Their bodies are graceful and majestic,
 Their eyes have looks of power and blue pupils,
 Their teeth shine like glass,
 Their lips are red and thin.

And “every artist harmonious and musical” is described in an old book by one Duaid mac Firbis, of Laccan, as of the Tribes of the goddess Danu, that is to say, inspired by the Tribes of the goddess Danu. It took me a long time to find out that they still kept their beauty, for the peasant visionaries have never been from their own countrysides, and can only compare what they have seen to commonplace things and tell you that they have seen rooms “grander” than some commonplace room “up at the Lodge,” or marching people, who looked (as a poteen-

maker, who had praised their magnificence, said to me) "for all the world like policemen." But now I ask careful questions, and am told, as I was told the other day by a woman, who was telling of a sight one Martin Roland saw in a bog, that "their women had their hair wound round their heads, and had a wild look, and there were wreaths of flowers upon their horses"; or, as I was told when I asked an old man who has seen them, and whose uncle used to be away among them, if their great people had crowns of one shape:—"O no, their crowns have all kinds of shapes, and they have dresses of all kinds of colours"; or, as I was told by the same old man, when the friend who was with me held up a sapphire ring and made it flash, and asked if their dresses were as beautiful:—"O, they are far grander than that, far grander than that"; or, as I was told by a blind piper, when I asked if he had any of their music:—"I have no music like theirs, for there is no music in the world like theirs."

Many have thought that the Tribes of the goddess Danu have become little, like the fairies in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and some have built a theory on their littleness; but they are indeed tall and noble, as many have told me. They have among them monsters and grotesque persons who are now big and now little; but these are their old enemies, the Fomor, the Caetchen, the Laighin, the Gailioin, the Goborchin, the Fir Morca, the Luchorpain, the Firbolg, and the Tribes of Domnu, divinities of darkness and death and ugliness and winter cold and evil passion; and they can take shapes and sizes that are not their true shapes and sizes, as they and the Druids do in the poems, and become "very small and go into one another, so that all you see might be a sort of a little bundle"; or become "like a clutch of hens," or become like "a flock of wool by the road," or become like a tar-barrel "flaming and rolling," "or look like a cow and then like a woman"; but all the while "they are death on handsome people because they are handsome themselves." The Country of the Young, as the poets call their country, is indeed the country of bodiless beauty that was among the Celtic races, and of which (if D'Arbois de Jubainville has written correctly) the Greek mythology and all that came of it were but the beautiful embodiment; and it still lives, forgotten by proud and learned people, among simple and poor people. When the Irish peasant passes into a sudden trance and, sleeping, is yet awake and awake is yet sleeping, it is still that bough of golden apples, whose rustling cast Cormac, son of Art, into a Druid

sleep, whose rustling has overcome him ; and its beauty is not the less beautiful because Christianity has forbidden its rustling, and made Eve's apple grow among its golden apples.

III.—*The Houses of the Tribes of Danu*

Although a man has told me that "the Others," as the Galway peasant, like the Greek peasant, has named the gods, can build up "in ten minutes and in the middle of a field a house ten times more beautiful than any house in the world," and although some have told me that they live everywhere, they are held by most to live in forts or "forths," the little fields surrounded by clay ditches that were the places of the houses of the ancient people. Every countryside is full of stories of the evils that have fallen upon the reckless or unbelieving people, who have broken down the ditches of the forts, or cut the bushes that are in them. A man, who has a mill and a farm near Gort, in Galway County, showed me where a fort on his farm had been cut through to make a road, and said :—"The engineer must have been a foreigner or an idolater, but he did not live long anyway"; and the people of a neighbouring townland tell how an old man, who is not long dead, cut a bush from one behind his house, and "next morning he had not a blade of hair on his head—not one blade, and he had to buy a wig and wear it all the rest of his life." A distant relation of my own bid his labourers cut down some bushes in a fort in Sligo, and the next morning they saw a black lamb among his sheep, and said it was a warning, and would not cut the bushes; and the lamb had gone the morning after that. A great number of the people of every countryside have seen some fort lighted up, with lights which they describe sometimes as like torches, and sometimes as like bonfires; but once, when I questioned a man who described them as like a bonfire, I found that he had seen a long thin flame, going up for thirty feet and whirling about at the top. A man, who lives near the fort where the old man lost his hair, sees a woman lighting a fire under a bush in the fort; but I do not know what the fire is like, as I have not been able to question him; but a girl says the fires come with a sudden blaze "like a man lighting his pipe." Somebody in almost every family that lives near a fort has heard or seen lights or shadows, or figures that wail or dance, or fight or play at hurling, which was a game among the Tribes of Danu in old days, or ride upon horseback, or drive in strange carriages that make a muffled sound. I know

one fort where they hear the galloping of horses, as if from underground, but "the Others" are generally supposed to live in the forts, as the ancient people lived in them and are indeed sometimes said to be the ancient people doomed to await the end of the world for their redemption, because they had (as a man said to me) "Freemasons and all sorts of magicians among them," or, as another said to me, "because they used to be able to put souls into rocks and to make birds and fishes speak, and everybody who has read about the old times knows that fishes and birds used to speak."

Certain queerly-shaped bushes, not near forts and often alone in the middle of fields, and certain trees, are also frequented and protected. The people say that you must not hurt these bushes and trees, because "the Others" have houses near them; but sometimes it seems that, if you hurt one of them, you hurt one of "the Others," for I have been told of a man who went to cut a bush on the road to Kinvara, in Galway County, "and at the first blow he heard something like a groan coming from beneath it; but he would not leave off, and his mouth was drawn to one side all of a sudden, and two days after he died." A man has told me that he and another went in their boyhood to catch a horse in a certain field full of boulders and bushes of hazel and rock roses and creeping juniper that is by Coole Lake; and he said to the boy who was with him:—"I bet a button that if I fling a pebble on to that bush, it will stay on it," meaning that the bush was so matted that the pebble would not be able to pass through it. So he "took up a pebble of cowdung, and as soon as it hit the bush, there came out of it the most beautiful music that ever was heard." They ran away and, when they had gone about two hundred yards, they looked back, and saw a woman dressed in white walking round and round the bush:—"First it had the form of a woman and then of a man, and it going round the bush." He said that some time afterwards "the master sent men to cut down the bushes in that part of the field, and a boy was cutting them near the matted bush, and a thorn ran into his eye and blinded him." There is an old big elm at the corner of a road a couple of miles from the field; and a boy, who was passing before daylight with a load of hay, fell from his cart, and was killed just beside it, and people say that the horse was standing quite still by him when he was found, and that a shower of rain, which fell just after he was taken away, wet everything except the dust where he had lain. Many places have bad names, because people have fallen from their carts at them, and "the Others" are said to have

these people among them. The old big elm has not altogether a bad name, because it is said that one day a man was passing by it, who had come from Galway with "a ton weight in his cart," and "the lynching of his wheel came out, and the cart fell down, and a little man about two and a half feet high came out of the wall, and lifted up the cart, and held it up until he had the lynching put up again, and never said a word, but went away as he came." This may be a story come out of old times ; but it may not, for simple people live so close to trance that the lynching may never have come off, and the carter may have seen it all awake and yet asleep or asleep and yet awake ; or the lynching may have come off, and the carter may have put it on with his own hands, and not have known that he put it on. There is a plantation of younger trees near the big old elm which they protected also ; and when a man called Connellan went a while ago to cut trees there, "he was prevented, and never could get the hand-saw near a tree, nor the man that was with him " (but I have not been able to find out how he was prevented) ; and there is a whole wood bordering on the field where the matted bush used to be, which Biddy Early, a famous wise woman, used to call a "very bad place" ; and many see sights in it, and many go astray in it, and wander about for hours in a twilight of the senses. Souls are sometimes said to be put into the trees for a penance ; for there was a woman who was "for seven years in a tree at Kinadyfe, and seven years after that in the little bridge beyond Kilcreest, below the arch with the water running under her ; and while she was in the tree, whether there was frost or snow or storm, she hadn't so much as the size of a leaf to shelter her."

A woman has told me that people only see "the Others" in the forts and by the bushes and trees, because "they are thinking of them there," but that "they are everywhere like the blades of the grass" ; and she showed me a corner of a road, where there was neither a fort nor a bush nor a tree, and said that they had put her brother "into a faint" there, and that the young men were afraid to come home at night from card playing till there were a number of them together. She herself has seen something far from a fort or a bush or a tree :—"I was walking with another girl, and I looked up, and saw a tall woman dressed in black, with a mantle of some sort, a wide one, over her head, and the waves of the wind were blowing it off her, so that I could hear the noise of it. All her clothes were black and had the appearance of being new." She asked the other if she could see the woman, but

she could not:—"For two that are together can never see such things, but only one of them." They ran away then, and the woman followed them until she came to a running stream. They thought the woman was one who had been "taken," for they were coming from "a house of the Kearneys, where the father and mother had died, but it was well known they often came back to look after the children." She is confident, however, that you must not question a dead person till you come to a bush, showing, as indeed everything shows, that half the dead are believed to have gone to the houses of "the Others," lured thither by sweet music or by the promise of unearthly love, or taken captive by their marching host.

They live also in certain hills like the hill behind Corcamroe Abbey, in which they have "a town," and they are very plentiful under waters. A woman at Coole, in Galway, says:—"They are in the sea as well as on the land. That is well known by those that are out fishing by the coast. When the weather is calm, they can look down sometimes, and see cattle and pigs and all such things as we have ourselves. And at night their boats come out and they can be seen fishing; but they never last out after one o'clock."

IV.—*The Friends of the Tribes of Danu*

Though hundreds in every countryside that I know in Ireland have seen them, and think of seeing them as but a common chance, the most are afraid to see them, because they may not wish to be seen. The people about Inchy, at Coole, point out an old blind man, and say that he was not blind when he was a boy; but one day he heard the coach of "the Others," the coach-a-bower, or deaf coach, as it is called, because it makes a deaf or muffled sound, and stood up to look at them instead of sitting still and looking another way. He had only time to see beautiful ladies, with flowers about them, sitting in the coach before he was smitten blind. Some of the old books call Midir the king of the fairies; and one of the old books says that three herons stand before his door, and when they see anybody coming, the first heron cries:—"Do not come, do not come"; and the second heron cries:—"Go away"; and the third heron cries:—"Go by the house, by the house." There are, however, people that the gods favour, and permit to look upon them and go among them. A young man in the Burren Hills told me that he remembers an old

poet, who made his poems in Irish, and who met, when he was young, one who called herself Maive, and said she was a queen among them, and asked him if he would have money or pleasure. He said he would have pleasure, and she gave him her love for a time, and then went from him, and ever after he was very sad. The young man had often heard him sing the poem of lamentation that he made, but could only remember that it was "very mournful," and that it called her "beauty of all beauties." "The Others" are often said to be very good to many people, and to make their crops abundant, and to do them many services. I have been told "there was a family at Tirneevan, and they were having a wedding there; and when it was going on the wine ran short, and the spirits; and they didn't know what to do to get more, Gort being two miles away; and two or three strange people came in, that they never had seen before, but they made them welcome; and when they heard what was wanting they said they would get it, and in a few minutes they were back with the spirits and the wine, and no place to get it nearer than Gort!" But the people they let look upon them often live in poor and tumble-down houses. I asked a man once if a neighbour of his, who could see things, had the cure that is made out of seven common things, and can end "all the evils that are in the world"; and he answered:—"She has the scenery for it, but I do not know that she has it"—meaning that his neighbour's house was a poor and tumble-down house.

There was an old Martin Roland, who lived near a bog a little out of Gort, who saw them often from his young days, and always towards the end of his life. He told me a few months before his death that "they" would not let him sleep at night with crying things at him in Irish and with playing their pipes. He had asked a friend of his what he should do, and the friend had told him to buy a flute, and play on it when they began to shout or to play on their pipes, and maybe they would give up annoying him, and he did, and they always went out into the field when he began to play. He showed me the flute, and blew through it, and made a noise, but he did not know how to play; and then he showed me where he had pulled his chimney down, because one of them used to sit up on it and play on the pipes. A friend of his and mine went to see him a little time ago, for she heard that "three of them" had told him he was to die. He said they had gone away after warning him, and that the children (children they

had "taken," I suppose) who used to come with them, and play about the house with them, had "gone to some other place," because "they found the house too cold for them, maybe"; and he died a week after he said these things. His neighbours were not certain that he really saw anything in his old age, but they were all certain that he saw things when he was a young man. His brother said:—"Old he is, and it's all in his brain the things he sees. If he was a young man we might believe in him." But he was improvident and never got on with his brothers. A neighbour said:—"The poor man! they say they are mostly in his head now, but sure he was a fine fresh man twenty years ago, the night he saw them linked in two lots, like young slips of girls walking together. It was the night they took away Fallon's little girl"; and she told how Fallon's little girl had met a woman "with red hair that was as bright as silver" who took her away. Another neighbour, who was herself "clouted over the ear" by one of them for going into a fort where they were, said:—"I believe it's mostly in his head they are, and when he stood in the door last night I said:—'The wind does be always in my ears and the sound of it never stops,' to make him think it was the same with him; but he says:—'I hear them singing and making music all the time, and one of them is after bringing out a little flute, and it's on it he's playing to them.' And this I know, that when he pulled down the chimney where he said the piper used to be sitting and playing, he lifted up stones, and he an old man, that I could not have lifted when I was young and strong." The people often tell one, as a proof that somebody is in communication with "the Others," that nobody can do so much work as he does, or that nobody can lift such weights as he does, or that nobody can play so well at the hurling as he does. The Country of the Gods is called "the Country of the Young," and the strength of their youth is believed to fall about those they love just as it fell about Cuchullin and the other heroes in the poems, and as the strength of Apollo was believed to fall about his priests at Hylae, so that they could leap down steep places and tear up trees by the roots, and carry them upon their backs over narrow and high places. When one has crossed the threshold of trance, it may be that one comes to the secret Waters of Life, where Maeldun saw the dishevelled eagle bathing till it had grown young again, and that their drifting spray can put strength into our bodies.

Those who can see "the Others" as easily as Martin Roland saw them, look on them very much as we look on people from another

townland; and indeed many among those who have seen them but seldom, think of their coming and going as of a simple and natural thing and not a thing to surprise anybody. I have often been told in Galway that the people in the North of Ireland see them easily; and a friend has written for me an account of a talk she had with an old woman in Tyrone, who considers their coming and going a very small and natural thing. It is quite accurate, for my friend, who had heard the old woman's story some time before I heard of it, got her to tell it over again, and wrote it out at once. She began by telling the old woman that she did not like being in the house alone because of the ghosts and fairies; and the old woman said:—"There's nothing to be frightened about in fairies, Miss. Many's the time I talked to a woman myself that was a fairy or something of the sort, and no less and more than mortal anyhow. She used to come about your grandfather's house, your mother's grandfather that is, in my young days. But you'll have heard all about her." My friend said that she had heard about her, but a long time before, and she wanted to hear about her again; and the old woman went on:—"Well, dear, the very first time ever I heard word of her coming about was when your uncle, that is, your mother's uncle, Joseph, was married, and building a house for his wife, for he brought her first to his father's, up at the house by the Lough. The foundations were marked out, and the building stones lying about, but the masons had not come yet, and one day I was standing with my mother forment the house, when we sees a smart Wee Woman coming up the field over the burn to us. I was a bit of a girl at the time, playing about and sporting myself, but I mind her as well as if I saw her there now!" My friend asked how the woman was dressed, and the old woman said:—"It was a grey cloak she had on, with a green Cashmere skirt and a black silk handkercher tied round her head, like the countrywomen did use to wear in them times." My friend asked:—"How wee was she?" And the old woman said:—"Well, now, she wasn't wee at all when I think of it, for all we called her the Wee Woman she was bigger than many a one, and yet not tall as you would say. She was like a woman about thirty, brown-haired, and round in the face. She was like Miss Betty, your grandmother's sister, and Betty was like none of the rest, not like your grandmother nor any of them. She was round and fresh in the face, and she never was married, and she never would take any man, and we used to say that the Wee Woman, her being like Betty, was maybe one of their own people that

had been took off before she grew to her full height, and for that she was always following us and warning and foretelling. This time she walks straight over to where my mother was standing:—‘Go over to the Lough this minute’—ordering her like that!—‘go over to the Lough, and tell Joseph that he must change the foundation of this house to where I’ll show you forenenst the thorn bush. That is where it is to be built, if he is to have luck and prosperity, so do what I’m telling ye this minute.’ My mother goes over to the Lough, and brings Joseph down and shows him, and he changes the foundations, the way he was bid, but didn’t bring it exactly to where was pointed, and the end of that was, when he come to the house, his own wife lost her life with an accident that come to a horse that hadn’t room to turn right with a harrow between the bush and the wall. The Wee Woman was queer and angry when next she come, and says to us:—‘He didn’t do as I bid him, but he’ll see what he’ll see.’” My friend asked where the woman came from this time, and if she was dressed as before, and the woman said:—“Always the same way, up the field beyant the burn. It was a thin sort of shawl she had about her in summer, and a cloak about her in winter, and many and many a time she came, and always it was good advice she was giving to my mother, and warning her what not to do if she would have good luck. There was none of the other children of us ever seen her unless me, but I used to be glad when I seen her coming up the burn, and would run out and catch her by the hand and the cloak, and call to my mother:—‘Here’s the Wee Woman!’ No man body ever seen her. My father used to be wanting to, and was angry with my mother and me, thinking we were telling lies and talking foolish-like. And so one day when she had come, and was sitting by the fireside talking to my mother, I slips out to the field where he was digging, and ‘Come up,’ says I, ‘if ye want to see her. She’s sitting at the fireside now talking to mother.’ So in he comes with me and looks round angry-like and sees nothing, and he up with a broom that was near hand and hits me a crig with it, and ‘Take that now,’ says he, ‘for making a fool of me,’ and away with him as fast as he could, and queer and angry with me. The Wee Woman says to me then:—‘Ye got that now for bringing people to see me. No man body ever seen me and none ever will.’ There was one day, though, she gave him a queer fright anyway, whether he seen her or not. He was in among the cattle when it happened, and he comes

up to the house all trembling-like. 'Don't let me hear you say another word of your Wee Woman. I have got enough of her this time.' Another time all the same he was up Gortin to sell horses, and, before he went off, in steps the Wee Woman, and says she to my mother, holding out a sort of a weed:—'Your man is gone up by Gortin, and there's a bad fright waiting him coming home, but take this and sew it in his coat, and he'll get no harm by it.' My mother takes the herb but thinks to herself:—'Shure there's nothing in it,' and throws it on the floor, and lo and behold and sure enough! coming home from Gortin, my father got as bad a fright as ever he got in his life. What it was I don't right mind, but anyway he was badly damaged by it. My mother was in a queer way, frightened by the Wee Woman, after what she done, and sure enough the next time she was angry. 'Ye didn't believe me,' she said, 'and ye threw the herb I gave ye in the fire, and I went far enough for it. Ye'll believe me when I tell ye this now.'" She then told them of a time they were in Edinburgh and of a countrywoman that came up and talked to them. They did not remember at first, but when she told them what they had talked about, they remembered.

"There was another time she came and told how William Hearn was dead in America. 'Go over,' she says, 'to the Lough, and say that William is dead, and he died happy, and this was the last Bible chapter ever he read,' and with that she gave the verse and chapter. 'Go,' she says, 'and tell them to read them at the next class-meeting, and that I held his head while he died.' And sure enough word came after that how William had died on the day she named. And, doing as she bid about the chapter and hymn, they never had such a prayer meeting as that. One day she and me and my mother was standing talking, and she was warning her about something, when she says of a sudden:—'Here comes Miss Letty in all her finery, and it's time for me to be off.' And with that she gave a swirl round on her feet, and raises up in the air, and round and round she goes, and up and up, as if it was a winding stairs she went up, only far swifter. She went up and up, till she was no bigger nor a bird up against the clouds, singing and singing the whole time the loveliest music I ever heard in my life from that day to this. It wasn't a hymn she was singing, but poetry, lovely poetry, and me and my mother stands gaping up, and all of a tremble. 'What is she at all, mother?' says I. 'Is it an angel she is or a fairy woman, or what?' With that up come Miss

Letty, that was your grandmother, dear, but Miss Letty she was then, and no word of her being anything else, and she wondered to see us gaping up that way, till me and my mother told her of it. She went on gay dressed then, and was lovely looking. She was up the lane where none of us could see her coming forward when the Wee Woman rose up in that queer way, saying:—‘Here comes Miss Letty in all her finery.’” Who knows to what far country she went or to see who dying?

“It was never after dark she came, but daylight always as far as I mind, but wanst, and that was on a Hallow Eve night. My mother was by the fire, making ready the supper, she had a duck down and some apples. In slips the Wee Woman. ‘I’m come to pass my Hallow Eve with you,’ says she. ‘That’s right,’ says my mother, and thinks to herself:—‘I can give her supper nicely.’ Down she sits by the fire awhile. ‘Now I’ll tell you where you’ll bring my supper,’ says she. ‘In the room beyond there beside the loom, set a chair in and a plate.’ ‘When ye’re spending the night, mayn’t ye as well sit by the table and ate with the rest of us?’ ‘Do what you’re bid, and set whatever you give me in the room beyant. I’ll eat there and nowhere else.’ So my mother sets her a plate of duck and some apples, whatever was going, in where she bid, and we got to our supper and she to hers; and when we rose I went in, and there, lo and behold ye, was her supper plate a bit ate of each portion, and she clean gone!”

The old woman went on to tell how her mother made the Wee Woman angry “off and on like she did about the herb, and asking questions that way. The Wee Woman said one day:—‘You’re in trouble now, but it is in thicker trouble you will be, and you’ll mind this warning, and believe what I tell you.’ And after this she quit coming.” But the old woman saw her once more, and before the “thick trouble” came, as it did:—“One night I was over on some errand to your uncle’s people’s place. Rightly I mind it was a basket of praties we were carrying, me and a girl called Rosanna M’Laren, and coming over the stile by the haggard, I leaped over first, the better to help with the basket, and what do I see across the burn, over by a haystack, but the Wee Woman with all her hair hanging about her, lovely long brown hair, and she combing away at it; and I gives a screech, startled like, and Rosanna drops the basket, and all the praties spilt, but when I turned my head back, she was

clean gone, while you would take time to wink, and the two of us took to our heels as hard as we could, and round the end of the house. I don't know what came over me to be scared that way at seeing her, but maybe she was angered, for from that day to this I never seen or heard tell of her, but once that she came to my mother in Belfast. She was always friendly with me, and I was always glad to see her, and I would run out to meet her; but none of the children ever seen her except myself, only my mother and me, and no man body at all at all, as I have told ye."

"Uncle Joseph's" house had to be moved, one has no doubt, because it was "on the path"; for there are stories everywhere of houses that had to be pulled down, because they were "on the path" or "in the way," or were pulled down by the whirling winds that are "the Others" journeying in their ways. There is a house in Gort, for instance, on which, people say, it is impossible to keep a roof, although the roofs keep on the houses beside it. I have no doubt either that the old woman's mother threw the herb away, because she was afraid of it, for the gifts of "the Others" are often believed to bring ill-luck in the end. The people say:—"O, yes, it is best to be without them anyway." If the "Wee Woman" was, as I think she was, one of the dead, she came on Hallow Eve because it was the beginning of the old Celtic winter, and the time when many old nations held a festival of the dead amid the dropping leaves and gathering cold. In Brittany a table covered with food and a warm fire are left for them even now on "All Souls Night," which is but two days from Hallow Eve. "The Others," however, are said also to be busier, on Hallow Eve and on the first of November, than at any other time, except the first of May, the beginning of the old Celtic summer. The Wee Woman ate by herself, because "the Others," and the dead, and even the living, that are among them, may not eat while mortal eyes are looking. The people put potatoes on the doorstep for them, often night after night throughout the year, and these potatoes must not have been "put on the table," for they would not eat them if they had been "put before any common person"; and there is a young man near Gort who is believed to go out of our world at night, and it is said, though not correctly, that he will not let anybody see him eating. All ancient peoples set food for the dead, and believed that they could eat as we do, and about this and about the possibility of them and of "the Others" bringing and taking away solid things I have much to say, but at present I hold a clean

mirror to tradition. They often go away as the Wee Woman did by going up and round and round in the air. A woman who lives by Kiltartan bog says:—"I often saw a light in the wood at Derreen. It would rise high over the trees going round and round. I'd see it maybe for fifteen minutes at a time, and then it would fall like a lamp"; and the whirling winds that are their winds, but were called the dance of the daughters of Herodias in the middle ages, show how much their way is a whirling way.

All of us are said to have a great many friends among them—relations and forbears snatched away; and they are said to come at times like the Wee Woman to warn us and protect us, and lament over us. I have been told that nobody can tell how many have been snatched away, for that two or three years ago "eighteen or nineteen young men and young girls" were taken out of one village. The Country of "the Others," "the Country of the Young," is in truth the heaven of the ancient peoples, and I can discover, and will show in the stories told of it, the ancient thoughts, plausible and complex thoughts, about life and death. It has been the Celt's great charge to remember it with ancient things, among forgetful peoples; and it may be his charge to speak of it and of ancient sanctities to peoples who have only new things. It was perhaps for this that the Roman went by him afar off, and that the Englishman is beating in vain upon his doors and wondering how doors of dreams can be so greatly harder than doors of iron; and that his days pass among grey stones and grey clouds and grey seas, among things too faint and seemingly frail to awaken him from the sleep, in which the ancient peoples dreamed the world and the glory of it, and were content to dream.

W. B. YEATS.

THE MONOTYPE

IT is so complete and provident, foreseeing every difficulty and surmounting it, aware of every advantage and seizing it, that you can hardly help feeling it to be a portent, inexplicable, born out of season, without father or mother, or beginning of days. Yet, though its inventor is a statistician, who came upon it not through the study of printing, but in the devising of calculating machines, the Monotype, like every seeming prodigy, is the issue of a long development, the offspring of a hundred ancestors. Revolution is the child of evolution in printing as everywhere else.

The machine looks modest, and, to anybody capable of understanding machines, very simple. It stands perhaps four feet high, it is three feet eight inches long by three feet broad, and it weighs only nine hundred pounds. It requires very little power to drive it. The buzz of its driving belt and the click, click of the work it is doing hardly makes itself heard at your ear above the clatter of Leadenhall Street. Altogether it is one of the least ostentatious machines that ever made a revolution. But if you look at it closer and realise what it is doing, that machine is one of the greatest marvels of all the marvellous history of machinery, the crown of over five centuries' development in the most vital of all civilising arts. The machine is casting and setting type all by itself—setting it, too, more regularly, more cleanly, more cheaply, and more untiringly than written words have ever been set before. Click, click, click; and with each click a fire-new, shining letter slides out into its place in a line of print. Click, click, click, till a line is finished: the line slides up into its place in a column, and the machine, before you have finished watching the line fall in, has pushed out nearly half the next. Nobody is touching it—nobody telling it what to say. It just goes on clicking out words and words, thoughts and thoughts. It is the most human of all machines and the most inhuman. It is human in its seemingly self-suggested intelligence, inhuman in its deliberate yet unrelenting precision. Unprompted and

unchecked, it might be clicking out life-giving truth or devilish corruption and clicking it out for ever.

Its full name is the Lanston Monotype Machine ; its familiars call it briefly the Monotype. It is almost a relief—so much you are hypnotised by the apparent spontaneity of the thing—to learn that it is not saying just what it likes, that it is, after all, like other machines, man's servant. There is a paper roll being unwound and re-wound on the top of it, punched with holes in various positions like the drum of a musical box, which is telling it what to say. There is a kind of tank where from time to time it must be fed with metal to cast its types from. But within these limitations its activity is only bounded by the time required for each type to cool ; give it words to set and metal to set them with and it will go on unaided till you like to stop it.

To get a vague idea of its working you must begin with the perforated roll. There is a keen-faced, clean-shaven young man in spectacles working what appears to be a typewriter in one corner of the room : that is the captain of the setting machine, and the man is the captain of that. The two parts make really one machine, and yet the one is perfectly independent in place or time of the other. The machine's master begins by setting an index : the index fixes the length of the line required. Then he begins playing on the keys as with a typewriter ; only each key, instead of writing a letter, punches two round holes in the roll. So he taps letter after letter till he has punched a word ; then he taps a space and on to the next word. Presently, when he is coming to the end of a line, a bell rings. You notice a semi-circular dial, just above the bank of keys, with a pointer travelling across it. The bell means this : the line has now progressed so far that another syllable would fill it too full. You must now "justify," as printers call it : that is, equalise the spaces between the words of the line. The Monotype's method of doing this is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all its beauties. There is a registering scale which has been following all the movements of the operator : it now reveals on the dial, first, how much space is over, to be divided equally among the spaces between the words, and, second, the number of spaces between words among which this residuary space is to be divided. Say there is one-tenth of an inch over and there are ten spaces : an addition of one-hundreth of an inch to each will justify the line. To do such a thing by hand means time and distraction of attention, and probably inaccuracy after all ; to the Monotype it is child's play. The operator simply taps a key which

punches yet another hole in the ribbon. When the ribbon comes to control the setting machine that hole ensures that the word-spaces shall be just one-hundredth above the normal size, and the line will be justified with absolute mathematical exactness.

When the ribbon is punched full it is lifted off the key-board and fixed on to the casting and setting machine. The holes in it correspond mathematically with a set of dies comprising all the characters and symbols used in type-setting. These are carried in a case mounted on a compound slide, the parts of which move at right angles. Air is shot through these holes by a pneumatic tube, and the force brings the die required under a jet of molten metal. The metal is forced into the mould, the type is cast and shot out into the galley. The whole thing comes out hind part before and upside down; the justifying holes at the ends of each line are thus the first to come under the observation of the machine, which casts all the space types of the lines accordingly. If there is a mistake as to the length of the line, the Monotype refuses. It stops dead; the minder puts the error right, and the sagacious creature starts on again. When the whole galley is set a proof is pulled and corrected in the ordinary way; each type is an individual, so that there is no need of re-casting. When the type is done with it can either be retained for use, being every bit as good as foundry type, or melted up and used over again. By reason of its facilities for changing the measure of lines and its accuracy of justification, the Monotype can set tabular matter and over-run illustrations better than this can be done by hand. It is the only machine which can make full use of capitals and italics as supplied in a full fount of type. Other machines can produce but a hundred characters with a hundred different movements; it can produce two hundred and twenty-five with thirty. To cut technicalities, the Monotype can do everything that printing can ask. It is the child of evolution. Since very early in the century machinery has fought the compositor, and though the man has kept his head up hitherto, like the man he is, it was certain that in the end he must go down. Not down altogether, of course, but down as a hand compositor: a man's a man, and will earn his bread whether he trims sails or stokes furnaces, whether he picks types out of a box into a stick or sits on a seat and hits keys. But the earliest efforts of machinery left the compositor by hand still easy master of the situation.

There have been two main families of these, which may conveniently

be styled the spout kind and the wheel kind. The original begetter of the first, Dr. Church, was an American, like Mr. Lanston to-day ; the inventors who brought it into practice, Young and Delcambre, were, again like him, not professional printers. Their machine, once more like its triumphant descendant of to-day, started with a key-board ; the types were lying in grooves according to their kinds, and a touch on the key released the first in the groove. The letters, successively released, were conducted through devious passages, which finally all united in the spout. Thence they issued in an endless line ; a second operator sat at the end of the spout to cut them up into lengths as they emerged, and justify the lines so made. It was magnificent, but it did not work. Types are more unruly than those who know them only as printed letters usually conceive. An "m" and an "i," for instance, are of very different sizes and very different weights. The spout had to be broad enough for "m," and so "i" slewed round and stuck in the middle, and had to be prised out with a bodkin ; meanwhile, portly "m" was emerging with a thud into the receiver and ricocheting into the inane. Sometimes the operator at the key-board operated too fast, and then, while "m" and "i" were struggling through their tunnels, "g" came bounding along and slipped in at the junction before them. If the type was sticky or the passages damp all these things became worse. So that the spout type of machine, though not unused, never conquered the human hand.

The wheel type was born in 1858, its inventor being a journalist, Dr. Mackie. In this family the types are arranged round a wheel—whether a disc or a grooved revolving pillar—which is spun round and arranged so that the right type stops opposite the receiver and slides in. Despite the irrelevant suggestions of Monte Carlo and the Buddhist praying-machine, this was a much faster and more practical kind of machine than the other. But even this found difficulties in working. It wore away the feet of the type in the grooves, so that they went "off their feet," as the phrase is, and you cannot take a type's shoes off and turn it out to grass. A type is not a butterfly either, but it can be broken on a wheel, and often is in this kind of machine. The wheel machine, from these and other causes, was very expensive, and the human hand remained undismayed.

It was a different matter when the Linotype arrived. This machine may be said to mark the transition from old to new, for it gave up the struggle with insubordinate, jamming, breaking, types and cast its own

type as it went along. The operator taps his key, and the tap releases a die and brings it into place. The line when set is justified by driving up widening steel wedges between the words. Then molten metal is injected into the line of dies, forming a bar of type representing the line. This bar must be trimmed, and then it is ready to take its place in the galley. The dies are mechanically conveyed back to their own place. This machine was plainly a very great advance. It saved the labour involved in justification, and the distribution of types, after being used, into their proper cases ready for use again. It saved cost of type, wear and tear of plant, and especially floor space. Its victory was neither immediate nor complete, for reasons which will appear in a moment; but for the first time it established an advantage for the machine over the hand.

Thus was the way prepared for the crowning achievement of the Monotype. If it appears inferior in speed to the Linotype, because it involves the separate operations with the key-board and the casting-and-setting machine, it takes its revenge in the quality of the printing, in the range of its characters, in economy, and in convenience. The types are clean cut and deep in the shoulder, as it is called, so that they offer the promise of the very clearest and finest impression. The dies, being held in rows in a square case, require mechanical movements equal to only double the square root of their total number. If there are two hundred and twenty-five characters—fifteen rows of fifteen apiece—there are fifteen horizontal and fifteen perpendicular movements to bring the dies under the jet of metal, or thirty in all. So with forty movements you could use four hundred characters; with fifty, six hundred and twenty-five. The Linotype needs a separate mechanical movement for each character: this necessarily limits the number of characters employed, and therewith—as, for instance, by the exclusion of italics—the range and attractiveness of the printing. In point of economy the Monotype requires less labour than any other machine. Eight expert key-board operators can punch rolls fast enough to keep ten machines going; one man can feed and mind all ten. That means nine men to ten complete machines—a complete machine run by a decimal fraction of a man! With this and other economies the cost of production works out roughly at something like one quarter of that of hand work. But perhaps the most attractive vista of possibility before the Monotype is opened out by the separability of its parts. Small printers can combine in the purchase and up-keep of a casting machine,

each having his own key-board and sending its rolls to the central dépôt to be cast at leisure. This same roll can be stored away and kept to infinity. It is virtually printed matter, and ready to go on the machine and come out in type at any moment. With other methods, whether Linotype, wheel, spout, or hand, if you want to preserve matter—say for the second edition of a book—you must store the type itself, taking up space for which you must pay rent, and spending money on stereotype plates on which you lose the interest. With the Monotype you just put away the rolls on a shelf. When you want to reprint you just take down the rolls, put them on the machines, leave a man sitting up to feed them, and go to bed; when you wake up the Monotype has done the rest.

In this light the apparent slowness involved in the separate parts of the Monotype turns out a real gain in speed. All other setting machines are limited in their capacity by the endurance of their human operators. Imagine a press of work: when your Linotypists are tired out you must let your machine stand idle while they sleep; your Monotypists in the meantime, their whole attention fixed on the mental processes of the key-board with no distraction to the mechanical processes of the casting, may be presumed to have held out longer, at higher pressure, to have punched more than the other men have linotyped. When they go home to bed the casting machine will click serenely on all night; it wants no food but copy and metal, and no sleep at all.

And now for the most wonderful dream of all. No compositor at all, but every author his own printer! If the divine fire can be struck out on the keys of a typewriter, why not on the keys of a Monotype? The sage of the future will unlade his wisdom in the form of little round holes in a brown-paper roll. He will send down the roll to his editor or publisher; it will be put on the machine, and the machine will turn it out in print without the touch of any hand but his own. If this can be, our valued friend, the compositor, turns out only a superfluous middleman after all. His profit must be cut off: he must go. After all, in this literary age, it is increasingly easy for him to become a popular author—a profession sometimes cleaner than his present one, and very often better paid.

Still, there will always remain one place for the compositor: he will make the author's corrections in the columns which the Monotype has set up. The Linotype abolishes the cost of corrections by abolishing the corrections themselves, and therewith, incidentally, abolishing

literature also. In theory, correction is possible with it: it sets its type in solid lines, and if you want to add or subtract a comma, the whole line must be set all over again. In practice, the re-setting and re-casting of the whole line means too much trouble and time and expense; therefore the comma is not corrected, and bad work is the result. The reader is annoyed or confused or misled by mistakes, or else he is taught to believe that in the art of writing trifles don't matter. The writer is forced to acquiesce in the same heresy. He must not revise and correct, and in time, by dint of seeing many scandalous blunders in his work, learns to accept blunders in spelling, in grammar, in style, as a necessary condition of literature—of which disease literature must eventually die.

You who have seen your noblest sentiments, your most resounding phrases pass under the harrow of the Linotype will confess that this is no exaggeration. The Linotype made for bad writing; the Monotype, giving out work as easy of correction as hand-set types, if it does not make directly for good writing, at least does not make against it. It does affirmatively make for good printing. In the meantime, it is permitted to welcome a machine which, whilst, like most of its breed, it makes life swifter and more exciting, does not, like many, leave it uglier than it found it.

G. W. STEEVENS.

RHODES AND THE RIGHT OF WAY

“REMEMBER, remember, the Fifth of November”—an old catch-word, almost forgotten, of religious faction in the little island which is the Mother Country to South Africans. These out-worn battle-cries seem strangely meaningless in the ears of men who found Jesuit fathers at work when they went forward into an unknown country, now known as Rhodesia. Yet the name, Rhodesia, which spells toleration and comradeship to the first pioneers of that great country, seems, at home, to evoke the ghosts of dead political and religious passions.

Rhodesia, to its founders, recalls Mother Patrick, Father Kerr and Father Hartmann, Mr. Rhodes, the Rev. John Mackenzie, and Sir Charles Warren, not as Tories or as Radicals, Catholics or Nonconformists, Colonials or Imperialists, but as human beings, who—for one or other reason, political, religious, or humanitarian, it makes no matter—threw in their lot with the natural expansion of English civilisation towards the north. In South Africa Englishmen and Dutchmen, Catholics and Protestants, British soldiers and Colonial statesmen, Soldiers of the Crown and Soldiers of the Cross, all forwarded this expansion. But, now, when it has been effected, a small chorus of detraction is heard: a chorus enlisted from camps curiously diverse. Not “misfortune,” but in this case, the good fortune of South Africa and humanity, has made “strange bed-fellows”; for Mr. John Morley and the German Emperor, Mr. Arnold Forster and Mr. Page Hopps, Dr. Leyds and Mr. Leonard Courtney, are all exercised in their minds. And it is, thank goodness and Mr. Rhodes, not the *Fifth* that we are to remember, but the *Fourth*. For on the Fourth of November, 1897, His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, G.C.M.G., &c., will declare the railway from Cape Town to Buluwayo open; and by the railway I mean the thousand four hundred and sixty miles of steel rails and iron sleepers imported from England to South Africa.

Now, how has this been done? Up to '84 the Government of the Cape Colony had opened some seven hundred and forty miles from

Cape Town to Kimberley, then practically the limit of the British Right of Way to the North. Between the frontier of Cape Colony and what is now Rhodesia lay Bechuanaland. This no-man's-land—large as a European State—stretched between the Transvaal Republic solemnly constituted in the east by Mr. Gladstone in '81 and German South-West Africa, idly discarded by us as worthless in '83, on the west. Through this no-man's-land ran the Right of Way from the Colony to its hinterland, Rhodesia; thus inexplicably restricted by the caprice of the British Government and the resultant apathy of the Cape Government. Though restricted, it was still large, judged by a European standard; but it was not secure. In point of fact, it had been not only narrowed but also jeopardised. To bar the Right of Way, President Kruger had encouraged two raids, and, through his agents, Gey van Pittius and Groot Adriaan de la Rey, founded the two Republics of Stellaland and Rooigrond. Now, the Rev. John Mackenzie had in it taken up the labours of Moffat and Livingstone among the Bechuana tribes; and in consequence of the outrages perpetrated by the filibusters of these two bogus Republics—projected by President Kruger to block the Right of Way—Mr. Mackenzie, "who had long been engaged as a missionary in promoting the interests of the Bechuanaland people,"* was invested with the authority of Deputy-Commissioner. But the attacks on the natives, who claimed British protection, continued, and his efforts on their behalf proved unavailing; so Mr. Rhodes was appointed to succeed to Mr. Mackenzie, and Mr. Rhodes succeeded where Mr. Mackenzie had failed. The Stellaland Republic was ready, on terms, to recognise the British flag; the Rooigrond Republic was not. And the Rooigrond Republic, though north of the Stellaland, and then remote, was still a block to the Right of Way: a most pernicious thing to eyes which looked to a larger future. So Mr. Rhodes, as Deputy-Commissioner, recommended an Imperial Expedition, and Major-General Sir Charles Warren made his progress through the country. As a consequence the sphere of British influence was extended to the Zambesi, and the Right of Way to Rhodesia was preserved.

But, as every one ought by this time to know, a sphere of influence must be confirmed by effective occupation. Followed, accordingly, the effective occupation of Rhodesia by Mr. Rhodes—the organisation

* Official handbook—*Noble*.

of the Pioneer expedition and its successful march of a thousand miles ; the founding of Salisbury, the capital of Mashonaland ; the defeat of the Portuguese at Massakessi ; the check to the Boer invasion on the Limpopo ; the conquest of Matabeleland, necessitated, so Mr. Gladstone declared, by the interests of humanity ; the founding of Buluwayo ; and the record construction, by Mr. George Pauling, of the last five hundred miles of line. It is all of it "another story" ; but none at all of it would have been possible or intelligible unless, thirteen years ago, Mr. Rhodes had taken steps, contemplated years even before that, to checkmate German intrigue and Boer aggression. To-day he has his reward ; and on the Fourth of November, '97, His Excellency Sir Alfred Milner, High Commissioner of South Africa, will, in the presence of representatives from the Parliaments of Great Britain, Cape Colony, and Natal, declare the railway from Cape Town to Buluwayo open.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A SUMMER OF UNREST

HISTORY has learnt to concern itself less with princes than with peoples, or we might expect the summer of 1897 to be inscribed in its pages as the Summer of Unrest. The populations of Europe have been as quiet this year as last, or as in any other of the decade: flurried, of course, in a holiday-making way, by the coming and going of kings and emperors on some tremendous mysterious business, but with no burning desire or discontent to distract them from their own affairs. Certain great cities would have been less gay without those magnificent arrivals and departures, but there is no reason to think that they would have been in the least bit grieved. In its origin the stir has been princely and imperial altogether, and now, when all is over, we are to understand that the one anxiety of the disturbers was that nothing should be disturbed. Peace, they one and all protested, was their sole purpose; and this, indeed, may be believed, though on a first impulse we might be inclined to say that if peace was really their object, its better means of attainment would have been the strict devotion of each potentate to home affairs.

Yet there has been no deception, or, rather, no one need be deceived who takes the common declaration of Czar, President, Kaiser, and King literally, though without confining it to its simplest meaning. Each of these great ones declared, whenever the solemn moment recurred for raising his glass, that first and last he was resolute for peace. A distinguished foreign statesman is reported to have said that his confidence in the future would be more serene if this word "peace" had been uttered less often. In so saying he was too suspicious, perhaps—and not suspicious enough. The word may be accepted as quite sincere, though not as signifying necessarily that nothing is to be disturbed. No doubt the word does yield this meaning, and it is seemingly the one that we are expected to amuse ourselves with. But there are others of various shades, and when they are considered it appears that the only meaning which King and Kaiser, President and Czar can be held to is, that the main object of their conferences was to

do without war : in other words, so to manage that there shall be no fighting. In any case, that is a desirable object with each and all of them, and would be so even if war were not the frightfully hazardous and costly thing it has become. Yet we should mark that, though a peaceful object, it is entirely compatible with a vast deal of disturbance. All depends upon what it is that is to be managed without fighting.

That something or that some aggregate of things is to be managed, and that the purpose is of considerable importance, is pretty clear. All the needful machinery for exchanging pledges of peace already existed in the various embassies. It is a machinery which suffices to dispose of even the gravest affairs, and is certainly effective enough to register a general determination to remain at peace upon all grounds of difference at present existing. But for this purpose it was thought to be not enough. It may be said that such conferences have been held several times before, when also the business in hand might have been settled by ordinary diplomatic methods ; but that is hardly the case. Some business of this kind is so high and so delicate that its essentials have to be settled by interchange of royal and imperial words of honour. So it has been at other times, and there are particular reasons for believing that this last occasion was as grave and as secret as any of its predecessors.

It may be boldly averred that the actual state of things in Europe for some years past has itself been a sufficient guarantee of peace as between one Continental nation and another. With or without treaties of alliance, France was beyond the fear of German attack, Germany of French attack, Russia of any attack. This state of things was secured by the conditions amid which each country stands, its relative strength and its relative fears. Its main support, however, is this : on no account does it suit Russian policy either that France should suffer under German attack or Germany under French attack. While those two countries remain in their present relations to each other, and stand so nearly equal in strength and resource, Russia is master of both. To keep them in that delicately-balanced relation must, of course, be a main point of policy at St. Petersburg ; and that it actually is so appears from the fact that it has been maintained through all the treaty-brewing of the last two years. Whatever the agreements and understandings that have been come to, nobody doubts that her war of revenge is forbidden to France, or believes that Germany would be allowed to enfeeble the French by any means of attack. And that

is not a new situation. It is but continuance of a state of things which came into existence when Bismarck was at the height of his power and France was still on her knees. For practical purposes, it can be no more effective after the Russo-French Treaty was signed than it was before; so that, so far as the maintenance of peace in Continental Europe is concerned, it is hard to see what conferences or what formalities of alliance were needed.

Nor was there any such need, we may be sure. These that have lately ended had to do, first, secondly, thirdly, with affairs out of Europe, as may be judged not only from their needlessness for other purposes, but also from the conferences themselves. The chiefs of all the great Continental Powers took part in them, and with pretty much the same ceremonial display. Amidst public talk of a dual alliance to balance the Triple Alliance, here were the members of both conferring together and even making definite agreements across the supposed line of separation. To be sure, there is no direct authority for saying this as to the King of Italy, but indirect authority is not far to seek. There has been much development, much change, much revelation in the world's affairs of late; and, in consequence, the Government of the Italian Kingdom perceives that it has almost as good reason as the German Emperor himself to stand well with the Russian Government. The mutual engagements of the Triple Alliance only applied to certain war contingencies in Europe. The potential remains of that Alliance (such as it has sunk to) have the same limited application. In any matter beyond the range of its provisions, freedom to act with the Dual Alliance is ostentatiously proclaimed; and not only proclaimed but carried into practice. There is official authority for the belief that Austria has entered into a compact with Russia; the German Emperor entirely approves of it—is probably in some efficient way a party to it—and the Marquis di Rudini finds no reason to object. All this points to the same explanation of the recent conferences. There is a definite scheme of agreement amongst the greater European Powers for the peaceful handling of certain affairs out of Europe—that is to say, for the handling of them by a syndicate strong enough to overawe or overcome whatever opposition may be offered by outsiders: intimation of which was given in that remarkable speech of the German Emperor's, in which he said that, standing at Russia's side, he would strike down any one who ventured to interfere with these arrangements for peace.

The proportionate number of shares held by the various members of

the syndicate is not generally known. It may be true, as is commonly thought, that the German Emperor has fewer than he would like, though no one takes a livelier interest in the concern. Italy, we know, would have preferred a different combination, but a country so placed must look for safety where it can be found; and a different combination became impossible when Great Britain gave up the game to Russia, seeking retirement from public life. But however these details may stand (and all details are swallowed up in the one fact of Russia's permitted and acknowledged mastery), one thing is clear, and that is the main thing. There is no secret as to where out of Europe the syndicate proposes to conduct its operations. Its wide field is the Near East, the Far East, and certain important regions of Africa, where are strewn the greater part of the interests and possessions upon which, as a nation, we propose to live henceforth a private life of ease. And this it is that gives England her only concern with the New Peace, which her statesmen are not expected to disturb by anything more violent than diplomatic resistance.

There is warrant for the expectation; for, not by accident but by due process of thought, our own statesmanship prepared the way for the syndicate and made all its paths straight. In politics most things are disputable. But this is not one of them.

When France was conquered by the Germans, not Germany but Russia became dictator in Continental Europe. This was immediately understood and universally confessed. By no one was it more fully acknowledged than by Bismarck himself; as when, submissive to a Russian warning, he withheld that second blow at France that was prepared for her complete destruction. From that moment the great question was whether Slav domination, thus acquired, would be allowed to consolidate and endure. This was not a question for the Continental nations alone. No people were more deeply interested in it than the English, the wherefore of which being as plain then as it is now. Empire in the East has always been the great aim of Russian ambition: ascendancy in Europe is mainly valued as contributing to its achievement. It may be said with a near approach to truth that England lives by Empire in the East; and there is probably no more stupid conception in politics than a conquering Russia content with the rôle of a second King of Brentford, smelling with the other prince at one rose. Yet, with all this, while our tired and timid diplomacy speculated at large on the convenience or inconvenience

of the Russian dictatorship to other nations, its chief use and value to Russia out of Europe was either undiscovered or dismissed unrecognised from the field of vision. Certainly this is true, that after Lord Beaconsfield's death there was no more consideration of it, and of course no thought of providing against it. And if that were all! But no. The Russian domination was helped from Downing Street—was even by England's own act and deed established. At the same time, and to make the business complete, extraordinary means were taken in two directions to facilitate the design for which the dictatorship is particularly prized. I mean, of course, complete appropriation of the rose.

The Russian domination being what it is, entirely paralysing to British diplomacy, the assertion that it was confirmed by England may seem strange. It is true, nevertheless; and also true that the process was very nearly direct. At first temporary and occasional, the Czar's dictatorship depended for settlement upon the consent—or, the same thing, the non-interference—of Her Majesty's Government. Her Majesty's Government or Governments declined to interfere. And this was done, not by the simple old expedient of "lettings things slide," but deliberately—in this way. The German statesmen were far from content, of course, with an overlordship so entirely authoritative, and therefore contrived the Triple Alliance. But it was seen from the first that this Alliance would soon prove ineffective without the pledged support of Great Britain. With England in the compact the domination of Russia would still be an unfulfilled dream; and as from the moment of entering the Alliance England must have been its chief member, with all the command that a Prime Minister enjoys in a Constitutional Cabinet, the talk of "entanglement" was—what it was: the babble of ineffectiveness and timidity making an excuse for venturing nothing. Once in the Alliance, with her fleets and her wealth, the merest threat of withdrawal would have silenced instantly any attempt to use the League for purposes uninscribed in the deed of partnership. However, our poor tired diplomacy would hear of no such tremendous adventure, and, alarmed at the proposal of it, the contemplation of it, hastened to proclaim a decision of precisely opposite character. England was resolved to make no alliances, no engagements of the kind; definitely preferring isolation.

By that resolve the ascendancy of Russia was assured. England retiring, the relations of the Continental States to each other, and the

Czar's now perfect command of alliances amongst them, gave him the mastery which England was herself to feel as soon as any other nation. The Triple Alliance wilted ; every member of it feeling (Germany with rage) that it must needs find peace under the new dictator. Not a difficult thing, however, for the dictator meant no harm by any of them. All they had to do was to be friendly and serviceable where they need not be at loss, but where mutual profit might be arranged. That being understood, England came forward to facilitate the whole scheme. The war between China and Japan offered one grand occasion of doing so, and it was not thrown away. The British Government so ordered its policy when the conflict began as to throw Russia, Germany, and France into agreement for ordering affairs to their liking in the Far East. If the wish was to accustom these Powers to such arrangements, the result must have been entirely satisfactory to Her Majesty's Ministers. The event proved that the three Powers could work together in such ways harmoniously and successfully ; and so cheering an experiment naturally encouraged a hope of equal success in other fields.

Of these the more important lay in the Near East, and there England soon found her second opportunity of helping Europe's dictator to what he most desired. As all men know, affairs in that region have been for years under control of six European Governments, acting when necessary in committee. While England still had an Eastern policy, and so might be considered as a possible ally or a strong foe, her voice in that committee had weight ; she could reckon upon having with her the vote of other nations. But when her retirement was gazetted, and Russia took the presidential chair, those votes had to be made over to the Czar for peace and safety, or as the price of new and necessary bargaining. The Concert and its machinery was now entirely under Russian command. It was so worked during the Armenian trouble with little disguise. Since then it has worked with none ; for the German agency in working it is, of course, part of the new system and no disguise. This, however, was but half of the boon which England's great rival has to thank her for. When there was no longer courage enough to carry it on, her Eastern policy might have been dropped. But merely to do that was not enough for her later Governments. They must needs *reverse it*. While it lasted, England was a strong and influential friend of Turkey, which is the centre of Islam, the one great Mahommedan State. She now became

the enemy of Turkey—the most bitter and yet the most ineffectual; for Russia, which *was* the enemy, stepped in at once as the friend! (What astonishment at Hatfield! What bitterness at Hawarden! What laughter in St. Petersburg then!) Of the two Mahommedan empires, England and Russia, our own had the enormous advantage of being the one that was most trusted throughout the whole Mahommedan world. Upon grounds of wisdom and enlightenment, though quite without reward in the destruction of Ottoman rule, we changed the relation and made ourselves the most hated. That was the last, the great, the crowning stroke. Impossible that more could be done to give the mastery to a rival State, or more to smooth the way for its competitive ambitions.

It was, then, to settle the order of things thus created that the royal and imperial conferences of 1897 were held; the display attending them being of the nature of a grand fanfaronade, proclaiming to north, south, east, and west the birth of a new *régime*. The actual business done was partly of choice, partly of necessity. One of the six great Powers having definitely fallen out of the European system, and another having shifted into the centre of control, the relations of the other four had, of course, to find re-adjustment. Mere gravitation did most of the work, naturally; yet there was a considerable field for arbitrary accommodation and arrangement, and there the representatives of all five nations were busy. Meeting and parting so harmoniously, they must have gone upon some common scheme of active or passive agreement, and what that was neither Russian nor Frenchman, neither German nor Austrian, ever doubted. While one such scheme has been heard of incessantly in all quarters, no other has been mentioned in any quarter. Not only in “les organes le plus distinguées de la presse Russe,” where an eminent French publicist found it in such abundance, but in “les organes le plus distinguées” everywhere in Continental Europe there was and is but one idea of what is to happen in the near future, unless by some great diplomatic stroke we change the whole condition of things. The expectation is that the new Alliance will be presently launched “dans les eaux d’une politique irrévocablement anti-Anglaise.”

And that is indeed what may be expected, except that the words “les eaux d’une politique anti-Anglaise” might be used in a more appropriate if less romantic figure. As the phrase stands, the launching

of ships, of ships of war, is suggested, but nothing in the world is less likely at present. To be sure, the German Emperor has been credited with proposing an arrangement for actual attack upon England; for which there is the argument that our Governments, sensible at last of the danger they had habitually neglected, were making good deficiencies at a prodigious rate. At such a rate that the German Emperor himself must have known that, were the Alliance to launch its ships against the British fleets, there is some likelihood that before sundown some fine day the league and its navy would find themselves shattered. It is a misfortune, perhaps, that this probability was made so evident at Spithead lately; and yet, for that matter, it seems hardly credible that the warning spectacle should do more than confirm the choice of an unwarlike plan of operations by our good friends abroad. For we may depend upon it that there is no present idea of combination for actual attack. The less heroic but not less promising intention is to squeeze. "*Les eaux d'une politique anti-Anglaise*" are to work by hydraulic pressure.

There have been times when our good neighbours would have found this operation not so hopeful as it is now. Everything favours it to-day. And considering how many soft places there are in "public opinion," considering what Party Government has become, and how soon the clamour of a few, if they do but shout fiercely, sets Ministers a-trembling; and again, considering how enamoured our statesmen are of "taking short views," which usually means buying peace to-day at the price of any hazard to-morrow—no manner of coercion is so deadly for England as the Squeeze. Strongly invited by the shrinking from great decisions which is a disease in British statesmanship, the Squeeze is also favoured by commercialism, by sentimentalism, even by the bloodlessness of Culture: while as to its application, squeezing is always easiest, of course, when used upon an object quite detached, or isolated. This, too, is our case. By what pretends to be wisdom—as it is, by the same right that gives timidity the name of caution—England is isolated; and more so at this hour than ever before. But is it possible, then, to be more alone than alone? It is. A nation may stand alone, but yet with friends within hail. That was still England's position a few years ago. It is not so now. Her isolation had already changed its character when a great Government man called it "splendid," and the change has been confirmed since. What is more, strong evidence of the change has been brought home to us every day for the last two years at the least.

If these meetings of the European Concert had been arranged with the purpose of showing to the world how little the will of England counted for in the new order of things, they could not have been more successful. We do what we can to shut our eyes to the fact, and in that folly are assisted by the newspaper press. But look no farther back than the day when—with what contempt!—the Prime Minister read a letter of the Sultan's to a town-hall audience, and how plain a difference appears. When these words are written, the Greek episode having come to an end as Russia and her Allies would have it, the question of Crete drags forward again: and I suppose there are few patriotic Englishmen unvisited by the wish that this Government could keep out of the debate. It cannot do so, of course; but it is too much, this display of our impotence by the partners in a game which is so well served by the exhibition. To judge by the outcome from point to point, the Allies have steadily kept in view a determination never to allow to England the least appearance of authority in the Concert. To be baffled, to be put at fault and openly set aside, this has been the part allotted to her Government hitherto: and only on condition that her advice favours their immediate or their ultimate aims will the Allies permit her diplomacy to achieve even a seeming triumph. Of course I know that many fine British intellects think nothing of all this, finding in it, by analytic reasoning, no substantial injury. The staging of England before all the world, as a Power that talks in the old way and is snubbed in the new, seems to these same minds a matter of no real importance. In truth, it has much of the effect of a battle lost; and so clearly is this the case that a good man and a patriot will ask God's pity on the British intellect which is dull to the difference in Britain's standing even since the year 1895.

However, we must go through with the Cretan affair, hoping that the purpose of the Allies in that matter will allow our Government to make a better figure on the diplomatic stage. Heaven knows whether they will or not: all lies with them—a state of things which does seem to excite some uneasiness at last. This is seen in the fact that, even where alliances were declared to be England's worst policy, there is now a strong feeling in favour of alliances. To be sure, the old leaven lingers in the new feeling, for the proposed alliances are in fact proposals for the purchase of peace. This is clear to both friend and foe by the plainest facts of the case. Mark that all engagements to foreign Powers were thought superfluous and “*entangling*” until Russia and France entered into a strict alliance. The unfortunate opinion was

given up because of that alliance and the consequences feared from it. When we hear now that there is no reason why England should not come to a formal understanding with the Russian Government, or with the Russian and French Governments, the intention is deprecatory. The motive (it is so manifest that nothing is lost by avowing it)—the motive is precisely the same in character as that which impels a weak State to make terms with a powerful neighbour for permission to live in peace.

It will be said, probably with indignation, that that is not the case; but denial in any form can make it nothing else. The nature of the proposed transaction is disclosed by the fact that there is no give-and-take here—no more exchange of advantage than when a rich old gentleman beset on the highway agrees to surrender his purse on condition of being allowed to retain his life, his watch, and his wearing apparel. As a French political writer suggested the other day, the Russo-French Alliance will show its true character when it takes in hand, to revise it, the map of our outlying possessions; and being aware of this, all that the most sanguine of us look for in an understanding with Russia and France is liberty to keep the most of what we have got without having to fight for it. The *most* of what we have got. We must not say all, for treaty agreements to that effect would not be listened to for a moment. And if so, what does that mean? It means that these projects for a Russian understanding are illusory. To be genuine and trustworthy they are impossible. It is not merely that none which the Russian Government would accept could be offered without degradation to ourselves; the short truth manifestly is that Russia has no reason for hampering her plans for universal domination in the East by self-denying compacts with England. And what have we to offer in consideration of such compacts? Anything that Russia stands in need of just now? Nothing; for all that she needs in Asia she can take, with the consent and even with the aid of her present Allies. A well-informed Englishman wrote lately that everything which had happened in Asia for some time past bore out the opinion that an Anglo-Russian agreement on Asiatic affairs was highly advisable; and then, to show *how* advisable it was, he added that "Russia's plans in Asia have every chance of being carried out whether they are countenanced by Great Britain or not." They have. And that being so, a limiting agreement may be all very well for Great Britain, but how would it profit the Russian Government? Would it be to their

advantage? Obviously not. To the glory of their country? No; but to the loss of glory, and that most valuable thing in the East, *prestige*. The time is past when the Czars found it convenient to make promises meant to be broken; and there ought to be no difficulty in understanding that to advance in Asia *defying* British opposition is far more to the purpose of Russian statesmanship than to move under cover of limiting arrangements with the English. I make bold to say that the Anglo-Russian agreements of which we hear so much just now are the merest dreams. Their only use is for self-deception in England, and nothing better will ever come of them.'

Yet it is supposed by most Englishmen that Russia would welcome an English alliance; though on what ground the fancy rests it is hard to say. Perhaps on an occasional remark in a Russian newspaper: certainly on no ground more solid. But that the French would gladly see England in the Alliance (of course at the tail of it, as in the hinder dot of this figure '.:') there is no doubt at all. And though the Russians have no reason for entertaining the wish, their Allies have a good one; and no Frenchman has more fully explained it to the people of this country than that admirable publicist M. de Pressensé. Writing French in *Cosmopolis*, English in *The Nineteenth Century*, he has shown a more exact sense of our relation to the Franco-Russian Alliance, and more candour in revealing the French uneasiness in that *entente* as matters stand, than any other writer with whom I am acquainted. On several occasions he has earnestly adjured the English to consider the danger of their position. It was he who warned us of the likelihood that the new Alliance would presently be launched "dans les eaux d'une politique irrévocablement anti-Anglaise." It is he who tells us (quite truly, no doubt) that the Franco-Russian Alliance will not reveal all its significance, nor attain to its full development, till "the collateral question as to the attitude of the partnership toward the colonial policy of England shall have been decided." No foreign writer (that I know of) has dwelt more strongly on the hostility of the German Emperor to England, on his anxiety to make friends with France as well as with Russia, or on the probable consequences to England if she do not seek safety and repose in the bosom of Russo-French diplomacy. He sees that the drift of events is carrying Germany and England into a nearly unavoidable conflict in the future. The Fates are at work between the two countries, fulfilling a spirit of rivalry which will evidently resort at last to the arbitrament of arms. Meanwhile there is a counterpart of this antagonism which it behoves us well to mark. M. de Pressensé means

by that "the so striking, so oft-renewed, so newly-emphasised advances and offers of good-will which the Emperor makes all the while to France! Nobody ignores the immense, the nearly insuperable difficulty which prevents the prompt acceptance of these flattering attentions." Hesitation is but natural. "However, time flows, the years go by, the generations come and go. Circumstances may arise where France, where the Franco-Russian couple, would be obliged to strike a bargain with the German tempter." And what then? England should reflect upon the prospect. "Only she must choose quickly. It is already too easy to see that the Sybil does not intend to leave her offers open for a long time, or to renew them without some reduction." Why, then, will not England hasten to take the place of the pushing and not quite welcome German? Why will she not thrust this deadly enemy of hers into the isolation he dreads, and herself enter with France and Russia upon "*an entente à trois*"?

M. de Pressensé is right when he insists upon the danger to England of a German understanding with the two Allies in relation to affairs out of Europe. But it is perfectly clear—he himself makes it so, with occasional assistance from the Paris correspondent of *The Times*—that not for England's sake would France prefer England for a third party in the new *ménage*. It is admitted in so many words that, as matters stand, there is some danger of "the gradual substitution of Germany as the close friend and ally of Russia—France being consigned to the second place." The fear is an unlikely one, since Germany has no such navy as the French can offer for Russian uses; but there it is. And there is also the calculation, observe, that England is by no means a partner to be jealous of in a Russian connexion; that she wants nothing, would get extremely little if she did want anything, and would always understand her place in the alliance. However, if it be true, as I believe it is, that the Russian Government has no intention of admitting an alliance with England, but sees advantage in an open policy of rivalry, all that need be said of these French dreams is that they match with some English ones equally vain. England at arm's length, Germany in half-brotherly relations, will suit the Russian policy best of all; and Russia decides.

But now a word must be said against the assumption, in which the French do so much rejoice, that Germany and England are in so bad a way with each other that collision is inevitable. Even in this country there are people who half believe the same thing, and some who seem inclined to make the belief good. If in Germany there is a certain

cultivation of animosity against England (Prussia is its hot-bed, and eminent persons the chief cultivators), Englishmen may be found so wanting in perception as to encourage an answering hatred. I believe it could be shown, almost to demonstration-point, that the greatest misfortune that England suffers under at this moment is the alienation of the English and German peoples. And further it could be shown that this misfortune—it is common to both—is from end to end the work of half a dozen governing men in the one country, and fewer than half a dozen in the other. Years ago we ought to have been allies, even as the Russians and French are now ; and that we were not, with a very different outlook for both countries at this hour, is all because of a most untoward generation of princes and Ministers. Here, cowardice ; there, arrogance ; but (we must say this for our own rulers) the timidity has been perfectly natural ever since that vast misfortune for Germany and Europe, the accession of Kaiser Wilhelm II. As to that, however, there is little help now. An Anglo-German alliance is all but impossible at present, although every other is, for us, nothing but a snare. Yet why should the two peoples make matters worse by falling in with these absurd animosities ? War between England and Germany ? Why ? Because a foolish Prince sends foolish messages, and because a careless generation of British manufacturers find themselves outdone in a variety of peddling markets ? The foolish message—the one that concerned us, I mean—would have been better answered with less of naval swagger ; for indeed the reply in that kind went beyond all need, and therefore became undignified ; while as for the trade competition, is that a matter for a country like England to found a fighting grudge upon ? The very question is shameful in the asking. Germans and English, here we are both going wrong—we should be friends. That we are not was very much the fault of our rulers till William the Second became God's anointed—very much the fault of their rulers it has been since then. But for those errors, both nations would have been safer than they are now ; and hoping still for some fortunate turn in affairs, there is nothing that I would more earnestly persuade my fellow-countrymen to believe than that the German quarrel is very artificial on the side of that people, almost absurd on our side, and a great misfortune for both. Of course, when we speak of Kaisers and Governments and the like, it is another thing ; but neither nation is bound to perpetuate the error of its rulers.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

BEHIND THE PLATE GLASS

I.

‘SIGNED, sealed, and delivered,” said the Reverend Morton Beale, in that artificial tone of cordiality sometimes observable in persons completing an affair of business. Mr. Kitely Nunn smiled with a polite intention, but an effect of servility: and both men looked at the lad of fourteen, who was contemplating the wet ink of his signature, *Henry Guest* affixed to the formidable indenture which bound him apprentice to Mr. Kitely Nunn, Stationer, Bookseller, and Purveyor of Fancy Goods, for a period not exceeding four years.

The ostentatious little drawing-room above the shop smelt of varnish and new furniture: outside, a shrill wind from the sea drifted whorls of smoke across the grey sky that loured upon the haggard street. Dimly conscious of these things, the new apprentice glanced up at the master, to whom his fortunes were now committed with all the finality and circumstance of the law. A slender, bony man of an adust complexion, Mr. Kitely Nunn stood in the bow-window in the graceful attitude familiar to his customers: resting easily upon his right foot, his head inclined aside, his right hand trifling with a coarse gold watch-chain. It seemed to the new apprentice that, beneath his mask of suave servility, Mr. Nunn disengaged a singular impression of nameless agitation, hardly controlled; and curiously accentuated by a clenching action, like a strong pulse, of the muscles of the narrow jaw. The bitter distaste towards this person which rose within the boy was instantly checked by the entire faith, active and indomitable, which he reposed in his guardian; who, after mature deliberation, had thus chosen and approved his master.

Ward and guardian departing to dine together at the Marine Hotel, Mr. Kitely Nunn went downstairs to the shop. “He signed his name finely, in a good, bold hand. I like my first apprentice, Mr. Johnson, I like my first apprentice,” said the bookseller to his assistant, in the tone of a child babbling of a new toy.

The next morning, Mr. Nunn brought his apprentice into the shop, where Mr. Johnson, a cross-eyed young man with an aspect of anæmic good-nature, was already assiduously dusting. In the front half of the long, narrow, and gloomy apartment, glass show-cases gleamed in the shadow: at the back, the motley volumes of the Circulating Library, and the shelves stocked with packets of stationery, lined the walls; and the cash-desk, closed in with panelled woodwork and door, like a high pew, stood beneath a dingy skylight.

"Here you are, my boy," said Mr. Nunn, presenting his apprentice with a new duster, of a blue chequered pattern. "And here's the key of the till." He unlocked the drawer in the cash-desk fitted with wooden basins hollowed out of square blocks, and rattled it open with a jingle of coin. "You are to be cashier and librarian, Henry." And with an effusive amiability, the bookseller explained his duties to his pupil. "And now, my boy," he added, "get to work and dust these ink-bottles"; and so, cheerfully grovelling upon his knees, the new apprentice began his progress of industry.

Presently the figure of a woman darkened upon the open oblong of the doorway. "Forward, please, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Nunn, from his desk in the corner. "O, it's for you, Henry, my boy," and he left his desk and stood near the apprentice, in his own elegant attitude, as the lady advanced up the shop.

"Have you *The Three Miss Smiths*?—a book called *The Three Miss Smiths*?" enquired the lady.

Henry searched the shelves with a hurried glance, and turned to his master, who shook his head. "I'm afraid we haven't," said Henry.

"It's out just now, m'm," said Mr. Nunn, stepping forward with a smirk, his cheek at the same time oddly pulsating.

"Then have you *Enter Not into Temptation*? or *The Silver Skeleton*?" These popular novels were out, also, it appeared. But we could get you a copy immediately.

"No," said the lady, "that won't do. It's extremely annoying. I won't take anything," and she turned away.

"This is a very interesting work," interposed Mr. Nunn, snatching three volumes from the shelf at a venture, "*A Marabout and a Million*," he added, glancing at the title. "It reads very well, m'm."

"You can really recommend it, can you?" We really could: moreover we could engage to send it round with such obliging celerity, that it should reach the lady's house before the lady herself.

"That's right, my boy," said Mr. Nunn, when the customer, stopping and taking up one "fancy" article after another, and followed by the attentive Johnson, had fingered her way out of the shop. "That's right. But you should never say we haven't got a thing. Do you see, my boy? But never mind. You'll soon get into it."

Another customer appeared, and then two or three at once. Mr. Nunn and his assistant ran to and fro: show-cases were flung open, and the polished ledges and the glass counter were littered with a medley of goods. "Cash, please," cried Mr. Nunn, slapping down a coin in the pigeon-hole of the desk. "Come, my boy, three and eleven from ten. No, not that way. Add, not subtract. Four, six and six, seven, and three is ten. That's right, you'll soon get into it." Snatching the different coins from the wooden basins and scribbling ciphers in a little book with the swiftness of a juggler, Mr. Nunn vanished into the crowd in the front shop, leaving his bewildered cashier to labour out the sum on a scrap of paper.

"Come and help clear up, my boy," cried the bookseller, so soon as the shop was empty once more; and while they replaced the disarray of inlaid workboxes, and flamboyant pieces of china, and plush photograph albums, and editions of the poets bound in sham leather, in the show-cases, Mr. Nunn discoursed amiably to his apprentice. "You must learn to know where everything in the shop is, my boy, all the fancy goods and the place of every book. Why, you couldn't puzzle me as to where any book was, if you tried. Could he, Mr. Johnson?"

"No, sir," answered the docile Johnson.

"Not that I read 'em," went on the bookseller. "Bless you, I've hardly read a book in my life. Something better to do. And as to poetry—I can't make out what people see in poetry. Silly rubbish, I call it. But as to the books in the library, you can read 'em as much as you like, my boy, so long as there are no customers in the shop. Take and sit in your cash-desk with a book, when you've nothing else to do."

After dinner, "You may go out, Henry," said Mr. Nunn, looking at his thick gold watch, "till half-past three. That'll be an hour and a half for you, my boy." So Henry went out into the eager sea air of the staid little town, and paced the red-brick pavements, conscious of a sensation so new and dignified, as of one entering upon a man's life, that he wondered the passengers did not remark him. Had he not set foot upon the lower rung of the ladder whose top was hidden in the rosy

cloud of fortune? And under such a master, thought Henry, the four years to come would roll easily by, leaving him (in his guardian's phrase) a personage worth substantial money.

When he returned to the shop he found Mr. Nunn and his assistant gossiping amiably together. Mr. Johnson was apparently relating incidents which had occurred overnight, at a convivial gathering of tradesmen:—"So he said, 'You're no gentleman,' says he. 'You're no gentleman.' He said that, sir."

"Quite right, Wigelsworth *is* no gentleman," said Mr. Nunn, referring thus, not without satisfaction, to the rival bookseller, and broke off to set his apprentice upon a new province of dusting.

In the evening, Henry "marked off" in a huge ledger the library books which had been returned during the day, relieving the monotony of this employment, by dipping into the miscellany of volumes as he went along; while Mr. Nunn, radiating affability, stood in his desk near by, writing out his "orders" for the day upon London firms ready for the post. And when the shop was shut, Henry carried a book upstairs, and spent the two hours before he went to bed in perfect contentment.

In this manner a week or two went by; and Henry, who had been nurtured in strictest piety, said to himself, with an impulse of devotional gratitude, that his lines had fallen to him in pleasant places. "If my next apprentice is half as good as my first I don't care," said Mr. Kitley Nunn. "There's a feather in your cap, my boy"; and Henry was fatuously elated. But one dusky afternoon, a few days after this testimonial, Mr. Nunn brought into the shop a stout, dark young man with a long chin, and introduced him to Henry as his brother apprentice, John Redman. There was but scant opportunity for conversation, until the two were together in the low garret with the coloured lithograph of Cinderella pinned upon the wall, where they were to sleep, when the little man with the olive complexion and the quick black eye sat down on the edge of his bed, sunk in a profound despondency. Presently he looked up, and broke the silence, speaking with a slight stammer:—"What—what did Mr. Nunn say to you when you signed your articles?" "He said I wrote a fine, bold hand," replied Henry, to whom Johnson had repeated his employer's observation. "I'll tell you what he said to me," went on Redman, with intense gloom. "He said:—'You—you're done—done for now, my boy, you're done for now!' That's what he said. And I don't like it, I don't like it at all."

The next morning, Redman was presented, in his turn, with a new pink duster, and was set to polishing ink bottles on the floor. "I did—didn't come here to do this sort of thing," he grumbled, so soon as Mr. Nunn had quitted the shop. "I came here to learn the business. And it ruins the trousers, simply ruins them." "Of course you must begin at the beginning and make the best of it," said Henry, upon whose receptive mind his guardian had been careful to impress a due sense of the blessed uses of drudgery. But John (whose father, though he also was a clergyman, had unaccountably neglected this precaution) remained unconvinced, and relapsed into a sullen melancholy.

The tall mirror on hinges, which led into the house, clicked open, and to the apprentices working in the back shop came the voice of Mr. Kitley Nunn, apostrophising Johnson in accents which startled them:—"What are you doing, eh? What are you doing, Mr. Johnson? I've spoken to you about this till I'm sick of it. Let me have no more of it, Mr. Johnson, let me have no more of it."

Mr. Nunn passed the apprentices with his light, swift footstep, on his way to his desk in the far corner, and glanced at them approvingly, as though to darken by contrast the disgrace of Mr. Johnson. "That's right, my boys," said he. "Get all the dusting out of the way, and then I want you to help me with something else."

Presently a customer entered the shop, and Mr. Johnson stepped obsequiously forward. Instantly the master glided from his retreat, and poised himself a little aside, watching his assistant. His craving, bony fingers plucked at his gold chain, and a burning impatience contended with servility upon his flat face, as though a smiling mask should be faintly stirred by a breath of heated air. Miserably conscious of this baleful observation, Johnson halted in the form of fluent speech prescribed for the benefit of customers, and presently dropped a box of sealing-wax with a desolating crash. Nunn seized the opportunity for which he had been waiting and stepped forward. "Get away, and get about some work," he muttered, savagely; and with an instant transition addressed himself to the customer with a stretched mouth and an officious cringe.

"I tell you what, you fellows," said Johnson, when the master had retired upstairs to refresh himself with sherry and biscuits, "that man's a devil. A devil. You'll see. It'll be your turn presently."

"I don't think you ought to say that, you know," observed the

virtuous Henry, mindful of his guardian's precepts, scripturally fortified, concerning loyalty to superiors.

"Oughtn't I? Well, you'd have been saying the same before now, if it hadn't been that Nunn was waiting to catch another hundred guineas premium with Redman there. And now he's got him, you see," returned Johnson, placidly, with one eye upon Henry and the other revolving upon Redman, who maintained a gloomy silence.

The glass door clicked, and the three started guiltily apart. "What are you doing, Mr. Johnson? What are you about? What are you thinking of? If you can't find a job, come to me and I'll soon find one for you. Come! Get downstairs and do up the empty boxes," broke out Mr. Kitley Nunn, with a truculence of manner and tone that was itself inexpressible insult: and Mr. Johnson vanished into the cellar.

Descending thither a little afterwards, Henry found the wretched assistant in a gas-lit dungeon, closed to the outer air, and so low that he could not stand upright. A black slime oozed between the bricks of the pavement, and the choking atmosphere reeked of sewage. Besmeared and gasping, Mr. Johnson wrestled with the empty cases and crates, of all shapes and sizes, with which the place was filled, nailing and roping them together to return to the wholesale London houses whence they had come. "Ah, it's a nice job, this," said Johnson. "Kitley always sends us down here when he's in a wax, which is generally always. O! I wish to God I was out of this horrible business. I wish I was a clerk in a bank. That's the profession for me. So clean. So gentlemanly." Henry was a good deal dashed, and for once, he found nothing to say.

For several days Mr. Kitley Nunn continued to harass his assistant with unabated zest, going to the attack with an insatiate avidity, and leaving his wounded and cowering victim with a relishing sense of satisfaction, as he had been a meal, and although he showed himself amiable as ever towards his apprentices, a cloud rose upon Henry's bright horizon, and the shadow of melancholy deepened upon his companion. And one morning, the assistant and both apprentices were kneeling on the floor, engaged in folding the newspapers for despatch by errand boys. John, who held extreme views on politics, believing Mr. Gladstone to be a statesman of extraordinary patriotism, had desisted from his occupation in order to peruse a leading article. Intensely absorbed in his reading, the blood rushing to his head as he stooped eagerly forward, he did not hear Mr. Kitley Nunn

stealthily approaching behind him:—"What are you doing, John, my boy?" "Reading, sir," stammered the apprentice, faintly. "And what right have you to be reading?" demanded Nunn, with the utmost rancour. "Answer me that, my boy, answer me that. And don't let me catch you at it again."

It was John Redman's business to serve the customers in the front shop; and that day, no sooner was the familiar veiled figure darkening upon the light that flowed through the open door, and John, nervously anxious to please, endeavouring to discover what it was the lady wanted, than Mr. Nunn hovered craving at his elbow.

"What can I show you, m'm?" says John. "I want something for a present," returns the customer, hazily. "What sort of thing?" John is proceeding anxiously to enquire, when he is thrust aside, and the master steps in front of him with an ingratiating cringe:—"Something for a present, m'm. Yes, m'm. About what price? We have some very nice presents, all prices. (Out of the way, John, my boy, and get about some work, sharp.) Step this way, if you please, m'm." And Mr. Nunn is a dexterous salesman, and with great quickness surrounds the customer with a glittering miscellany of useless articles, soon persuades her to purchase one costing twice the amount she had vaguely proposed to expend, and finally inveigles her into buying something else, more than useless, which she doesn't want. Then:—"Thank you, m'm, much obliged to you. Allow me. *Good morning*, m'm." The polite mask scales off and vanishes after the customer; and a black figure, gnawing irritation with a clenching jaw, strides up the shop:—"Don't let me ever hear you ask 'what sort of thing' again, you John there, do you hear me? It's your business to provide the sort of thing, let me see you remember that. You are to sell customers what they don't want, not what they do. Any fool can sell a good article. Now set about cleaning the glass all round. . . . Get about it at once, my boy, get about it at once."

The tall and wide glass cases lining the walls, and the oblong glass case which occupied the centre of the shop, presented enough greasy and treacherous surface to keep the wretched apprentice scouring for a couple of days. Moreover, plate glass has this property, that, upon reflecting light at a particular angle, it will always show a dull texture, however clean it be. Hence Mr. Kately Nunn derived a great deal of satisfaction, continually descending upon his apprentice, and adjusting the glass doors to the required angle, with:—"Look at that, my boy,

look at that. Do you call that cleaning glass? Take and do it all over again, inside and out."

After dinner Henry was blandly dismissed to take his airing as usual. "Mayn't I go out, sir?" asked John, black with suppressed indignation. "No, my boy, you may not," returned the master, with a terrible appearance of smouldering fury which might at any moment burst into flame. "Get about your work. I'll tell you when you may go out, without your asking." And so swift and thorough was Mr. Nunn's peculiar method of subjugation, that, a week later, John looked back at that request as touching the height of reckless audacity.

When the shop was closed, and the grimly silent supper of cheese like yellow soap, stale bread, and flat water, was despatched and cleared away, John brought out a ponderous volume of English History and prepared to seek oblivion in his favourite study. But Mr. Nunn, returning into the room, and finding him thus happily absorbed, eyed him sourly, and turned down the gas. "It gives just as much light, my boy," remarked Nunn, "and saves my gas bill." Finding it impossible to read, John rose, taking up his book. "Where are you going?" asked Nunn, suspiciously. "Upstairs." "Then you go to bed, my boy, and sharp. I can't have a light kept burning in the bedroom. And if you go up you must stay up. I can't have my carpets worn out with your trapesing up and down." And thus, for some days, was John Redman harried, and worried, and driven to his wits' end.

"I hate—hated the man the first moment I saw him," said John. "What can we do?" The two had retired to their garret. It was a black and sultry night of spring: the blind was undrawn, and the window open; and from without, came the hoarse and melancholy murmur of the sea. Henry opened the door and looked out, in case Mr. Nunn were spying upon the landing, as he sometimes used to do. "We can't do anything," returned Henry, shutting the door.

"It's all right for you at present," continued John. "He's in a good mood with you. But your turn will come. And what are we to do?"

"There's nothing to be done," Henry repeated. "We must just submit." For upon this point also, his guardian had been careful to forewarn him: impressing upon Henry that, howsoever Mr. Nunn might choose to conduct himself, the law gave him an absolute power over his apprentices.

John stripped off his clothes and cast himself naked upon the dingy carpet. "Don't speak to me," he moaned. "Let me be, let me be."

Henry sat in his bed, with his knees drawn up to his chin, and looked at the stricken figure glimmering white in the darkness, and held his peace. He was very sorry for his comrade, and a sinister presentiment of his own impending troubles weighed heavily upon him.

II.

Upon the Monday following, Mr. Johnson came to work with certain traces of an unusual exhilaration lingering about him. "You two fellows," said he, with a gush, "I had a beautiful day yesterday, a most gorgeous day. I was out on the downs with a book, and I did enjoy myself. Talk about worshipping God in Nature . . . well, there!"

But the two fellows had been condemned to worship God in a stucco square church filled with square pews, the tops of which glistened in the pallid light, as though a plague of snails had made a pilgrimage there during the week. Seated beside Mr. Nunn, who was offensively glossy, oiled, and scented, the two fellows had listened to a phantom voice which droned the burden of their captivity throughout the long prayers, chanted it in the Psalms of David, jingled it in the hymns, and summarised it remorselessly in the benediction: the voice of the spectre of three years and several months of servitude to come. Henry, contemplating the bewildering little atlas of wrinkles in the cracked paint of the book-board, had wondered if Divine Omniscience could really be accurately acquainted with every bay and headland there: and if so (which were a thing to stagger the intelligence), whether the said Divine Omniscience would mercifully devise a means to shorten his term of slavery, or would leave him to his fate.

The three set themselves to the round of dusting with which every day began: and presently the glass door clicked, and Mr. Kitley Nunn glided to his desk, throwing a salutation to Henry, and passing the others as though there were nothing where they stood; and soon afterwards, customers began to filter in.

Henry stood in his cash-desk, his fellow and Mr. Johnson were busy "serving," while Mr. Nunn hovered near them, waiting his opportunity. Presently it came; and he promptly descended upon Mr. Johnson with a savage objurgation. But the long-suffering Johnson, inspired perhaps by the dregs of yesterday's mystical intoxication, promptly turned upon his tyrant, uplifting his voice in these amazing terms:—"You dare to talk to me like that, and before customers!"

You're a great, big bully, that's what you are—a great, big bully. You're no gentleman, I tell you to your face. And I'll bear it no more," sobbed Johnson.

Henry peered delightedly over his desk; John was stricken motionless, in the act of "pushing a special line"; while the embarrassed customers somehow faded away, leaving master and assistant furiously regarding one another. Mr. Nunn was flushed a dusky red, and his cheek throbbed; but Johnson, breathless, his face white and yellow in patches, fixed his employer with his swivel eye, until Mr. Nunn was fairly forced to retreat into his desk, not without a considerable loss of dignity. And Mr. Johnson received, or gave, a week's notice: but his employer never again addressed a word to him, good or bad, excepting such brief directions as were necessary for the conduct of business.

The next day, Mr. Nunn came into the shop to discover Henry seated in his cash-desk, reading. "What are you doing, my boy, what are you doing?" said Nunn, sharply. "Can't you find a job? Come! Take and dust the S.P.C.K. stock of Bibles all through."

Miserably abashed, Henry began to take in hand, one by one, the sticky black volumes with the tin edges, while Nunn turned to John Redman. "John, my boy," he said, blandly, "I am going to play in a cricket match, and I leave the shop in your charge. Are you fond of cricket?" the master went on, conversationally. "I used to be very good, once on a time. Why, in our school matches they'd send a challenge, 'bar Kitely Nunn.' Bar Kitely Nunn, they'd say; what d'you think of that, my boy, eh!" Without waiting for a response from the bewildered John, he retired to put on a suit of irreproachable flannels: and, coming back with a new cricket bag, he departed: thereby relieving the atmosphere, for the time, of a most poisonous oppression.

"Kitely's in a good mood with me," remarked John to his fellow, dubiously. "Why is this?" "He's in a bad temper with me instead," returned Henry, with conviction; and so it proved. "Well, he's left the shop in my charge, and so," observed Mr. Redman, with a grin, "we'll just go out and get something to eat, for once."

Henceforward, the click of the glass door became to Henry a signal for the most dismal terrors: for Mr. Kitely Nunn never entered the shop without finding, or inventing, a pretext for attacking his apprentice with a savage truculence. Sometimes fortune favoured the sportsman, so that he would light upon his prey, engaged in reading, or sitting

down to rest for a few minutes in his high pew, or standing outside on the pavement to get a breath of air. These were capital offences, giving unlimited scope to malediction. Mr. Nunn was by far too respectable ever to swear ; and since he lacked the imagination required for refinements of verbal injury, he had to rely for his effects upon the expression in voice and manner of the devil which raged within him. His comminations, therefore, had a deadly sameness ; but so extraordinary was the passion which animated their delivery, that no amount of repetition could blunt their force.

"Are you master here, or am I?" he would say, with clenching jaw and furious glance. "Very well, my boy. I will be obeyed. Understand that. I will be obeyed. How often am I to speak to you? I am about sick of it—sick of it. . . . Now then, what are you standing there for? Get about some work, and sharp." His eloquence seldom exceeded such limits as these: and Henry would then be set to clean the glass "all round," already twice polished, or to rope in the pestiferous cellar, or to shake the dust from the coarse linen wrappers, the shop's night-clothes. His indulgence of going abroad in the afternoon was entirely withdrawn, and he was forbidden to leave the shop, even for a moment, from eight in the morning till eight, nine, or ten o'clock at night, save for the unwholesome, scanty meals.

Yet Henry's industry had not declined, nor could his tyrant accuse him of any particular fault. Indeed, so horrible to the lad was this cold venom of persecution, that he would austere scan his conduct to discover some legitimate cause of blame, so that, if it were possible, he might make amends. But all was to no purpose. His training served him in this stead, that he reckoned it a duty to submit in silence, and to keep all mention of his wrongs from his guardian. But in all other ways the dreams of a sentimental mysticism, which he had been taught to regard as the foundations of sweet religion, brought him to sad destruction ; for, put to the touch of proof, the unsubstantial spells in which he had trusted, broke and vanished into empty air.

And side by side with the turbid river of daily circumstance, there ran ever in his thoughts the sad, bright stream of memory : the kindly recollections of home ; of fire-lit windows gleaming through the winter dusk ; of long warm evenings enchanted with books ; of the placid, bovine life, whose dulness (he remembered with amazement) used to fret him. On a gorgeous day in mid-July, the two apprentices were disgustfully shaking the dust from the shop-wrappers in the noisome

back-yard behind the shop. Between the dank walls, very far away shone a strip of heaven, and a great bluebottle fly was noisily hovering about some garbage. With a stab of pain he remembered all his life, the buzzing of the vagrant fly summoned into Henry's mind the drowsy hum of insects quivering in the hot sunlight, and the whole miracle of the summer from which he was shut out: the iridescent haze vibrating faintly above the brimming, spangled meadows; the enfolding, voluptuous air; the profound tranquillity of the sleeping hills.

And while adversity thus attended the one apprentice, prosperity for a brief space shone upon the other. In a flash of illumination, Mr. Nunn discovered that John was all that he had once supposed the degenerate Henry to be, and a great deal more—so much more, indeed, that Mr. Nunn could do nothing less than fawn upon him. And upon Mr. Redman, therefore, were bestowed all those favours and small indulgences, which Henry had enjoyed at first. Moreover, it appeared to Mr. Nunn that he could no longer exist without gaining the intimate friendship of his apprentice. Besides his interest in his business, John had but two interests in life: the study of political history, and the collection of moths and butterflies. Finding it merely impossible to undertake the one, Mr. Nunn at this time incontinently gave himself up to the other; purchased a complete collector's outfit, the best that money could buy; and took his apprentice out insect-hunting for whole days together. It is likely that the natural human need of affection, corrupted into a vain lust of adulation, was Mr. Nunn's unconscious motive in making these advances; but, if so, his efforts were very inadequately rewarded. For, whether the master, for whom he entertained an inveterate distrust and dislike, treated him well or ill, John learned to maintain the same inscrutably reserved and respectful attitude towards him.

Affairs remained in this condition, in the shadowy region behind the plate-glass which preserves so decorous an aspect to the outer world, until the appearance of the new assistant, Mr. Robinson. He was a small, meek, pallid man, with little cane-coloured whiskers, a modest cough, and a habit of walking on his heels with surprising swiftness. Upon the second morning after his arrival, the glass door clicked, and Mr. Nunn strode into his desk with devastation written on his brow:—"John, my boy, come here. Henry, come here—do you hear me when I speak to you? . . . Now, my boys, let me see you treat Mr. Robinson with proper respect. You will call him 'Sir' for the

future, mind that. Now get about your work, my boys, get about your work, and don't let me catch you idling again."

Thus Mr. Nunn, with throbbing cheek: and it immediately appeared that both apprentices were out of favour, for that Mr. Robinson was in. But, as a minister of adulation, Mr. Robinson proved a dead failure. So it was, that the wind of persecution presently blasted all the three impartially: then, upon the slightest accident, or without any apparent cause whatever, would one be restored to a passing gleam of favour, then another. The butterfly collection was thrown aside: and it was understood that the smallest reference to insects would be regarded as a premeditated insult. But before long Mr. Nunn took to rabbit-fancying instead; rented a warehouse for the purpose, and stocked it, again at a reckless expense; and for weeks, entirely neglecting his business, he spent all his time playing with the new toy. Whosoever happened to be in favour, was taken round to see the exhibition: much against his will, but politely assuming an air of interested admiration.

Soon, however, this pursuit also discovered its vanity; and the show was immediately disposed of, at a great loss; and thenceforward, none ever dared to refer to the episode. Mr. Nunn then took to feverishly working all day in the shop, making up arrears, and meanwhile establishing a reign of terror. Standing in his desk, fiercely posting up his ledger, "crossing off" entries with a sharp steel pen and red ink, as though he drew blood at every stroke, the master kept an insatiate eye upon his subordinates, sallying forth now and again to glut his spleen upon one or other of them. At these deadly seasons, even the customer, the many-headed god before whom Mr. Nunn delighted to abase himself, did not always escape the consuming fire.

"Have you got a paper—a penny paper?" one day enquired a stout gentleman, loudly, as he entered. "I always like (ha, ha!) to divide my favours," he went on, with genial loquacity. "Sometimes I get a paper at Wigelsworth's up the street, you know, and sometimes I come to you." Hearing the name of his rival, Mr. Nunn dashed out of his desk. "Then I would rather, sir," he cried, trembling with fury, "that you always conferred your favours elsewhere, sir, elsewhere, if you must divide them on the subject of a penny paper,"—with crushing sarcasm. "If you want a penny paper, I should advise you to confine your custom to Mr. Wigelsworth. I don't care about it, myself." The conversational gentleman stared and withdrew, and Mr. Nunn, flushed and twitching, returned to the lacerating of his ledger.

Having thoroughly realised the conditions under which they had to live, the assistant, and the apprentice John, presently learned to resign themselves, to take what little relief they could get, and to endure, since no better might be, in silence. Little Mr. Robinson, who had his mother to support, took his flagellations with no other signs than a faint flush and a slight accentuation of cough, and would sit up half the night thereafter, seeking an esoteric consolation in the works of Emmanuel Swedenborg. John, who had a talent for business affairs and a liking for business, as business, suffered perhaps the least; and contriving to establish a certain understanding between himself and the rapacious Nunn which rendered his life barely tolerable, he worked out his full term of four years' servitude. When his time was out, he took to another trade.

But between Henry and his master, matters went differently. At the end of his first year, he went home for a skimmed fortnight, as by law provided. It was then that Henry, approaching Mr. Beale, in order to resolve a doubt which troubled him, explained how the vast proportion of his time was occupied in menial scouring and polishing, and enquired of his guardian, whether he might not be more profitably employed in gaining a knowledge of the business; which (although Henry did not say so) it appeared to be an object of his master's to prevent. Whereupon Mr. Beale advised his ward, to use discretion as to what his proper work should be. Armed with this counsel, Henry resumed his fetters. Sharp-set from fasting, and his appetite whetted, perhaps, by a certain stiffened demeanour on the part of his apprentice, Mr. Nunn fell upon him with renewed avidity. But Henry no longer felt himself straitly bound, as hitherto, to an absolute submission: he drew a circle within which his duty was wholly comprehended; and all without, lay disputable fields of battle.

So when the weekly occasion came round for shaking the dust from the shop wrappers in the back-yard, Henry informed his comrade that he should refuse to perform that loathsome task. "Well," remarked John, "you are a strange chap. Till you went away, you would have it we were to sub—submit to everything; and now, all of a sudden, you're a per—perfect rebel." But after some hesitation, he agreed to join his friend in rebellion.

"Come," said Mr. Nunn, after dinner, with a brisk relish upon him, "make haste and get about those wrappers, my boys"; when, to his paralysing amazement, Henry replied that, after careful consideration,

he had come to the conclusion that this was a job proper for shop-boys, and not for apprentices. The muscles of his cheek knotting and relaxing, his whole face suddenly sharpened, Mr. Nunn repeated his words with an emphasis that completely demoralised the forces of little John. "You—you'd better come, Henry," he whispered, plucking his comrade by the sleeve. "Come, my boy, go at once," said Nunn, with a ferocious accent. Henry stood silent; and once again Mr. Nunn, livid and throbbing, repeated the same words. The apprentice, blind to the weakness underlying that insane display of passion, and embarrassed by his comrade's defection, was something daunted. "Under protest, then," said he. "I'll go, but, understand me, under protest"; and to the last day of his life, he looked back with a poignant remorse upon that degrading capitulation.

It had been a matter of arrangement that the two apprentices should exchange their respective offices, in order that each should acquire a knowledge of both. But, upon his return, Henry had been set down to his old employment. For awhile the apprentice looked for the cause of this in his own demerit; and, not finding it there, he surveyed himself from head to foot in a glass. With a morbid shrivelling of vanity, Henry contemplated the long, shabby, uncouth figure, with the great hands and feet; compared it with the neat, stout form of John; and admitted that here, indeed, was not the kind of person to take the eye at the first counter. But, he reflected, he was there to learn the business, nevertheless; and the same evening, he marched up to the cannon's mouth.

Mr. Nunn, with his eyes upon his desk, listened to his modest representations in a pulsating silence. "Very well, my boy," he said at last, "you shall. Yes, you shall do as you wish. To-morrow you shall serve at the first counter." And the next day, Henry found himself confronted with all the caprices of that idle society which goes a-shopping, and which frequently leaves its manners at home. Mr. Nunn hovered near him, continually dismissing him with ignominy into the back shop; so that, by means of a series of crafty manœuvres, Henry found himself, at the end of a few days, relegated permanently to that decent obscurity; and deprived even of the compensation which lay in the acquisition of business knowledge.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Kately Nunn, pursuing his advantages, conceived a brilliant plan by means of which both the taming of the apprentice should be furthered, and himself saved the wages of an errand-boy;

and accordingly, Henry was sent out to deliver the morning papers. Since it carried him out of doors, Henry accepted the office without comment. He referred to the matter, incidentally, in his weekly letter to his guardian. But Mr. Morton Beale drew finer distinctions: and, in a dignified epistle, he desired his ward to decline this disreputable employment. Hating the ordeal, but perfectly determined, Henry again approached the tigerish stationer, and politely explained his guardian's wishes. The master perceived that there was no question, this time, of recession. Choking with anger, Mr. Nunn had nothing to do but fall into silent paroxysms; and in order to demonstrate irrefragably how little there could be in the action injurious to the dignity of a gentleman, he rushed forth and distributed the papers himself.

The enemy had suffered a check from the beleagured garrison, but there was distress within the citadel; for, as the time wore on with its grinding monotony, Henry's health began to fail. Often, for days together, he could scarce crawl about his wretched duties; but rather than ask the least indulgence, he would have died upon his feet. Sick fancies tormented him, thronging the cold and sour darkness which covered his head; and there were times when he lost all hope of emerging alive from this deadly place, with the shiny black ledges, the dull gleam of the glass cases, and the figures of free persons walking past the open door; eternally haunted by the thin man in the blue suit, inhuman as some monstrous birth of the beetle species, who pursued him with a malice so untiring and inveterate. In his rare, lonely walks on Sundays he still interrogated the riddle of the tangled world, which cries ever for an answer to such as he: until certain scenes became associated in his mind as an expression of the implacable face of Nature, pregnant with undecipherable significance.

Two such pictures remain indelibly graven upon his memory. One, an effect of singular desolation: of a long, mean street opening upon a drear field of hills, folding one beyond another into the scowling heaven; and nearer hand, a solitary black windmill set upon a slope of rank and vivid green. Another, of a wild night of tempest: great waves riding furiously one upon another, toppling gulfs of blackness, a mighty shouting of wind and breakers; and standing on the shaking beach a figure like his own, listening for a voice in the uproar which he could never hear. But, in the gallery of remembrance, beside these pictures remains another: the clear image of a tranquil plain, set

with groves and gleaming here and there with water, stretching to a far, ethereal stripe of sea : beheld from a grassy hill, in the hush of a summer afternoon, by one who gazes with a futile question in his eyes ; until, out of the bright serenity, like the flight of a bird, there falls some wordless message, frail and faint, a shining filament of the little golden web in his heart, the gossamer of hope.

Although it may have been Mr. Nunn's fixed determination to break the lad's spirit, it is open to doubt if, as the creature of his own blind malignity, he had any such conscious purpose. Indeed, it is soberly probable that he regarded himself as a model of perfection, incapable of error ; and it may have been the tacit refusal of the apprentice to acknowledge this, together with his open hatred and immitigable scorn, which aroused the master's inexorable enmity. In any case, it was the working of this faith which brought about the ultimate collision between himself and his apprentice.

From the first, Henry had been made responsible for the contents of the till : every night, the cash must balance with the sums entered in the ledger ; and if there were any deficit, the apprentice must make it up from his own pocket. Provided that none else had access to the till, Henry acquiesced in the arrangement ; but the master, relying on his dogma of private infallibility, reserved to himself the right of handling the cash whenever it suited his convenience. And of late, try as Henry might, he could not balance his accounts : so that night after night he must stay an hour after closing time, adding and counting, with Mr. Kitley Nunn in a red-hot ferment at his elbow ; until the apprentice decided that this vexatious injustice must end.

" I don't think it's fair, sir," he said, one night when he was left alone with his tyrant in the sheeted theatre of captivity, " that I should make up short money, unless I am the only person responsible."

" What do you mean, my boy, what do you mean ? Who dares to go to the till ?" " Well, you do, sir," said Henry with diffidence. " And you dare to insinuate I can make a mistake ?" cried Nunn, a figure of wrath so intense, that he seemed to set in a glow the shadow where he stood. " I never make a mistake. I never did when I was an apprentice. I *can't* make a mistake. What do you mean ?" " What I say," returned the apprentice, miserably commoved, as always, by the wind of fury, but fixed in resolution.

Mr. Nunn's agitation was so excessive that he must pace up and down, three or four turns, before he was able to speak. Since the

apprentice was not to be frightened from his position, the master perceived that, once again, he was defeated. "Very well, my boy," he said, biting upon the words with a portentous, raging accent and a knotting of his cheek. "Very well, you *shall* be responsible"; and upon this impotent conclusion he retired. But he meddled with the till no more, and to find an incorrect balance became the exception instead of the rule.

Apparently the incident brought home to Mr. Nunn, that he was come to the end of his resources. Every engine of petty tyranny had failed to bring the insurgent to his knees. So powerfully was the master affected by this circumstance, that he could no longer bear the sight of his apprentice. He shut himself and his fires into the drawing-room above the shop, pulled down the blinds, and remained for days a prey to bilious fever. When he appeared once more, he addressed Henry, with the utmost ferocity, by his surname. This curious device was the last weapon in his armoury.

"When I was coming in," said John, that night, "I passed Kitley standing at the door, leaning his head against the side. He looked quite—quite miserable. I didn't know he was capable of it. He looked so unhappy that my—my heart was really moved with the impulse of pity," remarked John quaintly, and looking at his companion with his head on one side. "It was, really." "Was it?" said Henry. "If I saw him in hell, I shouldn't pity him."

Very soon afterwards Henry went home for his second holiday. So broken was he that the family doctor was summoned. What the physician said to his guardian, Henry never heard; but a few days later they told him he was not to return: that his captivity was ended. He received the news without any apparent emotion. "If you think it necessary I am ready to go through with it," he said.

For many years, at recurring intervals, the whilom apprentice used to dream a dream, from which he would awake to a dawning sense of inexpressible relief. He sees himself back once more in the gloomy shop with the shiny black ledges, the show-cases gleaming in the shadow, the figures of free persons walking past the open door; and he hears again the click of the hinged mirror, and the light footstep of the thin man in the blue suit, with the angry pulsation in his cheek.

L. COPE CORNFORD,





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THE NIGGER OF THE "NARCISSUS"

A TALE OF THE FORECASTLE

VIII.

IT was at that time that Belfast's devotion (and also his pugnacity) secured universal respect. He spent every moment of his spare time in Jimmy's cabin. He tended him, talked to him; was as gentle as a woman, as tenderly gay as an old philanthropist, as sentimentally careful of his nigger as a model slave-owner. But outside he was irritable, explosive as gunpowder, sombre, suspicious, and never more brutal than when most sorrowful. With him it was a tear and a blow—a tear for Jimmy, a blow for any one who did not seem to take a scrupulously orthodox view of Jimmy's case. We talked about nothing else. The two Scandinavians, even, discussed the situation—but it was impossible to know in what spirit, because they quarrelled in their own language. Belfast suspected one of them of irreverence, and in this incertitude thought that there was no option but to fight them both. They became very much terrified by his truculence, and henceforth lived amongst us, dejected, like a pair of mutes. Wamibo never spoke intelligibly, but he was as smileless as an animal—seemed to know much less about it all than the cat—and consequently was safe. Moreover, he had belonged to the chosen band of Jimmy's rescuers, and was above suspicion. Archie was silent generally, but often spent an hour or so in talking to Jimmy quietly with an air of proprietorship. At any time of the day, and often through the night, some man could be seen sitting on Jimmy's box. In the evening, between six and eight, the cabin was crowded, and there was an interested group at the door. Every one stared at the nigger.

He basked in the warmth of our interest. His eyes gleamed ironically, and in a weak voice he reproached us with our cowardice. He would say:—"If you fellows had stuck out for me, I would be now on deck." We hung our heads. "Yes, but if you think I am going to let them put me in irons just to show you sport Well, no It ruins my health, this lying up, it does. You don't care." We were as utterly abashed as if it had been true. His superb impudence carried all before it. We would not have dared to revolt. We didn't want to, really. We wanted to keep him alive till home—to the end of the voyage.

Singleton as usual held aloof, appearing to scorn the insignificant events of an ended life. Once only he came along and unexpectedly stopped in the doorway. He peered at Jimmy in profound silence, as if desirous to add that black image to the crowd of Shades that peopled his old memory. We kept very quiet, and for a long time Singleton stood there as though he had come by appointment to call for some one, or to see some important event. James Wait lay perfectly still, and apparently not aware of the gaze scrutinizing him with a steadiness full of expectation. There was a sense of tussle in the air. We felt the inward strain of men watching a wrestling bout. At last Jimmy with perceptible apprehension turned his head on the pillow. "Good evening," he said in a conciliating tone. "H'm," answered the old seaman grumpily. For a moment longer he looked at Jimmy with severe fixity, then suddenly went away. It was a long time before any one spoke in the little cabin, though we all breathed more freely, as men do after an escape from some dangerous situation. We all knew the old man's ideas about Jimmy, and nobody dared to combat them. They were unsettling, they caused pain; and, what was worse, they might have been true for all we knew. Only once did he condescend to explain them fully, but the impression was lasting. He said that Jimmy was the cause of head winds. Mortally sick men—he maintained—linger till the first sight of land, and then die; and Jimmy knew that the land would draw his life from him. It is so in every ship. Didn't we know it? He asked us with austere contempt: what did we know? What would we doubt next? Jimmy's desire, encouraged by us and aided by Wamibo's (he was a Finn—wasn't he? Very well!), and Wamibo's spells, delayed the ship in the open sea. Only lubberly fools couldn't see it. Whoever heard of such a run of calms and head winds? It wasn't natural We could not deny that it was strange. We felt uneasy. The common

saying, "More days, more dollars," did not give the usual comfort, because the stores were running short. Much had been spoiled off the Cape, and we were on half-allowance of biscuit. Peas, sugar, and tea had been finished long ago. Salt meat was giving out. We had plenty of coffee, but very little water to make it with. We took up another hole in our belts, and went on scraping, polishing, painting the ship from morning to night. And soon she looked as though she had come out of a band-box; but hunger lived on board of her. Not dead starvation, but steady, living hunger that stalked about the decks, slept in the forecabin; the tormentor of waking moments, the disturber of dreams. We looked to windward for signs of change. Every few hours of night and day we put her round with the hope that she would come up on that tack at last! She didn't. She seemed to have forgotten the way home; she rushed to and fro, heading north-west, heading east; she ran backwards and forwards, distracted, like a timid creature at the foot of a wall. Sometimes, as if tired to death, she would wallow languidly for a day in the smooth swell of an unruffled sea. All up the swinging masts the sails thrashed furiously through the hot stillness of the calm. We were weary, hungry, thirsty; we commenced to believe Singleton, but with unshaken fidelity dissembled to Jimmy. We spoke to him with jocose allusiveness, like cheerful accomplices in a clever plot; but we looked to the westward over the rail with mournful eyes for a sign of hope, for a sign of fair wind; even if its first breath should bring death to our reluctant Jimmy. In vain! The universe conspired with James Wait. Light airs from the northward sprang up again; the sky remained clear; and round our weariness the glittering sea, touched by the breeze, basked voluptuously in the great sunshine, as though it had forgotten our life and trouble.

Donkin looked out for a fair wind along with the rest. No one knew the venom of his thoughts now. He was silent, and appeared thinner, as if consumed slowly by an inward rage at the injustice of men and of fate. He was ignored by all, and spoke to no one, but his hate for every man looked out through his eyes. He talked with the cook only, having somehow persuaded the good man that he—Donkin—was a much calumniated and persecuted person. Together they bewailed the immorality of the ship's company. There could be no greater criminals than we, who by our lies conspired to send the soul of a poor, ignorant black man to everlasting perdition. Podmore cooked what there was to cook, remorsefully, and felt all the time that by preparing

the food of such sinners he imperilled his own salvation. As to the Captain—he had lived with him for seven years, he said, and would not have believed it possible that such a man "Well. Well There it is Can't get out of it. Judgment capsized all in a minute Struck in all his pride More like a sudden visitation than anything else." Donkin, perched sullenly on the coal-locker, swung his legs and concurred. He paid in the coin of spurious assent for the privilege to sit in the galley; he was disheartened and scandalized; he agreed with the cook; could find no words severe enough to criticise our conduct; and when in the heat of reprobation he swore at us, Podmore, who would have liked to swear also, if it hadn't been for his principles, pretended not to hear. So Donkin, unrebuked, cursed enough for two, cadged for matches, borrowed tobacco, loafed for hours, and very much at home before the stove. From there he could hear us on the other side of the bulkhead, talking to Jimmy. The cook knocked the pots about, slammed the oven door, muttered prophecies of damnation for all the ship's company; and Donkin, who did not admit of any hereafter, except for purposes of blasphemy, listened, concentrated and angry, gloating fiercely over a called-up image of infinite torment—just as men gloat over the accursed images of cruelty and revenge, of greed, and of power.

On clear evenings, under the cold sheen of the dead moon, the silent ship took on the false aspect of passionless repose resembling the winter of the earth. Under her a long band of gold barred the black disc of the sea. Footsteps echoed on her quiet decks. The moonlight clung to her like a frosted mist, and the white sails stood out in dazzling cones, as of stainless snow. In the magnificence of the phantom rays the ship seemed pure like a vision of ideal beauty, illusive like a tender dream of serene peace. And nothing in her was real, nothing was distinct and solid but the moving shadows that filled her decks with their unceasing and noiseless stir: the shadows blacker than the night and more restless than the thoughts of men.

Donkin prowled spiteful and alone amongst the shadows, thinking that Jimmy too long delayed to die. That day, just before dark, land had been reported from aloft, and the master, while adjusting the tubes of the long glass, had observed with quiet bitterness to Mr. Baker that, after fighting our way inch by inch to the Western Islands, there was nothing to expect now but a spell of calm. The sky was clear and

the barometer high. The light breeze dropped with the sun, and an enormous stillness, forerunner of a night without wind, descended upon the heated waters of the ocean. As long as daylight lasted, the hands collected on the fore-castle-head watched on the eastern sky the island of Flores, that rose above the level expanse of the sea with irregular and broken outlines, like a sombre ruin upon a vast and deserted plain. It was the first land seen for nearly four months. Charley was excited, and in the midst of general indulgence took liberties with his betters. Men, strangely elated without knowing why, talked in groups, and pointed with bared arms. For the first time that voyage Jimmy's sham existence seemed for a moment forgotten in the face of a solid reality. We had got so far anyhow. Belfast discoursed, quoting imaginary examples of short homeward passages from the Islands. "Them smart fruit schooners do it in five days," he affirmed. "What do you want—only a good little breeze." Archie maintained that seven days was the shortest passage, and they disputed amicably with insulting words. Knowles declared he could already smell home from there, and with a heavy list on his short leg laughed fit to split his sides. A group of grizzled sea-dogs looked out for a time in silence and with grim absorbed faces. One said suddenly, "'Tain't far to London now." "My first night ashore, blamme if I haven't steak and onions for supper . . . and a pint of bitter," said another. "A barrel, ye mean," shouted some one. "Ham an' eggs three times a day. That's the way I live!" cried an excited voice. There was a stir, appreciative murmurs; eyes began to shine; jaws champed; short nervous laughs were heard. Archie smiled with reserve all to himself. Singleton came up, gave a negligent glance, and went down again without saying a word, indifferent, like a man who had seen Flores an incalculable number of times. The night travelling from the East blotted out of the limpid sky the purple stain of the high land. "Dead calm," said somebody quietly. The murmur of lively talk suddenly wavered, died out; the clusters broke up; men began to drift away one by one, descending the ladders slowly and with serious faces as if sobered by that reminder of their dependence upon the invisible. And when the big yellow moon ascended gently above the sharp rim of the clear horizon it found the ship wrapped in a breathless silence: a fearless ship that seemed to sleep profoundly, dreamlessly, on the bosom of the sleeping and terrible sea.

Donkin chafed at the peace—at the ship—at the sea that, stretching

away on all sides, merged into the illimitable silence of creation. He felt himself pulled up sharp by unrecognised grievances. He had been physically cowed, but his injured dignity remained indomitable, and nothing could heal his lacerated feelings. Here was land already—home very soon—a bad pay-day—no clothes—more hard work. How offensive all this was. Land. The land that draws away life from sick sailors. That nigger there had money—clothes—easy times; and would not die. Land draws life away . . . He felt tempted to go and see whether it did. Perhaps already . . . It would be a bit of luck. There was money in the beggar's chest. He stepped briskly out of the shadows into the moonlight, and, instantly, his craving, hungry face from sallow became livid. He opened the door of the cabin and had a shock. Sure enough, Jimmy was dead! He moved no more than a recumbent figure with clasped hands, carved on the lid of a stone coffin. Donkin glared with avidity. Then Jimmy, without stirring, blinked his eyelids, and Donkin had another shock. Those eyes were rather startling. He shut the door behind his back with gentle care, looking intently the while at James Wait as though he had come in there at some risk to tell a tremendous secret. Jimmy did not move, but glanced languidly out of the corners of his eyes. "Calm?" he asked. "Yuss," said Donkin, deeply disappointed, and sat down on the box.

Jimmy breathed with composure. He was used to such visits at any time of night or day. Men succeeded one another. They spoke in clear voices, pronounced cheerful words, repeated old jokes, listened to him; and each, going out, seemed to leave behind a little of his own vitality, to surrender some of his own strength, to renew the assurance of life—the indestructible thing! He did not like to be alone in his cabin, because, when he was alone, it seemed to him as if he hadn't been there at all. There was nothing. No pain. Not now. Perfectly right—but he couldn't enjoy his healthful repose unless some one was by to see it. This man would do as well as anybody. Donkin watched him stealthily. "Soon home now," observed Wait. "Why d'yer whisper?" asked Donkin with interest, "can't yer speak hup?" Jimmy looked annoyed and said nothing for a while; then in a lifeless unringing voice:—"Why should I shout? You ain't deaf that I know." "Oh! I can 'ear right 'nough," answered Donkin in a low tone, and looked down. He was thinking sadly of going out, when Jimmy spoke again. "Time we did get home . . . to get something decent to eat . . . I am always hungry." Donkin felt angry all of a sudden. "What habout me,"

he hissed. "I am 'ungry too, an' got ter work. You, 'ungry!" "Your work won't kill you," commented Wait, feebly; "there's a couple of biscuits in the lower bunk there—you may have one. I can't eat them." Donkin dived in, groped in the corner, and when he came up again his mouth was full. He munched with ardour. Jimmy seemed to doze with open eyes. Donkin finished his hard bread, and got up. "You're not going?" asked Jimmy, staring at the ceiling. "No," said Donkin impulsively, and instead of going out leaned his back against the closed door. He looked at James Wait, and saw him long, lean, dried up, as though his flesh had shrivelled on his bones in the heat of a white furnace; the meagre fingers of one hand moved lightly upon the edge of the bunk playing an endless tune. To look at him was irritating and fatiguing; he could last like this for days; he was outrageous, belonging wholly neither to death nor life, and perfectly invulnerable in his apparent ignorance of both. Donkin felt tempted to enlighten him. "What hare yer thinkin' of?" he asked surlily. James Wait had a grimacing smile that passed over the deathlike impassiveness of his bony face, incredible and frightful as would, in a dream, have been the sudden smile of a corpse.

"There is a girl," whispered Wait "Canton Street girl . . . She chucked a third engineer of a Rennie boat . . . for me. Cooks oysters just as I like . . . She says . . . she would chuck . . . any toff for a coloured gentleman . . . That's me. I am kind to wimmen," he added a shade louder.

Donkin could hardly believe his ears. He was scandalized. "Would she? Yer wouldn't be hany good to 'er," he said with unrestrained disgust. Wait was not there to hear him. He was swaggering up East India Dock Road; saying kindly, "Come along for a treat," pushing glass swing-doors, posing with superb assurance in the gaslight above a mahogany counter. "D'yer think yer will hever get ashore?" asked Donkin angrily. Wait came back with a start. "Ten days," he said promptly, and returned at once to the regions of memory that know nothing of time. He felt untired, calm, and as if safely withdrawn within himself beyond the reach of every grave incertitude. There was something of the immutable quality of eternity in the slow moments of his complete restfulness. He was very quiet and easy amongst his vivid reminiscences, which he mistook joyfully for images of an undoubted future. He cared for no one. Donkin felt this vaguely: as a blind man may feel in his darkness the fatal antagonism of all the surrounding

existences, that to him shall for ever remain unrealisable, unseen and enviable. He had a desire to assert his importance, to break, to crush ; to be even with everybody for everything ; to tear the veil, unmask, expose, leave no refuge—a perfidious desire of truthfulness ! He laughed in a mocking splutter and said :—

"Ten days. Strike me blind if I hever ! . . . You will be dead by this time to-morrow, p'r'aps. Ten days!" He waited for a while. "D'ye 'ear me ? Blamme if yer don't look dead halready."

Jimmy must have been collecting his strength, for he said almost aloud :—"You're a stinking, cadging liar. Every one knows you." And sitting up, against all probability, startled his visitor horribly. But very soon Donkin recovered himself. He blustered :—

"What ? What ? Who's a liar ? You hare—the crowd hare—the skipper—heverybody. I hain't ! Putting on hairs ! Who's yer ?" He nearly choked himself with indignation. "Who's yer to put hon hairs," he repeated trembling. "'Ave one—'ave one, says 'ee—an' cawn't heat 'em 'isself. Now I'll 'ave both. By Gawd—I will ! Yer nobody !"

He plunged into the lower bunk, rooted therein, and brought to light another dusty biscuit. He held it up before Jimmy—then took a bite defiantly.

"What now ?" he asked with feverish impudence. "Yer may take one—says yer. Why not giv' me both ? No. I'm a mangy dorg. One fur a mangy dorg. I'll tyke both. Can yer stop me ? Try. Come hon. Try.

Jimmy was clasping his legs and hiding his face on the knees. His shirt clung to him. Every rib was visible. His emaciated back was shaken in repeated jerks by the panting catches of his breath.

"Yer won't ? Yer can't ! What did I say ?" went on Donkin fiercely. He swallowed another dry mouthful with a hasty effort. The other's silent helplessness, his weakness, his shrinking attitude exasperated him. "Ye're done !" he cried. "Who's yer to be lied to ; to be waited hon 'and an' foot like a bloomin' hymperor. Yer nobody. Yer no one at all !" he spluttered, with such a strength of unerring conviction that it shook him from head to foot in coming out, and left him vibrating like a string released.

Jimmy rallied again. He lifted his head, and turned bravely at Donkin, who saw a strange face, an unknown face, a fantastic and grimacing mask of despair and fury. Its lips moved rapidly ; and hollow, moaning, whistling sounds filled the cabin with a vague mutter

full of menace, complaint, and desolation, like the far-off murmur of a rising wind. Wait shook his head, rolled his eyes; he denied, cursed, menaced—and not a word had the strength to pass beyond the sorrowful pout of those black lips. It was incomprehensible and disturbing, a gibberish of emotions; a frantic dumb show of speech pleading for impossible things, threatening a shadowy vengeance. It sobered Donkin into a scrutinizing watchfulness.

"Yer can't holler. See? What did I tell yer?" he said slowly after a moment of attentive examination. The other kept on headlong and unheard, nodding passionately, grinning with grotesque and appalling flashes of big white teeth. Donkin, as if fascinated by the dumb eloquence and anger of that black phantom, approached, stretching his neck out with distrustful curiosity; and it seemed to him suddenly that he was looking only at the shadow of a man, crouching high in the bunk on the level with his eyes. "What? What?" he said. He seemed to catch the shape of some words in the continuous panting hiss. "Yer will tell Belfast, will yer? Hare yer a bloomin' kid?" He trembled with alarm and rage, "Tell yer gran'mother! Yer afeard! Who's yer ter be afeard more'n hanyone?" His passionate sense of his own importance ran away with a last remnant of caution. "Tell an' be damned! Tell, if yer can!" he cried. "I've been treated worser'n a dorg by your bloomin' back-lickers. They 'as set me hon, honly to turn against me. I ham the honly man 'ere. They clouted me, kicked me—an' yer laffed—yer black, rotten hincumbrance you. You will pay fur it. They giv' yer their grub, their water, yer will pay fur it to me, by Gawd! Who haxed me ter 'ave a drink of water? They put their bloomin' rags on yer that night, an' what did they giv' ter me, a clout on the bloomin' mouth—blast their . . . S'elp me . . . Yer will pay fur hit with yer money. Hi'm goin' ter 'ave it in a minute; has soon has ye're dead, yer bloomin' useless fraud. That's the man I ham. An' ye're a thing—a bloody thing. Yah—you corpse!"

He flung at Jimmy's head the biscuit he had been all the time clutching hard, but it only grazed, and striking with a loud crack the bulkhead beyond burst like a hand-grenade into flying pieces. James Wait, as though wounded mortally, fell back on the pillow. His lips ceased to move, and the rolling eyes became quiet, and stared upwards with an intense and steady persistence. Donkin was surprised: he sat suddenly on the chest, and looked down, exhausted and gloomy. After

a moment he began to mutter to himself:—"Die, you beggar—die. Somebody'll come in I wish I was drunk Ten days Hoysters" He looked up and spoke louder. "No No more for yer no more bloomin' gals that cook hoysters Who's yer? Hit's my turn now I wish I was drunk; I would soon giv' you a leg hup haloft. That's where yer will go. Feet fust, through a port Splash. Never see yer hany more. Hoverboard! Good 'nuff fur yer."

Jimmy's head moved slightly and he turned his eyes to Donkin's face; a gaze unbelieving, desolated and appealing, of a child frightened by the menace of being shut up alone in the dark. Donkin observed him from the chest with hopeful eyes; then without rising he tried the lid. Locked. "I wish I was drunk," he muttered and, getting up, listened anxiously to the distant sound of footsteps on the deck. They approached—ceased. Some one yawned interminably just outside the door, and the footsteps went away shuffling lazily. Donkin's fluttering heart eased its pace, and when he looked towards the bunk again, Jimmy was staring as before at the white beam. "'Ow d'yer feel now?" he asked. "Bad," breathed out Jimmy.

Donkin sat down patient and purposeful. Every half-hour the bells spoke to one another ringing along the whole length of the ship. Jimmy's respiration was so rapid that it couldn't be counted, so faint that it couldn't be heard. His eyes were terrified, as though he had been looking at unspeakable horrors; and by his face one could see that he was thinking of abominable things. Suddenly with an incredibly strong and heart-breaking voice he sobbed out:

"Overboard! I! My God!"

Donkin writhed a little on the box. He looked unwillingly. Jimmy was mute. His two long bony hands smoothed the blanket upwards, as though he had wished to gather it all up under his chin. A tear, a big solitary tear, escaped from the corner of his eye and, without touching the hollow cheek, fell on the pillow. His throat rattled faintly.

And Donkin, watching the end of that hateful nigger, felt the anguishing grasp of a great sorrow on his heart at the thought that he himself, some day, would have to go through it all—just like this—perhaps! His eyes got moist. "Poor beggar," he murmured. The night seemed to go by in a flash; it seemed to him he could hear the irremediable rush of precious minutes. How long would this

blooming affair last? Too long surely. No luck. He could not contain himself. He got up and approached the bunk. Wait did not stir. Only his eyes seemed alive, and his hands continued their smoothing movement with a horrible industry. Donkin bent over.

"Jimmy," he called low. There was no answer, but the rattle stopped. "D'yer see me?" he asked trembling. Jimmy's chest heaved. Donkin, looking away, bent his ear to Jimmy's lips, and heard a sound like the rustle of a single dry leaf driven along the smooth sand of a beach. It shaped itself.

"Light . . . the lamp . . . and . . . go," said Wait.

Donkin instinctively glanced over his shoulder at the blazing flame ; then, still looking away, felt under the pillow for a key. He got it at once, and for the next few minutes was shakily and swiftly busy about the box. When he got up, his face—for the first time in his life—had a pink flush—perhaps of triumph.

He slipped the key under the pillow again, avoiding to glance at Jimmy, who had not moved. He turned his back squarely from the bunk, and started to the door as though he were going to walk a mile. At his second stride he had his nose against it. He clutched the handle cautiously, but at that moment he received the irresistible impression of something happening behind his back. He spun round, as though he had been tapped on the shoulder. He was just in time to see Jimmy's eyes blaze up and go out at once, like two lamps overturned together by a sweeping blow. Something like a scarlet thread hung down his chin out of the corner of his lips—and he had ceased to breathe.

Donkin closed the door behind him gently but firmly. Sleeping men, huddled under jackets, made on the lighted deck shapeless dark mounds that had the aspect of neglected graves. Nothing had been done all through the night, and he hadn't been missed. He stood motionless and perfectly astounded to find the world outside as he had left it ; there was the sea, the ship—sleeping men ; and he wondered absurdly at it, as though he had expected to find the men dead, familiar things gone for ever : as though, like a wanderer returning after many years, he had expected to see bewildering changes. He shuddered a little in the penetrating freshness of the air, and hugged himself forlornly. The declining moon drooped sadly in the western board as if withered by the cold touch of a pale dawn. The ship slept. And the immortal sea stretched away, immense and hazy, like the image of life, with a glittering surface and lightless depths ; promising, empty, inspiring—

terrible. Donkin gave it a defiant glance, and slunk off noiselessly, as if judged and cast out by the august silence of its might.

Jimmy's death, after all, came as a tremendous surprise. We did not know till then how much faith we had put in his delusions. We had taken his chances of life so much at his own valuation that his death, like the death of an old belief, shook the foundations of our society. A common bond was gone: the strong, effective, and respectable bond of a sentimental lie. All that day we mooned at our work, with suspicious looks and a disabused air. In our hearts we thought that in the matter of his departure Jimmy had acted in a perverse and unfriendly manner. He didn't back us up, as a shipmate should. In going he took away with himself the gloomy and solemn shadow in which our folly had posed, with humane satisfaction, as a tender arbiter of fate. And now we saw it was no such thing. It was just common foolishness, a silly and ineffectual meddling with issues of majestic import—that is, if Podmore was right. Perhaps he was? Doubt survived Jimmy; and, like a community of banded criminals disintegrated by a touch of grace, we were profoundly scandalized with each other. Men spoke unkindly to their best chums. Others refused to speak at all. Singleton only was not surprised. "Dead—is he? Of course," he said, pointing at the island right abeam: for the calm still held the ship spell-bound within sight of Flores. Dead—of course. *He* wasn't surprised. Here was the land, and there on the forehatch and waiting for the sailmaker—there was that corpse. Cause and effect. And for the first time that voyage, the old seaman became quite cheery and garrulous, explaining and illustrating from the stores of experience how, in sickness, the sight of an island (even a very small one) is generally more fatal than the view of a continent. But he couldn't explain why.

Jimmy was to be buried at five, and it was a long day till then—a day of mental disquiet and even of physical disturbance. We took no interest in our work and were rebuked very properly for it. This, in our constant state of hungry irritation, was exasperating. Donkin worked with his brow bound in a dirty rag, and looked so ghastly that Mr. Baker was touched with compassion at the sight of this plucky suffering. "Ough! You, Donkin! Put down your work and go lay-up this watch. You look ill." "Hi ham, sir—in my 'ead," he said in a subdued voice, and vanished speedily. This annoyed many, and

they thought the mate "bloomin' soft to-day." Captain Allistoun could be seen on the poop watching the sky cloud over from the south-west, and it soon got to be known about the decks that the barometer had begun to fall in the night, and that a breeze might be expected before long. This by a subtle association of ideas led to violent quarrelling as to the exact moment of Jimmy's death. Was it before or after "that 'ere glass started down"? It was impossible to know, and it caused much contemptuous growling at one another. All of a sudden there was a great tumult forward. Pacific Knowles and good-tempered Davies had come to blows over it. The watch below interfered with spirit, and for ten minutes there was a noisy scrimmage round the hatch, where, in the balancing shade of the sails, Jimmy's body, wrapped up in a white blanket, was watched over by the sorrowful Belfast, who, in his desolation, disdained the fray. When the noise had ceased, and the passions had calmed into surly silence, he stood up at the head of the swathed body, and lifting both arms on high, cried with pained indignation :—"You ought to be ashamed of yourselves ! " We were.

Belfast took his bereavement very hard. He gave proofs of unextinguishable devotion. It was he, and no other man, that would help the sailmaker to prepare what was left of Jimmy for a solemn surrender to the insatiable sea. He arranged the weights carefully at the feet : two holystones, an old anchor-shackle without its pin, some broken links of a worn-out stream cable. He arranged them this way, then that. "Bless my soul ! you aren't afraid he will chafe his heel ? " said impatiently the sailmaker, who hated the job. He pushed the needle, puffing furiously, with his head in a cloud of tobacco smoke ; he turned the flaps over, pulled at the stitches, stretched at the canvas. "Lift his shoulders Pull to you a bit So—o—o. Steady." Belfast obeyed, overcome with sorrow, dropping tears on the tarred twine. "Don't you drag the canvas too taut over his poor face, Sails," he entreated tearfully. "What are you fashing yourself for ? He will be comfortable enough," assured the sailmaker, cutting the thread after the last stitch, that came about the middle of Jimmy's forehead. He rolled up the remaining canvas, put away the needles. "What makes you take on so ? " he asked. Belfast looked down at the long package of grey sailcloth. "I pulled him out," he whispered, "and he did not want to go. If I had sat up with him last night he would have kept alive for me but something made me tired." The sailmaker took vigorous

draws at his pipe and mumbled :—"When I West India Station In the *Blanche* frigate Yellow Jack sewed in twenty men a day Portsmouth—Devonport men—townies—knew their fathers, mothers—sisters—the whole boiling of 'em. Thought nothing of it. And these niggers like this one—you don't know where it comes from. Got nobody. No use to nobody. Who will miss him?" "I do—I pulled him out," mourned Belfast dismally.

On two planks nailed together, and apparently resigned and still, under the folds of the Union Jack with a white border, James Wait, carried aft by four men, was deposited slowly, with his feet pointing at an open port. A swell had set in from the westward, and following on the roll of the ship, the red ensign, at half-mast, darted out and collapsed again on the grey sky, like a tongue of flickering fire. Charley tolled the bell ; and at every swing to starboard the whole vast semicircle of steely waters visible on that side seemed to come up with a rush to the edge of the port, as if impatient to get at our Jimmy. Every one was there but Donkin, who was too ill to come ; the Captain and Mr. Creighton stood bareheaded on the break of the poop ; Mr. Baker, directed by the Captain, who had told him gravely :—"You know more about the prayer book than I do"—came out of the cabin door quickly, and a little embarrassed. All the caps went off. He began to read in a low tone, and with his usual harmlessly menacing utterance, as though he had been for the last time reproving confidentially that dead seaman at his feet. The men listened in scattered groups ; they leaned on the fife rail, gazing on the deck ; they held their chins in their hands thoughtfully, or, with crossed arms and one knee slightly bent, hung their heads in an attitude of upright meditation. Mr. Baker read on, grunting reverently at the turn of every page. The words, missing the unsteady hearts of men, rolled out to wander without a home upon the heartless sea ; and James Wait, silenced for ever, lay uncritical and passive under the hoarse murmur of despair and hopes.

Two men made ready and waited for those words that send so many of our brothers to their last plunge. Mr. Baker began the passage. "Stand by," muttered the boatswain. Mr. Baker read out :—"To the deep," and paused. The men lifted the inboard end of the planks, the boatswain snatched off the Union Jack, and James Wait did not move. "Higher," muttered the boatswain angrily. All the heads were raised ; every man stirred uneasily, but James Wait gave no sign of going. In death and swathed up for all eternity, he yet seemed to

hang on to the ship with the grip of an undying fear. "Higher! Lift!" whispered the boatswain fiercely. "He won't go," stammered one of the men shakily, and both appeared ready to drop everything. Mr. Baker waited, burying his face in the book, and shuffling his feet nervously. All the men looked profoundly disturbed; from their midst a faint humming noise spread out—growing louder. . . . "Jimmy!" cried Belfast in a wailing tone, and there was a second of shuddering dismay.

"Jimmy, be a man!" he shrieked passionately. Every mouth was wide open, not an eyelid winked. He stared wildly, twitching all over; he bent his body forward like a man peering at an horror. "Go!" he shouted, and leaped off with his arm thrown out. "Go, Jimmy!—Jimmy, go! Go!" His fingers touched the head of the body, and the grey package started reluctantly—all at once to whizz off the lifted planks with the suddenness of a flash of lightning. The crowd stepped forward like one man; a deep Ah—h—h! came out vibrating from the broad chests. The ship rolled as if relieved of an unfair burden; the sails flapped. Belfast, supported by Archie, gasped hysterically; and Charley, who, anxious to see Jimmy's last dive, leaped headlong on the rail, was too late to see anything but the faint circle of a vanishing ripple.

Mr. Baker, perspiring abundantly, read out the last prayer in a deep rumour of excited men and fluttering sails. "Amen!" he said in an unsteady growl, and closed the book.

"Square the yards!" thundered a voice above his head. All hands gave a jump; one or two dropped their caps; Mr. Baker looked up surprised. The master, standing on the break of the poop, pointed to the westward. "Breeze coming," he said, "square the yards. Look alive, men!" Mr. Baker crammed the book hurriedly into his pocket. "Forward, there—let go the foretack!" he hailed joyfully, bareheaded and brisk. "Square the foreyard, you port-watch!" "Fair wind—fair wind," muttered the men going to the braces. "What did I tell you?" mumbled old Singleton, flinging down coil after coil with hasty energy. "I knowed it—he's gone, and here it comes."

It came with the sound of a lofty and powerful sigh. The sails filled, the ship gathered way, and the waking sea began to murmur sleepily of home to the ears of men.

That night, while the ship rushed foaming to the northward before a freshening gale, the boatswain unbosomed himself to the petty

officers' berth:—"The chap was nothing but trouble," he said, "from the moment he came aboard—d'ye remember—that night in Bombay? Been bullying all that softy crowd—cheeked the old man—we had to go fooling all over a half-drowned ship to save him. Dam' nigh a mutiny all for him—and now the mate abused me like a pickpocket for forgetting to dab a lump of grease on them planks. So I did, but you ought to have known better, too, than to leave a nail sticking up—hey, Chips?" "And you ought to have known better than to chuck all my tools overboard for 'im, like a skeary greenhorn," retorted the moody carpenter. "Well—he's gone after 'em now," he added in an unforgiving tone. "On the China Station, I remember once, the Admiral he says to me . . ." began the sailmaker.

A week afterwards the *Narcissus* entered the chops of the Channel. Under white wings she skimmed low over the blue sea like a great tired bird speeding to its nest. The clouds raced with her mastheads; they rose astern enormous and white, soared to the zenith, flew past, and falling down the wide curve of the sky seemed to dash headlong into the sea—the clouds swifter than the ship, more free, but without a home. The coast to welcome her stepped out of space into the sunshine. The lofty headlands trod masterfully into the sea; the wide bays smiled in the light; the shadows of homeless clouds ran along the sunny plains, leaped over valleys, without a check darted up the hills, rolled down the slopes; and the sunshine pursued them with patches of running brightness. On the brows of dark cliffs white lighthouses shone in pillars of light. The Channel glittered like a blue mantle shot with gold and starred by the silver of the capping seas. The *Narcissus* rushed past the headlands and the bays. Outward-bound vessels crossed her track, lying over, and with their masts stripped for a slogging fight with the hard sou'wester. And inshore a string of smoking steam-boats waddled, hugging the coast, like migrating and amphibious monsters, distrustful of the open waters.

At night the headlands retreated, the bays advanced into an unbroken line of gloom. The lights of the earth mingled with the lights of heaven, and above the tossing lanterns of a trawling fleet a great lighthouse shone steadily, like an enormous riding light burning above a vessel of fabulous dimensions. Beneath its steady glow the coast, stretching away straight and black, resembled the high side of an indestructible craft riding motionless upon the immortal and unresting sea. The dark land lay alone in the midst of waters, like a mighty

ship bestarred with vigilant lights—a ship carrying the burden of millions of lives—a ship freighted with dross and with jewels, with gold and with steel. She towered up immense and strong, guarding priceless traditions and untold suffering, sheltering glorious memories and base forgetfulness, ignoble virtues and splendid transgressions. A great ship! For ages had the ocean battered in vain her enduring sides; she was there when the world was vaster and darker, when the sea was great and mysterious, and ready to surrender the prize of fame to audacious men. A ship the mother of fleets and nations: the great flagship of the race—stronger than the storms, and anchored in the open sea.

The *Narcissus*, heeling over to off-shore gusts, rounded the South Foreland, passed through the Downs, and, in tow, entered the river. Shorn of the glory of her white wings, she wound obediently after the tug through the maze of invisible channels. As she passed them the red-painted light-vessels, swung at their moorings, seemed for a moment to sail with great speed in the rush of tide, and the next moment were left hopelessly behind. The big buoys on the tails of banks slipped past her sides very low, and, dropping in her wake, tugged at their chains like fierce watch-dogs. The reach narrowed; from both sides the land approached the ship. She went steadily up the river. On the riverside slopes the houses appeared in groups—seemed to stream down the declivities at a run to see her pass, and, checked by the mud of the foreshore, crowded on the banks. Further on, the tall factory chimneys appeared in insolent bands and watched her go by, like a straggling crowd of slim giants, swaggering and upright under the black plummets of smoke, cavalierly aslant. She swept round the bends; an impure breeze shrieked a welcome between her stripped spars, and the land, closing in, stepped between the ship and the sea.

A low cloud hung before her—a great opalescent and tremulous cloud, that seemed to rise from the steaming brows of millions of men. Long drifts of smoky vapours soiled it with livid trails; it throbbed to the beat of millions of hearts, and from it came an immense and lamentable rumour—the rumour of millions of lips praying, cursing, sighing, jeering—the undying rumour of folly, regret, and hope exhaled by the crowds of the anxious earth. The *Narcissus* entered the cloud; the shadows deepened; on all sides there was the clang of iron, the sound of mighty blows, shrieks, yells. Black barges drifted stealthily on the murky stream. A mad jumble of begrimed walls loomed up

vaguely in the smoke, bewildering and mournful, like a vision of disaster. The tugs, panting furiously, backed and filled in the stream, to hold the ship steady at the dock-gates; from her bows two lines went through the air whistling, and struck at the land viciously, like a pair of snakes. A bridge broke in two before her, as if by enchantment; big hydraulic capstans began to turn all by themselves, as though animated by a mysterious and unholy spell. She moved through a narrow lane of water between two low walls of granite, and men with check-ropes in their hands kept pace with her, walking on the broad flagstones. A group waited impatiently on each side of the vanished bridge: rough, heavy men in caps; sallow-faced men in high hats; two bareheaded women; ragged children, fascinated, and with wide eyes. A cart coming at a jerky trot pulled up sharply. One of the women screamed at the silent ship, "Hallo, Jack!" without looking at any one in particular, and all hands looked at her from the fore-castle head. "Stand clear! Stand clear of that rope!" cried the dockmen, bending over stone posts. The crowd murmured, stamped where they stood. "Let go your quarter-checks! Let go!" sang out a ruddy-faced old man on the quay. The ropes splashed heavily falling in the water, and the *Narcissus* entered the dock.

The stony shores ran away right and left in straight lines, enclosing a sombre and rectangular pool. Brick walls rose high above the water—soulless walls, staring through hundreds of windows as troubled and dull as the eyes of over-fed brutes. At their base monstrous iron cranes crouched, with chains hanging from their long necks, balancing cruel-looking hooks over the decks of lifeless ships. A noise of wheels rolling over stones, the thump of heavy things falling, the racket of feverish winches, the grinding of strained chains, floated on the air. Between high buildings the dust of all the continents soared in short flights; and a penetrating smell of perfumes and dirt, of spices and hides, of things costly and of things filthy, pervaded the space, made for it an atmosphere precious and disgusting. The *Narcissus* came gently into her berth; the shadows of soulless walls fell upon her, the dust of all the continents leaped upon her deck, and a swarm of strange men, clambering up her sides, took possession of her in the name of the sordid earth. She had ceased to live.

A toff in a black coat and high hat scrambled with agility, came up to the second mate, shook hands, and said:—"Hallo, Herbert." It was his brother. A lady appeared suddenly. A real lady in a black dress

and with a parasol. She looked extremely elegant in the midst of us, and as strange as if she had fallen there from the sky. Mr. Baker touched his cap to her. It was the master's wife. And very soon the Captain, dressed very smartly and in a white shirt, went with her over the side. We didn't recognise him at all till turning on the quay he called to Mr. Baker:—"Remember to wind up the chronometers to-morrow morning." An underhand lot of seedy-looking chaps with shifty eyes wandered in and out of the fore-castle looking for a job—they said. "More likely for something to steal," commented Knowles cheerfully. Poor beggars. Who cared? Weren't we home. But Mr. Baker went for one of them who had given him some cheek, and we were delighted. Everything was delightful. "I've finished aft, sir," called out Mr. Creighton. "No water in the well, sir," reported for the last time the carpenter, sounding-rod in hand. Mr. Baker glanced along the decks at the expectant groups of men, glanced aloft at the yards. "Ough! That will do, men," he grunted. The groups broke up. The voyage was ended.

Rolled-up beds went flying over the rail; lashed chests went sliding down the gangway—mighty few of both at that. "The rest is having a cruise off the Cape," explained Knowles enigmatically to a dock-loafer, with whom he had struck a sudden friendship. Men ran, calling to one another, hailing utter strangers to "lend a hand with the dunnage," then with sudden decorum approached the mate to shake hands before going ashore. "Good-bye, sir," they repeated in various tones. Mr. Baker grasped hard palms, grunted in a friendly manner at every one, his eyes twinkled. "Take care of your money, Knowles. Ough! Soon get a nice wife if you do." The lame man was delighted. "Good-bye, sir," said Belfast with emotion, wringing the mate's hand, and looked up with swimming eyes. "I thought I would take 'im ashore with me," he went on plaintively. Mr. Baker did not understand, but said kindly:—"Take care of yourself, Craik," and the bereaved Belfast went over the rail mourning and alone.

Mr. Baker in the sudden peace of the ship moved about solitary and grunting, trying door handles, peering into dark places, never done, a model chief mate! No one waited for him ashore. Mother dead; father and two brothers, Yarmouth fishermen, drowned together on the Dogger Bank; sister married and unfriendly. Quite a lady. Married to the leading tailor of a little town, a leading Liberal, who did not think his seaman brother-in-law quite respectable enough for him. Quite a

lady, quite a lady, he thought, sitting down for a moment's rest on the quarter-hatch. Time enough to go ashore, and get a bite, and sup, and a bed somewhere. He didn't like to part with a ship. No one to think about then. The darkness of a misty evening fell upon the deserted deck; and Mr. Baker sat smoking, thinking of all the successive ships to which through many long years he had given the best of a seaman's care. And never a command in sight. Not once! "I haven't somehow the cut of a skipper about me," he meditated placidly, while the shipkeeper (who had taken possession of the galley), a wizened old man with bleared eyes, cursed him in whispers for "hanging about so." "Now Creighton," he pursued the unenvious train of thought, "quite a gentleman . . . swell friends . . . will get on. Fine young fellow . . . a little more experience." He got up, and shook himself. "I'll be back first thing to-morrow morning for the hatches. Don't you let them touch anything before I come, shipkeeper," he called out. Then at last he also went ashore—a model chief mate!

The men, scattered by the dissolving contact of the land, came together once more in the shipping office. "The *Narcissus* pays off," shouted outside a glazed door a brass-bound old fellow, with a crown and the capitals B. T. on his cap. A lot trooped in at once, but many were late. The room was large, white-washed, and bare; a counter surmounted by a brass-wire grating fenced off a third of the dusty space, and behind the grating a pasty-faced clerk, with his hair parted in the middle, had the quick glittering eyes and the vivacious jerky movements of a caged bird. Poor Captain Allistoun, also in there, and sitting before a little table with piles of gold and notes on it, appeared subdued by his captivity. Another Board of Trade bird was perching on a high stool near the door: an old bird that did not mind the chaff of elated sailors. The crew of the *Narcissus*, broken up into knots, pushed in the corners. They had new shore togs, smart jackets that looked as if they had been shaped with an axe, glossy trousers that seemed made of crumpled sheet-iron, collarless flannel shirts, shiny new boots. They tapped on shoulders, button-holed one another, asked:—"Where did you sleep last night?" whispered gaily, slapped their thighs, stamped with bursts of subdued laughter. Most had clean radiant faces; only one or two were dishevelled and sad; the two young Norwegians looked tidy, meek, and altogether of a promising material for the kind ladies that patronise the Scandinavian Home. Wamibo, still in his working

clothes, dreamed, upright and burly, in the middle of the room, and, when Archie came in, woke up for a smile. But the wide-awake clerk called out a name, and the paying-off business began.

One by one they came up to the pay-table to get the wages of their glorious and obscure toil. They swept the money with care into broad palms, rammed it trustfully into trousers pockets, or, turning their backs on the table, reckoned with difficulty in the hollow of their stiff hands. "Money right? Sign the release. There—there," repeated the clerk, impatiently. "How stupid those sailors are!" he thought. Singleton came up, venerable—and uncertain as to daylight; brown drops of tobacco juice maculated his white beard; his hands, that never hesitated in the great light of the open sea, could hardly find the small pile of gold in the profound darkness of the shore. "Can't write?" said the clerk, shocked. "Make a mark, then." Singleton painfully sketched in a heavy cross, blotted the page. "What a disgusting old brute," muttered the clerk. Somebody opened the door for him, and the patriarchal seaman passed through unsteadily, without as much as a glance at any of us.

Archie had a pocket-book. He was chaffed. Belfast, who looked wild, as though he had already luffed up through a public-house or two, gave signs of emotion, and wanted to speak to the Captain privately. The master was surprised. They spoke through the wires, and we could hear the Captain saying:—"I've given it up to the Board of Trade." "I should 've liked to get something of his," mumbled Belfast. "But you can't, my man. It's given up, locked and sealed, to the Marine Office," expostulated the master; and Belfast stood back, with drooping mouth and troubled eyes. In a pause of the business we heard the master and the clerk talking. We caught "James Wait—deceased—found no papers of any kind—no relations—no trace—the Office must hold his wages then." Donkin entered. He seemed out of breath, grave, full of business. He went straight to the desk, talked with animation to the clerk, who thought him an intelligent man. They discussed the account, dropping h's against one another as for a wager—very friendly. Captain Allistoun paid. "I give you a bad discharge," he said, quietly. Donkin raised his voice:—"I don't want your bloomin' discharge—keep it. I ham goin' ter 'ave a job hashore." He turned to us. "No more bloomin' sea fur me," he said, aloud. All looked at him. He had better clothes, had an easy air, appeared more at home than any of us; he stared with assurance,

enjoying the effect of his declaration. "Yuss. I 'ave friends well hoff. That's more'n yer got. But Hi am a man. Yer shipmates for all that. Who's comin' for a drink?"

No one moved. There was a silence: a silence of blank faces and stony looks. He waited a moment, smiled bitterly, and went to the door. There he faced round once more. "Yer won't? Yer bloomin' lot of yrpocrits. No? What 'ave I done to yer? Did I bully yer? Did I hurt yer? Did I? Yer won't drink? No! Then may yer die of thirst, hevery mother's son of yer! Not one of yer 'as the sperrit of a bug. Ye'rr the scum of the world. Work and starve!"

He went out, and slammed the door with such violence that the old Board of Trade bird nearly fell off his perch.

"He's mad," said Archie. "He's drunk," insisted Belfast, lurching about, and in a maudlin tone. Captain Allistoun sat smiling thoughtfully at the cleared pay-table.

Outside, on Tower Hill, they blinked, hesitated clumsily, as if blinded by the strange quality of the hazy light, as if discomposed by the view of so many men; and they who could hear one another in the howl of gales seemed deafened and distracted by the dull roar of the busy earth. "To the Black Horse! To the Black Horse!" cried some. "Let us have a drink together before we part." They crossed the road, clinging to one another. Only Charley and Belfast wandered off alone. As I came up I saw a red-faced blowsy woman, in a grey shawl and with dusty, fluffy hair, fall on Charley's neck. It was his mother. She slobbered over him. "O, my boy! My boy!" "Leggo of me," said Charley, "Leggo, mother!" I was passing him at that moment, and over the untidy head of the blubbering woman he gave me a humorous smile and a glance ironic, courageous, and profound, that seemed to put all my knowledge of life to shame. I nodded and passed on, but heard him say again, goodnaturedly:—"If you leggo of me this minyt—ye shall 'ave a bob for a drink out of my pay." In the next few steps I came upon Belfast. He caught my arm with tremulous enthusiasm. "I couldn't go wi' 'em," he stammered, indicating by a nod our noisy crowd, that drifted slowly along the other sidewalk. "When I think of Jimmy. . . . Poor Jim! When I think of him I have no heart for drink. You were his chum, too but I pulled him out didn't I? Short wool he had. . . . Yes.

And I stole the blooming pie. He wouldn't go. He would go for nobody." He burst into tears. "I never touched him—never—never!" he sobbed. "He went for me like like a lamb."

I disengaged myself gently. Belfast's crying fits generally ended in a fight with some one, and I wasn't anxious to stand the brunt of his incomprehensible sorrow. Moreover, two bulky policemen stood near by, looking at us with a disapproving and incorruptible gaze. "So long!" I said, and went off.

But at the corner I stopped to take my last look at the crew of the *Narcissus*. They were swaying irresolute and noisy on the broad flagstones before the Mint. They were bound for the Black Horse, where men in fur caps, with brutal faces and in shirt sleeves, dispense out of varnished barrels the illusions of strength, mirth, happiness: the illusion of splendour and poetry of life, to the paid-off crews of southern-going ships. From afar I saw them discoursing, with jovial eyes and clumsy gestures, while the sea of life thundered into their ears ceaseless and unheeded. And swaying about there on the white stones, surrounded by the hurry and clamour of men, they appeared to be creatures of another kind—lost, alone, forgetful, and doomed; they were like castaways, like reckless and joyous castaways, like mad castaways making merry in the storm and upon an insecure ledge of a treacherous rock. The roar of the town resembled the roar of topping breakers, merciless and strong, with a loud voice and cruel purpose; but overhead the clouds broke; a flood of sunshine streamed down the walls of grimy houses. The dark knot of seamen drifted in sunshine. To the left of them the trees in Tower Gardens sighed, the stones of the Tower, gleaming, seemed to stir in the play of light, as if remembering suddenly all the great joys and sorrows of the past, the fighting prototypes of these men; press-gangs; mutinous cries; the wailing of women by the riverside; and the shouts of men welcoming victories. The sunshine of heaven fell like a gift of grace on the mud of the earth, on the remembering and mute stones, on greed, selfishness, on the anxious faces of forgetful men. And to the right of the dark group the stained front of the Mint, cleansed by the flood of light, stood out for a moment dazzling and white like a marble palace in a fairy tale. The crew of the *Narcissus* drifted out of sight.

I never saw them again. The sea took some, the steamers took others, the graveyards of the earth will account for the rest. Singleton

has no-doubt taken with him the long record of his faithful work into the peaceful depths of an hospitable sea. And Donkin, who never did a decent day's work in his life, no doubt earns his living by discoursing with filthy eloquence upon the right of labour to live. So be it! Let the earth and the sea each have its own.

A gone shipmate, like any other man, is gone for ever; and I never saw one of them again. But at times the spring-flood of memory sets with force up the dark River of the Nine Bends. Then on the waters of the forlorn stream drifts a ship—a shadowy ship manned by a crew of Shades. They pass, and make a sign, in a shadowy hail. Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives? Good-bye, brothers! You were a good crowd. As good a crowd as ever fisted with wild cries the beating canvas of a heavy foresail; and tossing aloft, invisible in the night, gave back yell for yell to a westerly gale.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

THE END.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Any work that aspires, however humbly, to the condition of art should carry its justification in every line. And art itself may be defined as a single-minded attempt to render the highest kind of justice to the visible universe, by bringing to light the truth, manifold and one, underlying its every aspect. It is an attempt to find in its forms, in its colours, in its light, in its shadows, in the aspects of matter and in the facts of life, what of each is fundamental, what is enduring and essential—their one illuminating and convincing quality—the very truth of their existence. The artist, then, like the thinker or the man of science, seeks the truth and makes his appeal. Impressed by the aspect of the world the thinker plunges into ideas, the scientist into facts—whence, presently, emerging they make their appeal to those qualities of our being that fit us best for the hazardous enterprise of living. They speak authoritatively to our common-sense, to our intelligence, to our desire of peace or to our desire of unrest; not seldom to our prejudices, sometimes to our fears, often to our egoism—but always to our credulity. And their words are heard with reverence, for their concern is with weighty matters: with the cultivation of our minds and the proper care of our bodies: with the attainment of our ambitions: with the perfection of the means and the glorification of our precious aims.

It is otherwise with the artist. Confronted by the same enigmatical spectacle the artist descends within himself, and in that lonely region of stress and strife, if he be deserving and fortunate, he finds the terms of his appeal. His appeal is made to our less obvious capacities: to that part of our nature which, because of the warlike conditions of existence, is necessarily kept out of sight within the more resisting and hard qualities—like the vulnerable body within the steel armour. His appeal is less loud, more profound, less distinct, more stirring—and sooner forgotten. Yet its effect endures for ever. The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories. But the artist appeals to that part of our being which is not dependent on wisdom: to that in us which is a gift and not an acquisition—and, therefore, more permanently enduring. He appeals to temperament, and he speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—and to the subtle, but invincible, conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts: to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn.

Thus, fiction—if it at all aspires to be art—appeals to temperament. And in truth it must be, like painting, like music, like all art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time. Such an appeal to be effective must be an impression conveyed through the senses; and, in fact, it cannot be made in any other way, because temperament, whether individual or collective, is not amenable to persuasion. All art, therefore, appeals primarily to the senses, and the artistic aim when expressing itself in written words must also make its appeal through the senses, if its high desire is to reach the secret spring of responsive emotions. It must strenuously aspire to the plasticity of sculpture, to the colour of painting, and to the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts. And it is only through complete, unswerving devotion to the perfect blending of form and substance; it is only through an unremitting, never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of

sentences that an approach can be made to plasticity, to colour ; and the light of magic suggestiveness may be brought to play for an evanescent instant over the commonplace surface of words : of the old, old words, worn thin, defaced by ages of careless usage.

The sincere endeavour to accomplish that creative task, to go as far on that road as his strength will carry him, to go undeterred by faltering, weariness, or reproach, is the only valid justification for the worker in prose. And if his conscience is clear, his answer to those who, in the fulness of a wisdom which looks for immediate profit, demand specifically to be edified, consoled, amused, to be promptly improved, or encouraged, or frightened, or shocked, or charmed, must run thus :—"My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find there according to the need of your hearts : encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand ; and, perhaps, also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask."

To snatch in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life is only the beginning of the task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes and in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show its vibration, its colour, its form ; and through its movement, its form, and its colour, reveal the substance of its truth—disclose its inspiring secret : the stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment. In a single-minded attempt of that kind, if one be deserving and fortunate, one may perchance attain to such clearness of sincerity that at last the presented vision of regret or pity, of terror or mirth, shall awaken in the hearts of the beholders that feeling of unavoidable solidarity ; of the solidarity in mysterious origin, in toil, in joy, in hope, in uncertain fate, which binds men to each other and all mankind to the visible world.

It is evident that he who, rightly or wrongly, holds by the convictions expressed above cannot be faithful to any one of the temporary formulas of his craft. The enduring part of them—the truth which each only imperfectly veils—should abide with him as the most precious of his possessions, but they all : Realism, Romanticism, Naturalism, even the unofficial sentimentalism (which, like the poor, is exceedingly difficult to get

rid of), all these gods must, after a short period of fellowship, abandon him: even on the very threshold of the temple, to the stammerings of his conscience and to the outspoken consciousness of the difficulties of his work. In that uneasy solitude the supreme cry of Art for Art itself loses the exciting ring of its apparent immorality. It sounds far off. It has ceased to be a cry, and when it is heard, it is only as a whisper, often incomprehensible, but at times, and faintly, encouraging.

When, stretched at ease in the shade of a roadside tree, we watch in a distant field the motions of a labourer, we begin, after a time, to wonder languidly as to what he may be at. We watch the movements of his body, the waving of his arms, we see him bend down, stand up, hesitate, begin again. It may add to the charm of an idle hour to be told the purpose of his exertions. If we know he is trying to lift a stone, or dig a ditch, or uproot a stump, we look with a more real interest at his efforts: we are disposed to condone the jar of his agitation upon the restfulness of the landscape; and even, if in a brotherly frame of mind, we may bring ourselves to forgive his failure. We understood his object, and, after all, the fellow has tried—and perhaps he had not the strength—and perhaps he had not the knowledge. We forgive, go on our way—and forget.

And so it is with the workman of art. Art is long, and life is short, and success is very far off. And thus, doubtful of strength to travel so far, we talk a little about the aim—the aim of art, which, like life itself, is inspiring, difficult, obscured by mists. It is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion; it is not in the unveiling of one of those heartless secrets which are called the Laws of Nature. It is not less great, but only more difficult.

To arrest, for the space of a breath, the hands busy about the work of the earth, and compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to glance for a moment at the surrounding vision of form and colour, of sunshine and shadows; to make them pause for a look, for a sigh, for a smile—such is the aim, difficult and evanescent, and reserved only for a very few to achieve. But sometimes, by the deserving and the fortunate, even that task is accomplished. And when it is accomplished—behold!—all the truth of life is there: a moment of vision, a sigh, a smile—and the return to an eternal rest.]

T. E. BROWN

THERE was no other Manxman whose personality was so rich and striking, none who could claim so intimate a familiarity with the Island and its people. He had wandered times and again over every glen and headland of the "little kingdom in the sea"; he had fished every inch of its streams; he had studied every odd twist and lurking peak of the Manx character. He was saturate with the local folk-lore, and moved an Islander among the Islanders. The Island dominated his waking thoughts, and haunted his dreams:—

Even now between its simple poles
It has the soul of all my souls.

And his object was to mirror in his poetry this unique and characteristic Manx life before it was lost and absorbed in the Empire. That is its fate, he knew; so he would leave to succeeding generations a faithful picture of their fathers' ways and manners that they might say:—

"'Twas thus and thus
They lived," and as the time-flood onward rolls,
Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls;

that they might live (perchance), these Manx, to see a new Island Poet arise, and whisper in his ear the true tradition. Manx life, Manx character—these, rare English maker as he could be when he would—these were what he was concerned to depict, and to depict in dialect. His chief Manx poems are *Betsy Lee*, *Christmas Rose*, *Captain Tom and Captain Hugh*, *Tommy Big-Eyes*, *The Manx Witch*, and *The Doctor*. *Betsy Lee* was his first: published many years ago, it was republished together with the next three in *Fo'd's'le Yarns*. The story-teller is Tom Baynes, "old salt, old rip, old friend"; and he spins his yarns on a herring nicky by the smoky light of a single lamp or tallow dip. Almost all the stories smack of the sea, and some deal directly with it. As stories the poems are full of interest; while, as presented by the Poet, with a rare vividness of diction and style, and an overmastering dramatic power, they are of their kind unequalled. Not every one finds local colour to his taste, nor can take an interest in special types and species, nor can get to the back of dialect. And, certainly, in some degree, these qualities in a poet are

limitations. Yet have they their advantages. They lend a charm and a piquancy of their own. They give up the secrets of a world's odd corners, and introduce to rare characters, quaint customs, curious superstitions, a wealth of golden detail, which are unique. All this is regally profuse in Brown. His dialect, too, is easy. As compared, for instance, to Barnes's Dorsetshire, it presents scarce any difficulties. And his gift of narrative is so admirable, his character-drawing so firm in line and so rich and potent in effect, that his seeming roughnesses are found, as in a Rembrandt, to be distinctions of the rarest type. In truth, you cannot rise from these *Yarns* without recognising that they are the work of a great artist in speech, who was also a passionate student of life and character, and a nobly distinguished piece of humanity.

I have spoken as if Brown wrote only in dialect. That is not so. The volume called *The Manx Witch* contains two poems—*Mary Quayle* and *Bella Gorry*—which, though dealing with Manxland, are written in the finest English. (Could Tennyson have dreamed, observed, created a Parson Gale, his *Bella Gorry*—always supposing he could have written it, which I doubt—had outpaced and outlived a wilderness of Gardener's Daughters and "lily maids.") And his latest volume, *Old John and Other Poems*, consists almost entirely of English verse. In *Old John*, save when he wrote (as he did in *Conjergal Rights*) in emulation with the Swift of *Mrs. Harris's Petition*—wrote, too, not at all to his disadvantage—he left dramatic narrative, and handled themes of general human interest in lyric and other styles. His results are in an altogether different vein from his Manx creations, and demand a separate treatment. Some will have it that these, with their "audacious felicities" of expression, are his best work; and it is a fact that such poems as *Aber Stations*, and the *Clevedon Verses*, and *Chalse a Killey*, and *Pain*, are inferior to nothing in the *Yarns*—are inferior to nothing, indeed, in modern English. The tone of them is graver, deeper, more religious, less humorous, and more sad; yet have they much of the old, compulsive strength, the old persuasiveness, the old energy and fire, with much of the old impassioned utterance, the old, deep, visionary love of Nature; and by these qualities they command an ungrudging admiration. Still, it is as a Manx poet that Brown is known, and would have been known:—"Natheless for mine own people do I sing." And it is as *the Manx Poet* that I wish to consider him here.

A strong personality impresses itself strongly on the work it does; and the characteristics of Brown's verse are clear, peculiar, and salient.

Foremost among them is an extraordinary power of presentation, of character and incident alike. Two other qualities are almost equally apparent. The first is the immense capacity for feeling revealed in both the Poet's treatment of Nature and his analysis of human emotion. To analyse and delimit this capacity is impossible. I can but talk about it, and proceed to let it reveal itself. To begin with, the feeling is admirably and unalterably healthy. Brown was utterly free from the morbid, pessimistic introspectiveness of so many of our moderns. There is nothing "fin-de-siècle" about *his* poetry. He loved flowers—not fungi: this though he could write as well and think as perfectly about fungi as about flowers. The unspoiled lusciousness of Nature and of simple human lives breathes in his every line, so that his every line is a refreshment. And, being healthy, the feeling is also joyous. The Poet wins a strong, keen, exhilarating gladness from the deep things of Nature and of human life, the things with far-reaching roots, the elemental things, which are the august simplicities of the world. Sometimes the feeling is robust and vigorous, even rude. At others it is calm, soft, tranquil. But it is always deep. The "Great Mother," who "mixes all our bloods," sent into him the thrill of her mighty energies, working in the streams and the hills and in human hearts. If you turn to his treatment of Nature you shall find proof and to spare of what I mean. It was Nature in her majesty, Nature in her greatness, Nature in her strength, Nature in the movement of her elemental forces, which, for the most part, appealed to him. There is no pettiness in his handling of her; no Tennysonian watching for her prettier aspects; no microscopic analysis, but scope, intensity, the largest grandeur and force. He loved the sweep of hill and valley, the "trenchant forms," the breadth of moor, the spread of waters—"blue with *that* blue." All Manxmen must love the eternal presence of the hills, and perhaps it was of mountains that Brown was the peculiar lover. He strongly felt their solemnity. Their aloofness and sublimity were "mixed with the mould" of his being:—

Lek you'll see a mountain with the bare bould rock
 Go in up to meet the tempest's shock,
 And the night is on its head lek a crown;
 And the sky all frost; but lower down
 He's got the kerns,* and he's got the firs,
 And the veins that in his big heart stirs
 With the strength of streams, and the soft sweet air—
 Well, that was like the doctor's prayer.

* Mountain ashes.

Take, again, his description of the lightning :—

The lightning strong,
Lek it would slick up the sea with its red-hot tongue.

Or his bad night coming :—

The little dead dirt of daylight left in the west.

Or the march of the storm in *Christmas Rose* :—

And out on the headlands over the bay,
And I saw a cloud very far away ;
But comin, comin, bound to come,
And the deep low growl of the thunder-drum ;
And steady, steady, sollum, slow,
As if it knew where it had to go ;
Comin, comin, like it would be
Comin a purpose for somebody
And low, rather low ; then higher, higher,
Till it kissed the cairn with a kiss of fire—
Once—like the twinklin of an eye—
Once—and the long back-suck and the sigh
Of the silence—and terrible far away
Flash flashed to flash behind the sea.

For breadth and firmness of design and completeness of effect, for the intimate and perfect fusion of matter and style, that piece of description is, I take it, unmatched out of *Fo'c's'le Yarns*. And the depth of his feeling for Nature rejoiced to find expression in an intense realisation of the presence of God in her. To Wordsworth God was in Nature as a haunting, spiritual entity, with which he held communion. To Brown God was in Nature as an enormous, living, vitalising energy, whose life he felt as the Psalmist felt it when he said :—" He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters ; who maketh the clouds his chariot ; who walketh upon the wings of the wind." And Brown was not afraid to use God's name. Indeed, the frequency with which that name occurs is a feature in his poems. For example, he heads a section of his *Clevedon Verses* " Per omnia Deus," and writes :—

Poor souls ! whose God is Mammon.
Meanwhile from Ocean's gate,
Keen for the foaming spate,
The true God rushes in the salmon.

The dew is " the sweetest brew of God's own wine." The wind which

"comes off the moor" is His voice ; and to the fool, who "contends that God is not," the Poet replies :—

Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
Nay, but I have a sign ;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

Turn, now, to Brown's treatment of passion and emotion, and you shall find the same breadth and depth and potency. His pages teem with passion. The hidden springs of human joy and sorrow were unsealed to him : nothing was alien from his apprehensive and far-reaching humanity. Love is his favourite theme :—a love akin to the elemental forces, Fire and Light (they are the metaphors by which he brings it home), in its strong and simple energy :—

The one bright flash
That quivers through this world of trash
And make-believe.

"It's nothin else but just sincere." It is real "heart's blood," a country passion, no "gasey thing" like the water-milk love of a town, no exotic but a native love, born of fresh winds and clear streams :—

It's faithful as the mothers were that bore us ;
It's just the love our fathers loved before us.
There's nothing fine about it, nothing grand,
Like fruit or flower that comes from foreign land :
A clover blossom, where the bumblees cling
And suck—that's all—you know the sort of thing.

It is a love that is "love even in a sheep" ; that drives the flowers "coortin" till the morning light, as they bend towards each other ; a love that is "straight like a little child," or streams through the eyes like pent-up torrents of fire. With this from *Christmas Rose* :—

Where does it come from ? where, where, where ?
Is it in the ground ? is it in the air ?
Is it sucked with your milk ? is it mixed with your flesh ?
Does it float about everywhere like a mesh
So fine you can't see't ? is it blast ? is it blight ?
Is it fire ? is it fever ? is it wrong ? is it right ?
Where is it ? what is it ? The Lord above—
He only knows the strenth of love :
He only knows, and He only can,
The root of love that's in a man.
Aw isn it true ? and Him as quite,*
Seein all in the clear sweet light
That's runnin through Him all day long.

* Quiet.

And God is in human hearts more manifestly even than He is in Nature :—

God floods our hearts with all his melting snow,
And there's no sluice to take the overflow
And God's in all—but I'll tell ye the when
You can see His face, if you ever can—
It's when He lights sweet holy fire
In the eye of a woman.

And elsewhere he uses such a phrase as “the soft, good light of God gone out of her.” In an age of pseudo-Hellenism and sham Sex, that is the way a strong, true man writes ; and Brown was the strongest and truest of men.

Take, next, his extraordinary force of expression, his gift of instant and persuasive speech. It is more than the power of concentrating a world of feeling in a phrase. Here is an admirable raciness, a notable pungency, a peculiar, irresistible flavour, which leaves a taste in the mouth, and is unlike anything which I remember elsewhere. Humorous often, often serious, these strong utterances burst into sight like shooting stars, and, like shooting stars, bring trails of glory. They have a quality which is indefinable—which, too, is their own. They are like the “Pazon's” smile, which could be felt in the dark ; and, what is more, they recall the flavour so often found in Biblical allusions : allusions quaint and homely, as becomes a sort of simple folk, whose faith, not unmixed with superstition, has felt no shock of doubt, and who have been brought up on the Bible all their lives. Let me quote two or three samples. See the Doctor, on one of his dredging expeditions, handling the wet, strange forms of life :—

And passin the stringers
Of the long sea-grass betwix his fingers,
As y' it wasn wrack he had there,
But the holy bread, or a baby's hair.

Or the description of lies at the opening of the same poem :—

Lies in fustian, and lies in silk,
And lies like verjuice, and lies like milk,
And lies that's free, and lies for sale,
And rumpy lies without a tail,
Bubbles blew with the devil's suds,
Lies that's sweet, and lies with a stink at them,
Lies like the dew, that'll go, if you wink at them.*

* See footnote (*) on next page.

Or, yet again :—

There's pessins that bright,
The whole of their body is full of light ;
Lek it's sayin in the Bible—" Take care," it's sayin,
" If the light that is in thee turn dark again,"
(Lek some devil's runnet thick'nin it)
" Bless me !" it's sayin, " the dark you'll get."

The Laxey miners suck in the darkness "just like liquorice-ball." Christmas Rose's voice is "as hard as steel, and as soft as crame ; Something betwix a hawk and a linnet" ; and, as she sat beside the Pazon on the nigger's grave, picking daisies and poking them in his face, Tom Baynies says he has seen the Pazon :—

With the love and the light
And the strength and the strain of his soul's desire
All round the child like a glory of fire.

And in *Risus Dei* the Poet says of God :—

Methinks in Him there dwells alway,
A sea of laughter very deep,
Where the leviathans leap
And little children play.[†]

I could multiply indefinitely wafts of this smack of marrow and strong juices ; for it savours almost every page. But I hope that I have done enough to bring home the fact of its presence—its presence,"too, as an essential—in Brown's verse.

* This antithetical repetition occurs frequently in the poems, and constitutes a mannerism or trick of style, which is highly effective. For example, in *Betsy Lee* :—

" For there's feet that houlds on like a cat on a roof,
And there's feet that thumps like an elephant's hoof ;
There's feet that goes trundlin on like a barra,
And some that's crooky, some straight as an arra."

In *Tommy Big-Eyes* :—

" Some eyes, ye see, is nothin but fog,
And some is just like weak grog ;
And some is like leeches, and some is like slugs,
And some is like bullets, and some is like bugs."

Finally, again in *Betsy Lee* :—

" For there's pazon now that's mortal proud,
And some middlin humble, that's allowed.
And there's pazon partikler about their clothes,
And rings on their fingers, and bells on their toes ;
And there's pazon that doesn't know your names."

† The italics in all cases are mine.

Sailors have ever been held good story tellers, and Tom Baynes is a master of narrative. He not only tells a story: he also spins a yarn. The direct, plain tale, that is, is wrought in with episodes, with comments and reflections, with dramatic interruptions, which quicken and heighten and strengthen the interest of (so to say) the central strand. And Tom Baynes has that best of all gifts—humour. Analysis fails, when one has to deal with humour: especially with such a humour—rich, strong, broad, persuasive, abounding—as Brown's—a humour almost Aristophanic, yet ever peculiar; too buoyant to be confined within the limits of a formula; too mellow to be touched off in words. It envelops the poems like an atmosphere—subtle, intangible, indefinable. Who, for instance, can do anything more than just accept with thankfulness such a sage reflection as this:—

There's lumps in everybody's porridge;
Like ould Jemmy the Red, that drove to the packet,
One hoss would go forrit, and the other backit—
“Dear me!” the people said;
“There's nothing puffleck,”* said Jemmy the Red?

Who can fail to catch the charm of this (of Christmas Rose's voice):—

Clear as a bell; but it's sharp it could be,
Sharp as a knife, and stingin, stingin—
But bless ye! the angels isn allis singin—
But a-hailin the divils; and “Enter not!”
They're shoutin, and givin as good as they got,
Lookin over the wall; for they leaves their hymns,
And fights like Turks—they cherubims?

And the inimitable account of “Backs” and his “fuges” in *Tommy Big-Eyes*, and the courting scenes in *The Manx Witch*, and the milking passages (say) in *Betsy Lee*, and well! fifty other things: all life as it is, all life in the act, but noted by a brain of genius and passed through a temperament of genius, and so converted into literature, the immortal thing! For Brown's phrases are all expressions of fact. He was the closest observer of things, the craftiest expert in human character and life. You never question his knowledge at first hand of what he is writing about as you often question (for instance) Browning's. He has lived it all before he began to work it into verse, and his phrases sing and sting, and his visions are tangible and enduring possessions: for the reason that behind them there is such

* Perfect.

an experience of Life and Humanity and Time as no poet else of these years has had.

When I have said that Brown possessed a marvellous power of presentation, I have stated a fact, which my readers may verify for themselves. I can only go on to illustrate. And first, let us take the Poet's gift of painting. A touch or two, and there lies the picture, fresh, clear, done for ever. Here is a pair of eyes, for instance :—

Deep dubs of blue light with black at the bottom—
 Basins of light loops
 Of light in light, just hoops in hoops
 Of soft, blue fire, and feathered about
 With a kind of gray fluff, and openin out
 And out and out.

And the Lawyer's Clerk is picked out in a line or two :—

As neat, and as pert, and as sharp as a pin,
 With a mossel of hair on the tip of his chin ;
 With his face so fine, and his tongue so glib,
 And a saucy cock in the set of his jib ;
 With his rings and his studs and all the rest,
 And half a chain cable paid out on his breast.

I might quote, and quote, and quote ; for the man's vision was as absolute as his gift of presentation was unrivalled in Victorian English.

Next, let me note the use he makes of pathos, whose presence is all the more marked because of the rugged vein in which the Manx poems are for the most part cast. Indeed, the brilliancy of their poetry depends in no small degree upon rapid transitions from gay to grave, from the comic to the serious, from broad humour to deep feeling. Tom Baynes is telling of the days when he first knew Betsy Lee, before he began to love her—the days when she was a little child, with eyes “so big and so blue, and so far asunder” :—

That was all—just baby play,
 Knockin about the boats all day,
 And sometimes a lot of us takin hands,
 And racin like mad things over the sands.
 Aw ! it wouldn be bad for some of us
 If we'd never gone further, and never fared wuss ;
 If we'd never grown up, and never got big,
 If we'd never took the brandy swig,
 If we were skippin and scamp'rin and cap'rin still
 On the sand that lies below the hill,
 Crunchin its gray ribs with the beat
 Of our little patterin naked feet ;
 If we'd just kept childher upon the shore
 For ever and ever and ever more]

Or take another illustration from *Chalse a Killey*. Chalse was a half-witted vagrant, who used to roam the Island, kindly welcomed whenever he called, and abusing his privilege. For report says that Chalse would call at a house, Chalse would institute a rough-and-ready prayer meeting, which he would himself conduct (standing on a chair), and when all were kneeling, with covered faces, Chalse would steal a bit of bacon or a kippered herring from the beam. The Poet asks the dead Chalse if, beyond the grave, he retains no memories of his old vagrant life:—

Yet where you're now, dear Chalse
 Have you no memory
 Of land and sea
 Of vagrant liberty—
 Through all your dreams
 Come there no gleams
 Of morning sweet and cool,
 On old Barrule—
 Breathes there no breath,
 Far o'er the hills of death
 Of a soft wind that dallies
 Among the Curragh sallies—
 Shaking the perfumed gold-dust on the streams?
 Chalse, poor Chalse!

Another notable piece is the death of Captain Hugh. A sudden storm has come on and caught his schooner, which is under every stitch of canvas she can carry, and sends her to the bottom. He is at feud with his brother, and his brother's vessel is at hand, close-reefed, when she goes down:—

"Stand by!" says Captain Tom, "stand by!
 Listen if you'll hear a cry!
 Look out!" he says; and it wasn long
 Afore we saw Hughie swimmin strong,
 And heaves him a line, and hauls him in
 Like a shot, and—"Where's your father, then?"
 Says the captain, but Hughie couldn spake;
 And the whole of us strainin our eyes on the wake.
 But Billy Crow that seen him fuss,*
 Driftin right under our stern he was,
 Driftin lyin on his back—
 "About! about on the other tack!"
 Says Captain Tom, and heaves a rope—
 But he didn look at it—"More scope!† more scope!"

* First.

† Line.

Says the chaps, "Hould on! my gough! you'll lose him!
 Noose him! Captain, noose him! noose him!"
 And the noose went flyin over his head—
 "Studdy! studdy!" the captain said,
 But he turned on his face, and he slipped his neck—
 "For God's sake, Hugh! for Esther's sake!"
 "Father, father!" says Hughie, "try!"
 Then the two clenched fists went up to the sky—
 "Never!" he says; and a big sea tore
 Right over him with a race and a roar
 Like a thousand guns, and just a minute
 We saw the black head wrigglin in it—
 And round and round—aw, it's thrue! it's thrue!
 And that was the last of Captain Hugh.

Equally graphic and powerful are the return of the Peel lifeboat from a wreck; the finding of the Manx Witch at the bottom of the disused shaft, with the herb which she had been gathering on the edge still in her hand, and rooted through into the gravel beneath; the escape of Tommy Big-Eyes's hen in the village schoolroom; the scene where Tom Baynes turns the cow's teat into the face of the Lawyer's Clerk. And so on, and so on! The infinite variety of description and incident makes the poems a mine, whence one may dig at leisure "the ore that is not for the mart of commerce," the gold that needs no purifying or refining. Every page lives; and at each moment new sights and sounds arrest and delight you—always—as you read.

Of Brown's characters—and they are historic—the two chief, if we exclude Tom Baynes, are the "Pazon" and the "Doctor." "Pazon Gale" plays a conspicuous part in the poems, and the Poet drew him in the fine, strong, expressive line of which he was a master. A man and a friend first, and a "Pazon" afterwards, a mixture of strength and tenderness, he comes before you as one winning the love and respect of his Island parishioners; and you know why—know why without being told. Here is no "blameless prig," no "stainless knight and perfect gentleman" for young ladies to smirk and simper over in their day-dreams. No Tennysonian figment could ever have risen to that wonderful "Nursing the baby" (*Bella Gorry*) which was Parson Gale's. When Tom Baynes is in sore trouble over Betsy Lee, it is to the "Pazon" he goes for advice and help. When Jack Pentreath thinks Nussy Brew is being "wutched" by the Manx Witch, he takes his difficulty to Parson Gale:—

But there wasn a thing goin under the sun
 But the Pazon knew the way it was done :
 For his heart was just four pieces joined,
 A man and a woman and a child, and a kind
 Of a sort of Holy Ghost or another
 "A blessed ould fool!" you'll be thinkin? not him,
 But a sort of a blessed ould cherubim.

Here, from *Betsy Lee*, is a picture of him, sitting in the stern of the boat, with his coat-tails tucked in, and handling the sails, or asking for a pipe, and smoking, while the men turn their backs and pretend not to see:—

And him a smookin
 Twis' as strong and as black as tar,
 And terrible sollum and regular ;

And then, if he hooks a conger or a skate:—

His arms as stiff, and his eyes afire,
 And every muscle of him like wire.

Take, again, the description of the "Pazon" reading the Service, "lek, you know, a lill bit narvous," and then mounting the pulpit to preach. Unlike the "Locals," who threw their arms about and roared "Awake! awake! ye sinners":—

The "Pazon" was delicate :—
 That was the Pazon—not raw, but ripe,
 And mallow, like berries, like an aisy pipe,
 That draws like a baby the smooth it's goin.

And you see the soul that was in Parson Gale, in his treatment of his two sons, who, with Tom Baynes to help them, drink and swear, run riot and sow their wild oats:—

I believe the Pazon knew what he was at :
 I believe he knew it was good for us,
 For me and for them, for better for wuss,
 That all we had in us should have fair play,
 And all give account at the judgment day.

"A simple Pazon, and lovin and wise"—that is the summary of the man. He was none of your "Castins of Pazons, that moulded and squared, Black-leaded and polished," but human to the core, "aisy and free," a man loving and to be loved. Doctor Bell, again, is a "rael fine ould gentleman"; tender in his love for Nature's creations:—

Beetles, too, and butterflies,
 Aw, they'd bring a light to the ould man's eyes ;

and going "abslit wild," as his dredging net brought up its deep sea treasures. You can almost see him, as he moves before you: in his scorn of the rich and titled, the sour fruit of his thwarted love of earlier days, which would make him, when summoned by them, keep "the coachman swearin' at the door for an hour," while he was reading the paper inside; in his large sympathy with the poor, which, "if it was some ould granny's innards routin'," sent him post-haste on a healing mission; in his impulsive liberality, which too often dived in an empty pocket, or brought up but string or a lump of rosin; in his fluting to the miners and the fisher folk; in his lapses from soberness, that one above all, which left him floundering one night in the harbour, till he was rescued by the guard, which sent him homeward in a red coat to the music of a military salute:—

Uncommon good he was to the poor!
 And free and hearty, but never much
 Of a quality Docthor, nor regardin for such;
 Nor buckin up, the way he might,
 But proud to the lek, and very quite;*
 And keepin back—aw keepin back
 Reglar, and allis very slack.

The story of his early love, and his retirement in the Island till the cholera roused him from his loneliness, is told with a power and a pathos which are merely unrivalled. I might mention many other equally delightful characters, dashed in with the same unerring felicity, the same absolute equation between design and execution. There is Danny Bewildher, the village schoolmaster, whose method of teaching hardly commended itself to the school inspector; or the Ballachrink, the drunken uncle in *Captain Tom and Captain Hugh*, the magnate of the Crow public-house, who perished in the gale that drowned the racing skipper; or Old John, "nursed upon a Cameronian lap." But I leave them all to win, as assuredly they will, the love and admiration of this and the coming generations.

I have written in a purely appreciative strain of Brown's poetry for the simple reason that the poems, taken as a whole, seem to me to stand above adverse comment. Not of course that they are absolutes of art—"There's nothin puffed," said Jemmy the Red; but their merits are so many and so striking as enormously to outweigh the weaknesses. I have adopted, too, the method of simple exposition, and

* Quiet.

have quoted—quoted—quoted. And I have done this with the sole hope of persuading others to read one who is worthy of a master's place among modern poets, and to whom my own "debt is long." All the gifts—humour, pathos, character, knowledge, vision, sympathy, an abounding humanity, an unique capacity for presentation, a singular genius in style: all the gifts, and readers—how many? Not a tithe of Tennyson's, anyhow, nor of Sir Lewis Morris's neither! But none has read but has loved him; none has read that has not gone to him again and again. His death removes a delightful interest from some lives—for he was the finest of friends as well as the gayest and the wisest of companions. But his books remain; and in his books the World, which knew him not, may realise, if it will, what kind of Man and what kind of Poet it has lost in him. These few inadequate pages are meant but as a word of guidance and encouragement to the many that want Poetry, and know not where to look for it. It was Brown's to perfect, if not to invent, a certain *genre*, and to fit to local uses a genius (in the best, the only, sense of that much bedevilled word), which was big enough and comprehensive enough to take in the whole English-speaking race. That, if people will but read him aright—that is what he will be found to have done. Meanwhile, "He was a good man, good at many things: and now this also he has attained to—to be at rest."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND HIS MEN *

B LACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE! The name has long since passed, with the names of *The Edinburgh* and *The Quarterly*, into the history of English journalism and of English literature. It has its appropriate niche in the compilations designed to acquaint the youth of the realm with the titles of books which most of them will never read, and the names of authors with whom most of them will never scrape acquaintance; and it is ten to one that in such works the lion's share of the fame attaching to the periodical will be cheerfully allotted to John Wilson. If Mr. Lockhart is mentioned at all in this connexion, it will be by way of warning against acerbity, spite, and other disagreeable qualities. Wilson, to be sure, appealed to the public in a variety of capacities. He could gush; he could rollick; he could wear his heart upon his sleeve; and he gave the professors of the blubbering school of Scots fiction an invaluable lead. Let us not grudge him his popularity, nor his statue in the Princes Street Gardens. But neither let us assume that all the good in *Maga* was due to him, and all the evil to his friend and colleague.

No very profound knowledge, one might have thought, of Lockhart's most familiar writings would be required to bring home to any capable person the injustice of the traditional view of his character. Rogers uttered many uncharitable speeches in his long life, but never one so obviously pregnant with sheer folly as his well-known remark on the appearance of Sir Walter's biography. The fact that Miss Martineau clutched at the occasion of Lockhart's death to vilify and slander so eminent a man and excellent a Tory might have put the most ingenuous on his guard. It is, in truth, only a vivid and grateful recollection of *The Crofton Boys* and *Feats on the Fjörd* which restrains one from speaking of that pioneer of "lady journalists" and "Liberal women" as she deserves. None, of course, can pretend that Lockhart was not a "first-class fighting man," or that he did not possess the gift of saying

* *William Blackwood and His Sons: Their Magazine and Friends.* By Mrs. Oliphant. 2 vols. Blackwood, 1897.

an unpleasant thing in a memorable manner. The inimitable remark that the General Assembly was composed of men "of like passions with ourselves, but worse manners," is no bad specimen of his skill; and we may set beside it the description of the most unscrupulous ecclesiastic of his age as "a very agreeable and polished gentleman—a fine ascetical coxcomb (and tuft-hunter)—the image of a Jesuit cardinal of the sixteenth century." 'Tis Manning to the very life. Nor would it be easy to better the celebrated review of Tennyson, by which the poet had the good sense to profit, and for which, to Mr. Croker's indignation, very handsome amends were made, also in *The Quarterly*, ten years later. His private letters abound in the most admirable strokes of observation and description; and those who have been fortunate to see some of his unpublished squibs—Parliament House affairs, many of them—are not likely to charge them with tameness and lack of point. Yet "some little turn towards personal satire" has often been found consistent with a share of amiable qualities; and it is difficult to imagine how any candid or intelligent reader of the *Life of Scott* can deny its author many excellences which any man might envy. Nay, in his *Life of Burns*, a severe critic might detect and censure an immoderate tenderness to his subject, and a studied and deliberate persistency in blinking hard and undeniable facts, without the recognition of which the exciseman's career and the exciseman's poetry alike lose their true interest and significance.

Of late years a serious and, it may be hoped, a successful attempt has been made to banish the phantom of the traditional Lockhart, and to replace it by something approximating more closely to the truth. Yet even in his principal defender and apologist, Lockhart has, perhaps, been less happy in some respects than he deserved. I am well aware that in compiling his very readable memoir Mr. Lang had not the privilege of perusing the extremely interesting correspondence which was reserved for Mrs. Oliphant's volumes: the most attractive, it seems pretty generally agreed, of all the works which her indefatigable industry produced. To that extent he was heavily handicapped; yet it is not, perhaps, unfair to specify certain matters in which he has gone astray, in common, doubtless, with others.

To begin with, it is rather mysterious why Lockhart's character should be assumed to be complicated or perplexing. To be cold and reserved in public while nourishing strong affections in private may not

be so common a characteristic as one might wish to see it ; but it is, at all events, not unprecedented nor unknown. That fools are sometimes pompous and assume "hidalgo airs" is no reason for being astonished at this trait in Lockhart. Many men of genius have shared it with him. Tennyson, it is generally believed, was not conspicuously bland nor genial in manner to strangers ; and shortness of sight in his case, like dulness of hearing in Lockhart's, sensibly aggravated a constitutional shyness. Lockhart, no doubt, was the antipodes of his father-in-law in this respect. Scott suffered fools gladly, and sped the fawning and parting Dr. J. from Abbotsford (was Dr. J. the author of a Scottish Dictionary?) with the civil, though double-edged, remark that "his horses could not be better employed than in carrying Dr. J. on his journey." Lockhart was notoriously much harder to please. His view of the Ballantynes himself has sufficiently indicated. It would be curious to learn what he really thought of Terry and some of the other guests at Abbotsford. This fault of fastidiousness—if fault it be—apart, it would be hard to name any relationship in life in which he failed to bear himself with a manly simplicity. He was particularly loyal to his old friends, and Mrs. Gordon's hint that latterly the society of aristocratic acquaintances in London undermined the friendships of his youth seems to be totally unfounded. His attitude with regard to London is very happily illustrated in a sentence quoted by Mr. Lang to the effect that to watch the drama of high life there is to watch one of the most brilliant and interesting of spectacles, and some of the most distinguished and beautiful of performers. Lockhart's letters are full enough of gossip ; one wishes that neither Mr. Lang nor Mrs. Oliphant had so readily presumed that his gossip has lost all its charm ; but they have none of that affectation or profession of the closest intimacy with the most exalted personages which is so marked a feature in Croker's correspondence. Lockhart was not one to "nibble the shoe-latchets of the mighty," and his article on Theodore Hook, which has enjoyed greater celebrity than any other of his *Quarterly* productions, proves how sane and charitable a view he could take of men whose tastes and tendencies must in many points have been highly repugnant to his own. Perhaps the one really singular and unexpected element in his composition was that "something of the shorter catechist," to which so many of his countrymen must plead guilty. The early volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine* betray openly enough his fondness for chopping theology, and whereas so high a Tory might have been expected to espouse the

Cavalier side, this Son of the Manse preferred to stand by the savoury and persecuted remnant. It was all, of course, due to heredity—everything is, nowadays ; but a hearty dislike of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe—to whom William Blackwood also owed no special measure of good-will—may have stimulated his zeal. It certainly prompted the article, “On the Original Mode of Editing Church History.”

Simple or complex, whichever his character may have been, the question of Lockhart's attitude to *Maga* is one which leaves less room for inference or conjecture, and in determining which it ought to be possible to arrive at some definite facts. Mr. Lang's theory seems to be that, at the very moment when he was participating in the most daring sallies, Lockhart secretly despised his occupation if not his associates, and would fain have risen to higher things but for some mysterious spell which *Blackwood* exercised over his conscience and his intellectuals. It may be questioned if any hero would thank his biographer for attributing to him the sentiment, *Video meliora proboque*, &c. But what are the facts? It is quite true that in *Peter's Letters* (which Mr. Blackwood himself published) Lockhart takes exception to the furious spirit of political partisanship which then raged in literary Edinburgh. It is quite true that, after his friend Christie had killed Scott in a duel, he was plunged in profound gloom, and resolved that “periodical literature should never occupy any serious part of my attention. The longer I live,” he added, “I am the more steadily impressed with the utter worthlessness of that sort of thing.” It is quite true that, in a letter written to Haydon shortly after the crushing blow of his wife's death, he expressed regret for, and bewailed the consequences (real or imaginary) of the literary indiscretions of his youth, though at the same time he attempted to extenuate them. As for *Peter's Letters*, it is enough to point out that they themselves contain personalities which gave equal offence with anything that appeared in *Maga*. And as regards the two later pieces of evidence, it is plain that neither represents his normal frame of mind : of which the best possible proof is that to the very end of his life he was a devoted supporter of the *Magazine*, and a more or less regular contributor to its pages. If he had really desired to break with his past, to sever the association with his companions in mischief, to cut himself loose from the periodical which had given him that “chance” in life, which is supposed to come once to every man, what fairer opportunity, what more plausible pretext, could have offered than his appointment to the control of *The Quarterly*?

That opportunity he declined to embrace, that pretext to employ. On the contrary, he remained faithful to the shrewd and generous man who had started him in life. It was his hand that penned the dignified and touching notice of the founder which appeared in *Maga*; and the friendship which had subsisted with the father was continued with the sons. A place was always vacant at his table for young Mr. John, the manager of the London branch; and scarce one of John's letters but records that he "saw Lockhart yesterday," and had heard such and such news from him.

Far be it from any one to justify or imitate the violence of which *Maga* in her youthful prime was frequently guilty! All that can be said is that it did not exceed the ample limits of invective allowed to, or assumed by, other reviews, and that it was often amusing, and sometimes impressive. But there is no necessary inconsistency between the consciousness, bred of advancing years, of early extravagances and mistakes, and the feeling that, if life had to be lived again, they would, in spite of everything, be repeated. Such, it is legitimate to infer, was Lockhart's position. He recognised that his youthful work was disfigured by many imprudences and many errors of judgment—by some even of taste. But take it all in all, he would not have had the *Magazine*, or at all events his share therein, other than it had been. He would not have foregone the exquisite pleasure of setting the Whig poultry-yard in a flutter, or of fighting a good fight against an arrogant and intolerant faction. His Toryism had been braced and fortified by being brought into conflict with the usual Whig (and Liberal) claim to intellectual superiority, and the salutary effect of the struggle was worth purchasing at the cost of considerable perturbation and anxiety. His was the philosophy of Mulvaney and of every wise man:—"I've had my day—I've had my day, and nothin' can take away the taste of that." No *Saturday Reviewer* of the palmy days honestly regrets that the lash was wielded with vigour and regularity; and no member of the staff of the old *National Observer*, I take it, thinks upon its escapades without a smile of fond regret.

Those, then, who harp upon the string that Lockhart's career was blighted by *Maga*, and that it was an evil day for him when he "thirled" himself to her, seem to be wrong from the point of view both of worldly success and of literary achievement. He was doing nothing at the Bar, when *Maga* appeared upon the scene and afforded him a tolerable, if not, perhaps, a princely, income. He possessed many

of the qualities which contribute to the making of a good counsel ; but one thing he lacked by his own confession—the gift of speaking fluently and well. It was not, therefore, so bad a stroke of luck to find a sphere in which his logical faculty and his acuteness in seizing upon the weak points of an opponent's case would have ample scope. But *Maga* did more than keep him going : she put him in the way to earn one of the great prizes of journalism. The editorship of *The Quarterly* : £2,500 a year, all told ; access to some of the choicest society in London ! Think of it : all offered to this young man of thirty-one ! The salary was not much less than that of a Lord of Session ; the work, though responsible, was comparatively light, and the leisure abundant. And why was this great reward laid at young Mr. Lockhart's feet ? The answer seems plain enough. Though his close connexion with Scott was doubtless of some assistance, it must have been his eminence in periodical literature which did the business for him. With all its excesses, *Maga* had been a conspicuous example of brilliant journalism. The transition from the Pringle-and-Cleghorn to the Wilson-and-Lockhart-*plus*-Blackwood régime is the transition from fumbling and feeble amateurishness to good workmanship, actuality, and a mastery of the journalist's craft. Mr. Murray was not likely to select a mere dilettante or amateur, and, as matter of fact, he selected a man closely identified with the most sudden and startling success in the journalistic world since the birth of *The Edinburgh*.

But, it is contended, Lockhart's exceptional literary talent was thrown away on the *Magazine* : had he not fallen under its fascination, he might have bequeathed to the world a much richer legacy than he did. While it may well be questioned whether in any circumstances Lockhart would have produced three or four works on the same scale and of the same merit as the *Life of Scott*, that great performance gives little apparent indication that its author's taste or his gift of writing had been debauched to any appreciable degree by trafficking with the periodical Press. On the contrary, that commerce, while it abated not a jot of the natural purity and correctness of his style, probably brought with it an increase of versatility and ease. "Bottling up" seldom improves a writer's manner, whatever may be said of his matter ; and *Maga* provided precisely the opportunity for assiduous, though not excessive, practice, which is what a style like Lockhart's most requires to bring it to maturity and perfection. Perhaps he might have written a few more novels if he had held aloof from Ambrose's

and from the back shop in Princes Street; but would any of them have surpassed—or even equalled—*Adam Blair*? “They were no friends of yours,” wrote Mr. Blackwood, “who circulated reports that you had abandoned the *Magazine*”; and it seems no very great service to Lockhart’s memory to deplore his having ever joined it. If Lockhart occupies a position second to none in the long and illustrious roll of Tory journalists, from Roger L’Estrange to Frederick Greenwood, it was Mr. Blackwood and his darling periodical which, more than any other external agency, assisted him to win it.

The stupid old Lockhart tradition well out of the way, Wilson probably runs a greater risk than his colleague of being underrated. Lockhart’s sentiments, right or wrong, were always unexceptionably expressed. Wilson, on the other hand, seems positively to have taken pains to be exasperating in his style. Even “hidalgo airs” are preferable before a loud boisterousness: nor does Wilson cut a particularly dignified figure when remorse—to call it by no other name—overtakes him for some especially outrageous cantrip. No one who has witnessed the painful and tedious spectacle of an aged gentleman endeavouring to recommend himself to the company by a series of noisy buffooneries but must have wondered if Christopher North was like *that*; for one is apt to forget that Christopher, in addition to obstreperousness, could boast an uncommonly impressive personality, more than a sufficiency of learning, and now and then a touch of something uncommonly like genius. Mr. Blackwood was not far wrong in saying that his feeling and fancy were inexhaustible. So was his capacity for work, though displayed a good deal less methodically than old Ebony desired. The best plan, when one is tempted to vilipend the Professor, is to recall how he struck his contemporaries, and how earnestly Tennyson sought his good-will. No one, of course, unless he has a good deal of time on his hands, is likely to read the *Noctes* through, word for word, and in boiling down they lose most of their peculiar flavour. But in every one of them there is something worth a good deal of skipping to discover. The description of the arable farm reclaimed from the moss in No. LX (*Maga*, February, 1832, p. 258) is a typical sample of these good things; which, for the most part, deal with outdoor life or with eating and drinking. Passages of really sound criticism are rarer, and the reader is always liable to have his breath taken away by an attack, both fatuous and furious, upon some one whom Christopher had been in use to praise. The review of

Poems Chiefly Lyrical probably shows the old man in his most characteristic, and at the same time in his happiest, vein as a critic (*Maga*, May, 1832).

The Ambrosian manner has passed away. Even in the days of its glory, Mr. Blackwood preserved it closely for Wilson, Lockhart, and Maginn. Warren was once snubbed for trying to assume it out of pure innocence of heart and a natural desire to please. It died an easy death in *Maga*, having served its day and generation; and the firm showed its customary good sense in making no attempt to prolong the death-struggle, or to galvanise the corpse into the semblance of vitality. Its ghost continued to walk the Scottish provincial press for a number of years; but the ambitious junior reporter with literary aspirations now applies his imitative faculties to other models equally dangerous.

The number of literary celebrities of all degrees with whom Mr. Blackwood and his sons came into contact, and who duly appear in the annals of the firm, is amazing. Everybody, apparently, was eager to write for *Maga*, and few, except Maginn, of all that took her shilling deserted her banner for a rival's. Scott's more than benevolent neutrality was secured by a master-stroke of shrewdness; Hogg contributed much, and thought he contributed more; Coleridge, for getting the very unhandsome attack which is the great blot upon the first number of the revived periodical, not only supplied "copy," but gratuitously instructed the editor in his duties; De Quincey early joined the illustrious band. Many characters, too, of secondary importance diversify the scene. The romance of Samuel Phillips is one of the most curious of the curiosities of literature. Warren plays an amusing but thoroughly amiable and honourable part. His despair at the deletion of his best passages was an emotion shared by all the contributors from time to time. Mr. Blackwood was determined that no man should think himself indispensable, and there has been continuity in the policy of the house. Even Lockhart had a "Noctes" returned to him with many expressions of regret: a very amusing one it seems to have been. But the publisher could encourage as well as check. There is something infectious in his enthusiasm for *Maga*; and one cannot wonder that it spread to the whole staff. "A glorious number!" "A splendid number!" are his frequent exclamations. "I had rather pay you a hundred pounds than any one else fifty," he would write, in an ecstasy of emotion, to stimulate some flagging or

unpunctual scribe. The scribe, for his part, would profess that he had rather have Mr. Blackwood's fifty than a hundred from Bentley or Colburn—Bacon or Bungay. Mrs. Oliphant is quite within the mark in pointing out how *Maga* has evoked in her contributors much the same feeling of proud and devoted attachment as that with which sailors regard their ship; and the marked personality of the editor must have contributed largely to this result. It is the combination of the turn for business, with a genuine feeling for literature, which gives to the publisher's idiosyncrasy its peculiar pungency and flavour. Like other men, he made mistakes. He rejected the proffered services of Thackeray, and possibly he thought that some of his geese were swans. But in the most speculative of all callings, the victory lies not with him who makes the fewest blunders, but with him who throws most opportunely. There is an indescribable attractiveness about this strenuous and hard-headed Scot, with his "high animal spirits" and the "broad unadulterated tones of his Auld Reekie music": an attractiveness which the biographer has seized and reproduced with extraordinary skill.

There are evident signs towards the close of the second volume that Mrs. Oliphant felt her canvas too small, and was consequently obliged to crowd and huddle some characters who deserved a better fate. The third volume is to be devoted to John Blackwood's solitary occupation of the throne; and there, let us hope, we shall hear more of Aytoun and Hamley, and perhaps one or two others who scarcely in the meantime receive adequate treatment. Of John Blackwood in his youth it is only fair to say that we get a most pleasant and attractive picture. He had inherited his father's business ability and his father's knack of writing a good letter; and his correspondence with his brothers during his management of the London office is as amusing as anything in the book. His touch is light; his tone is cheerful; and he shows no mean power of reading character for a youth between twenty and thirty. Even the business portions of his letters are interesting. One likes to hear how regularly Pollok's *Course of Time* is going off; or what a brisk trade is doing in Mr. Wordy's *History of Europe*, which, with Stephens's *Book of the Farm*, was the *pièce de résistance* of the house in the Forties. When he treats of politics his remarks are always well worth reading. No doubt he could draw through Lockhart upon very exclusive sources of information. There is a touch of his father's "pawkiness" in the request for some trifle of Leith gossip, to furnish

him with an excuse for calling on Mr. Gladstone's father, who had most civilly promised to do all he could for one of John's younger brothers. Whenever he goes down to the House for a debate he has some shrewd comment to make. It is interesting to read of "that swab," Disraeli, and to find that the young publisher had detected the Joseph Surface element in Peel. His Toryism was of the same robust stamp as his father's before him : such as the Toryism of *Maga* has ever been. *Maga*, of course, was strongly Protectionist, and none of its political articles have been more powerful and striking than those in which Aytoun championed the cause which Peel was pleased to abandon. Croker, to be sure, was cordially hated by "the London branch." He had made himself agreeable to the founder of the *Magazine*, *more suo*, by pointing out its many grievous faults, and damning its few excellences with extremely faint praise. Though its politics were of the true-blue tint, however, *Maga* never took its line from any one statesman, as even Lockhart allowed *The Quarterly* to do at one time from Peel. She thus escaped the almost inevitable humiliation of being left in the lurch. It is, of course, highly improper to feel sorry for Mr. Croker, otherwise one might have ventured to hint that there are few more painful exhibitions of mortification and wounded pride (combined, strangely enough, with genuine wounded affection) to be found than the panorama of Croker's feelings at the time of the great betrayal. Sir Robert used his whole party disgracefully ; but only a man in whose veins the blood of Joseph Surface flowed in a copious and oily stream could have been guilty of the callous and insolent *hauteur* with which he cast off the man whom, not so very long before, he had regularly primed for a semi-official pronouncement as each quarter came round.

William Blackwood, secundus, "The Major," is also depicted by Mrs. Oliphant in very clear and firm outline, and, indeed, she regarded his memory with singular affection, for he was the first member of the house whose personal acquaintance she made. He appears early in the work, for, when still a boy, he went out to India as a cadet, and became the fortunate recipient of a series of letters from his father which cannot be read without respect and admiration for the writer and envy of his son. With the Major's death the second volume closes, and with it the literary career of Mrs. Oliphant. Her sympathies were in some respects curiously limited, and her prejudices extremely strong. No amount of argument, I suppose, would have persuaded her that to

endeavour to trace the sources of a poet's inspiration—to show how he borrowed and improved here, or how he snatched a poor hint and transformed it into something beautiful and moving there—to prove in a word that he approached his art in the spirit, and equipped with the methods of Virgil, Milton, and Tennyson—nothing could have persuaded her that so to endeavour was not to pluck the laurel from the poet's brow, to tweak his nose (figuratively speaking), and to heap him with every sort of insult. But where her prejudices were not engaged, and where she was in tune with her subject, she was capable of work only inferior to the best. She never had so congenial a theme as the house of Blackwood, and consequently, her best novels apart, she never wrote so well-proportioned, so judicious, so lively, and, in fine, so good a book. Even the "usual grammatical slips," which old Mr. Blackwood thought "ought to be expected from a female pen" (and Mrs. Oliphant never belied the expectation), are conspicuous by their fewness. It is a pity that she did not live to be gratified by the singularly hearty reception her last volumes have received from the Press; but no one perhaps is to be esteemed unfortunate who dies with intellectual power unimpaired, and who can thus afford to keep his very best vintage to the end of the feast.

J. H. MILLAR.

IMAGINATION IN HISTORY

WHEN Dr. Johnson pronounced history to be an inferior sort of literature, Boswell interjected the suggestion that imagination was necessary to the historian. "No, sir," replied the Doctor, "only that degree of it which we find in the lower sorts of poetry." The facts, he used to say, are few. To set these forth accurately and lucidly is the business of the historian, and needs no superior powers of mind. Goldsmith has done that, and is, therefore, a good historian. Others travel outside the facts or what the facts justify, and are not good. They paint, Robertson paints. History is little better than an old almanack. If it goes beyond the facts, it is speculation and guess-work. If it keeps close to them, it is only *fasti*. Johnson's literary dicta, even when certainly wrong, are always refreshing and provoke thought. They are the utterances of a mind which has thought all round the subject of discourse. On the subject of history, for example, he had many other thoughts than the foregoing. On one occasion he expressed his surprise that the most interesting and important aspect of history, the history of manners, was so much neglected. Here he seems to be making provision and securing a free space for the historical novel, which exhibits men and women as they lived and moved, and therefore necessitates a superior degree of imagination on the part of the writer. I at least find no difficulty in imagining Johnson, under stress of contradiction and in the heat of debate, declaring that an historical novelist executing his task well was a better historian than any of those who made a profession of history; nay, that to exhibit the past as it should be exhibited the highest poetic power was necessary, and that Homer was a better historian than Thucydides. From Johnson's conversation one can never gather the full extent of his thought on almost any subject. We only find there the vivid and powerful expression of a certain passing mood in relation to a single aspect of a general truth. It is simply ridiculous to believe that a man of Johnson's large and cultivated mind, and of his brooding and meditative habit, could have seriously degraded history to the very

ignoble level suggested by some of his remarks to Boswell on that subject. For, in spite of Macaulay, and many other traducers and belittlers of that great man, the attentive student of Johnson will not regard him as in any sense narrow-minded, but rather the reverse. His Toryism, as we know, was largely steeped in democracy, and, in spite of his strong religious principles and earnest faith, he could give expression to such an astonishingly latitudinarian sentiment as the following:—"The religion in which a man is born and reared is that in which the Almighty has placed him." The fact is that Dr. Johnson's conversational attacks on history and its professors were mainly prompted by the success and popularity of his Scotch contemporary, Robertson, whom he did not like, and in whom he did not believe. Better get history in the form of an old almanack, or in bundles of indubitable *fasti*, than mixed up in all that Robertsonian eloquence, which, when exhibited as conversation at the club, he spoke of with so much contempt. He preferred the bare facts to the Robertsonian daubing with strong colours:—"Sir, he paints."

But if Dr. Johnson, the greatest literary man of the eighteenth century, did really regard history as a low order of composition, as I firmly believe he did not, Carlyle, the greatest literary man of the nineteenth, has certainly set it high enough in the literary scale, has set it at the very top of all. Universal history he more than once maintained to be the sole indubitable revelation of the will of God; and a nation's history, if it could once get itself rightly written, to be that nation's Bible. Dr. Johnson, by assenting to Boswell's comparison of the "old almanack," seems to relegate history to the very lowest and most pedestrian order of literature. Carlyle exalts it to the highest place, declares the historian to be the interpreter of the divine mind as revealed in Time, and the seer and *sacer vates* of the nation in which he appears. For historical composition Carlyle demands something more than what suffices for the equipment of the historical novelist, or the industrious accumulator and lucid expounder of indubitable facts. He demands the *sacer vates*, the prophet, and the bard.

Carlyle is generally believed to have been hostile to poetry. Acting on this assumption, Mr. Swinburne, in his fervent prose, has repeatedly assailed him as the pronounced and inveterate enemy of singing men. It is amazing how men will misunderstand one another. That Carlyle was no enemy of "the singing man" is evident from this: that, holding such exalted notions on the subject of history, he recom-

mended the coming historians of England not to write their histories in prose, but if they could do so to write it in verse, to convert their historical lore into poetry and "*sing*" it. Carlyle's opinions on the subject of history are to be gathered from many passages in his works. His maturest and most sober utterances under that head will be found in the pamphlet entitled *Shooting Niagara and After*. That essay may be regarded as Carlyle's last will and testament. Standing on the threshold of old age he delivered there his final admonitions to the people of England in general, and especially to the literary class. He advised the literary men of the future to forego other themes and studies and concentrate themselves on the History of England, "to write bits of it and *sing them if they could*." "This task," he said, "taken in full compass, is all that I ask of you." I quote the foregoing to show that in the opinion of this great modern man of letters history is not a science but an art, and the greatest of the arts. The wisdom of antiquity, too, speaks with the same voice, for the ancients represented Clio as the eldest of the daughters of Apollo. The wings upon which History soars, writes Carlyle in another place, are knowledge and imagination. He even uses the epithet unrestrained, but wherever there is knowledge, wide and clear recognition of facts, imagination will submit to the restraint which knowledge necessarily involves.

It is not easy to write on the subject how the imagination will or ought to treat historical facts, for the imagination, when it works round an historical theme, will be a law to itself, obeying no rules but its own. Where its course has been we may follow and admire, but beforehand we cannot outline that course or lay down rules. Where the creative spirit is at work, who shall play the master and dictate its action? The Wars of the Roses assumed one form in the imagination of Shakespeare. What a very different form it would have assumed in the imagination of Carlyle, had he concentrated himself upon that stormy fifteenth century! The imagination of the primitive historians did in some respects work according to conventional rules. There was a conventional mode of idealising facts and lifting them into the world of poetry. A famous captain, for example, was, according to this method, converted into a hero of irresistible personal prowess who with his own wide-sweeping sword "laid waste opposing battalions." Again, war, which was not overt but continued still in the regions of diplomacy and intrigue, was conventionally represented as a contest at chess. In *Punch's* weekly cartoons we often see current political

facts treated in a similarly imaginative manner according to certain conventional traditions. Political intrigue here, too, assumes the form of a game of chess.

The most obvious use of the imagination in history is to render that visual which the historical authority has not made visual. For example, we know that William Rufus was shot with an arrow in the New Forest. We do not know how he was dressed on that occasion, or how the arrow got home, whether the King was mounted or on foot, &c., &c. Having first studied the authority carefully, an historical painter would imagine the scene for himself and paint it out as he had realised it in his imagination. To the historical painter we cheerfully yield such a liberty. Now, if history is a science, the historian should assert nothing more than that William Rufus was shot with an arrow, for he must not travel by a hair's-breadth beyond his authority. Beyond that everything is uncertain. But if history be an art and not a science, then he is at liberty to imagine the details and accessories, and, like the painter, make the scene visual—if he can.

I observe that historians who are popular do, as a fact, travel beyond their authorities. Though they call themselves historians and seem to regard history as a science, they do imagine. Froude, for example, describing the murder of Shane O'Neill by the MacDonalds, tells us that their "daggers flashed in the moonlight." There is no hint in the authorities that the moon shone that night. Why does he make the daggers flash in the moonlight? If history be a science, it should aim at exactness, and the critics should compel exactness. If it be an art, let the imagination work freely, fettered only by knowledge. The unpopular historian may be exact, but he does not win the ear; the popular historian keeps on imagining in a stingy, limited, and cowardly fashion, neither artist nor "scientist." His daggers flash in the moonlight, but he will not fling the murder of Shane O'Neill into a dramatic or epical form. He is not equipped for endeavours of that magnitude, and prudently forbears the attempt. It is very easy to write history with rhetorical embellishments; it is an arduous and hazardous task to dramatise it, or in any way hale it within the dominion of art. A serious enquirer would gladly forego such rhetorical embellishments for an honest and thoroughly trustworthy concatenation of facts on the "old almanack" plan. It is like bringing coals to Newcastle to point out the inaccuracies of this historian, but I must furnish my contribution. I find Froude slaying, in picturesque fashion, the most famous of the

Elizabethan Irish chieftains some seventeen years before his actual demise ; vehemently declaring that the State attempt to poison Shane O'Neill was the only assassination attempted by the Government in those times ; and conventionally and absurdly describing the fighting-men of the insurgent Irish lords as a ragged route of kernes. And so I cannot help asking myself :—" What is the meaning of all this ? What honest purpose does it subserve ? It is not science ; it is not art. What is it ? "

A friend of mine was praising the other day an eminent historical writer as a " great historian." " That may be," I replied ; " but if so, he is a great historian without wit, without humour, without eloquence, without imagination, without the dramatic faculty, without the epical or shaping faculty, without passion. All these qualities are absent, yet you call him a great historian. Here is a man who exhibits not one of the qualities which go to the making of a literary man, yet you set him on a pedestal to be worshipped ! " My friend rejoined by claiming for his hero " accuracy and judgment." I responded by declaring that accuracy was a poor quality standing alone, and that judgment could not be attributed to any mind devoid of high intellectual attributes. He surrebuted my rebutter and so we parted. I have yet to learn how any dull man can understand and interpret history.

If one thinks of it, is it not a curious fact that a great historian of the approved modern type could not stand an examination in his own books ? He makes several hundreds of thousands of assertions, out of which he does not remember a few score. The date, name, law, circumstance, or what not flies nimbly enough from the authority to his note-book, nimbly from the note-book to his manuscript, and even more nimbly out of his mind into infinite space. The fact having never got rightly into his mind, it will not be found in his memory. The book has it, but he has it not. How can history be a science, when practical nescience is such a characteristic of the scientific historian ? The same person, perhaps, writes condescendingly concerning the primitive recorders of events ; but the primitive recorder of events knew at least the study which he professed. If you knocked at his door, he was at home and ready to reply. To the request, " Tell us, O Skald, the history of Magnus Bare-leg," the Skald would have cheerfully responded by relating *ab ovo* the history of the hero. Every name in the tale would have been luminous and significant,

both to himself and to the hearer, from that of the rebellious bonder who snarled, "No traps here, as the fox said when he drew the fox-gin along the ice," down to that of the last man on board ship after the killing of the king. Everything was vitalised by the imagination of the historian, had been received lovingly into the mind, had taken up its abode there, and became as it were a part of the man himself. An Irish bard of the same pre-scientific epoch would have been just as ready and able to supply a history of "The Boromean Tribute," or of "Conn of the Hundred Battles." These old historians not only professed history, as history was then understood, but knew that which they professed. Ask a scientific historian a question out of his own book, and the odds are a hundred to one that he will not answer it. Read his books, and consider whether any man can know this stuff unless he is compelled to know it. If the historian were an artist, he would not be put to a stand so ridiculously; for he would introduce no facts into his history save such as he had absorbed into and made a portion of himself—such as he had vitalised in the electrical, fiery currents of his imagination.

History is concerned not with dead matter, which we can manipulate at pleasure, and upon which we can make experiments in laboratories. It is concerned with the deeds of men and women—therefore with the souls of which the deeds are the efflorescence: it deals with action and passion, and the infinite spirit of man. How can such a province of things become the subject-matter of a science? Then, if it is not a science, it is an art, and, like every other art, cannot be prosecuted successfully by men destitute of imagination. If I am right, the unpopularity of history in our times is due to the fact that it has been cultivated by persons to whom Nature has denied the powers necessary for its successful prosecution.

Such was Carlyle's opinion, when he declared that the history of England seemed to have been written by apes rather than by men. Such was Ruskin's, when he declared that any banker in London endowed with the necessary industry and vanity could have written as good a history of Greece as Grote's. So if I err, I seem to err in tolerably good company.

History is the most respectable form of literature, august but stupid. Such is the world's conviction, whatever may be its spoken verdict; and the fact is apparent enough in booksellers' statistics and otherwise. I once spent an evening with a family of blues. A lively lady of my

acquaintance afterwards asked me how we had amused ourselves. "Read history aloud?" Spent in this manner, an evening, in the opinion of this lively lady, who was clever as well as lively, and not illiterate, would have been quite ideally dull. Yet she only said what nearly every one thinks, let their hypocritical professions be as loud as they may. Clio, eldest and loveliest of the daughters of Apollo, is, in the opinion of the world, a dim-eyed, bespectacled, faded, severe and unlovely old spinster, only fit to keep a dame's school, and not a fit associate for grown men and women. For these fiction. So Rudyard Kipling's Indian stories are devoured by the tens of thousands and with unappeasable appetite, while the learned tomes of the elder Mill repose on the shelves of our public libraries and gather dust. In his day Mill was a great historian; the magazines and quarterlies thundered in his honour, and the weeklies and dailies went off like a *feu de joie* when an army rejoices for victory. Now he enjoys the sombre immortality of the bookshelf. He rests from his labours. Do his works follow him? Does the writing of books, which no one will read save under compulsion in this world, count a great deal as a set-off against sin in the next? It is a question which the laborious historian might consider with profit; for, seeing that he is such a dismal failure here—so much so that ingenuous youth and even ingenuous age regard the reading of him aloud as the *non plus ultra* of a dull evening—he is usually compelled to seek for comfort in the reflection that he has at least worked hard, and that, as against his many sins, those dust-collecting tomes will figure largely on the credit side of the account.

That the popular applause rendered to history is one of the great cants of our times, was once borne in upon my mind in a memorable manner. I was interested in the question of the Round Towers of Ireland, their time, their meaning, the men who built them. They stand all over Ireland so dumbly, so grandly, strong relics of the ages of faith, which time has not been able to sweep away. Petrie, I heard, had solved those profound and intensely interesting questions. I chanced upon his book, the finished and elaborate outcome of a life of noble toil and ceaseless investigation. It was in the library of a club to which no candidates are admissible, save graduates of Trinity College, Dublin, of Oxford, and of Cambridge. The book was dusty, O, so dusty! It had reposed here enjoying the sombre immortality of the shelf for some thirty years. It was uncut; I had to cut it myself. That was an object-lesson not easily forgotten as to the

unspeakable humbug which prevails in our times on the subject of history.

But England, it will be said, is different. England loves and lovingly absorbs her great historians. Does she? I read once, in the columns of that most conscientious of dull papers, *The Spectator*, that the English people know almost nothing about, and care less for, their history. We in Ireland imitate England in most things. So, if we care nothing about our history, it is possibly because the English people care little about theirs. The great histories, such multitudes of them, have not been absorbed by the English people, have not been drawn into the chyle blood nutriment and soul of the people of England.

All this is the fault of the historians, for there have been nations to whom their history was a subject of entrancing interest. A famous rhetorician, a man who almost knew everything about everything, once related to Socrates his experiences in Sparta. "The Spartans," he said, "would not hearken to me lecturing on geography, or poetry, or arithmetic, or making a display of eloquence, or exhibiting any of the other arts, sciences, and accomplishments in which I excel. They required me to lecture them on genealogies, and when I began to discourse to them on this subject they would hardly allow me to make an end."

This looks incredible, yet it is asserted by Plato, who took a great interest in everything relating to Sparta, and, unlikely as it looks, it is probably true. The Spartans derived their lines through many famous men, from heroes and gods, and no doubt delighted to hear all the well-known names roll forth in rhythmic thunder from the practised lips of that trained rhetorician. Possibly he added embellishments, possibly he flung the genealogies into sounding hexameters. Here, at least, we find one of the most famous nations in the world's history taking a keen interest in what is usually regarded as the most arid stretch in Clio's wide domain.

The Northmen are another example. Their popular literature was all history, and their history all popular literature. The history which would not lend itself to literary purposes, or which the Skalds were not skilful enough to convert into literature, was not preserved to be a nuisance and a torment, like so much of our own. It went the way of all flesh: oblivion's deep *barathrum* has now the keeping of it. Of all the Saxon period of their history, what do even educated Englishmen remember? Hengist and Horsa and Rowena; how St. Dunstan pinched

the Devil's nose with a hot tongs ; how Alfred let the cakes burn ; how Canute set his throne on the tidal strand ; how Harold was shot in the eye by a Norman archer. This is almost all that they remember from those great centuries in which England, in furnaces of war, mutilations, blindings, nameless atrocities, conflagrations and devastations, and forgotten heroisms and pieties, was forging her nationhood. This is all that they remember, and it is all historical fiction, the work of nameless old shapers, makers, and interpreters. The facts entered their souls as raw material, and came out shaped in this manner : rudely indeed, but memorably too, for every one who reads or hears these quaint stories remembers them, while all else is forgotten, or remembered only as an absurd " scuffling of kites and crows."

History of England, according to Carlyle, will never be written until a poet braces himself to the task and is able to command the services of a brigade of dryasdusts and of half a dozen " great historians," who will do exactly what he tells them, and no more.

STANDISH O'GRADY.

SAINT-SIMON

II.—HIS GALLERY

WHEN M. de la Trappe declined to sit for his portrait, Saint-Simon introduced Rigault by stealth, that the painter might make the necessary notes of his unconscious victim; and for thirty years this cunning courtier pursued himself a similar policy. No man passed before his eyes unnoticed: a line jotted down here, a feature recorded there, ensured that a perfect presentment should be transmitted to posterity. His contemporaries, in perfect ignorance of their doom, met his cold, seeing eye without a tremor; nor did they know, when they encountered the obdurate Saint-Simon in the King's Cabinet, that their characteristics were pitilessly marked and treasured for the note-book. But he spared the world as little as he respected it, and kept the secret inviolate until his gallery was complete.

He was born with the genius of portraiture, and he is still without a rival in the delicate art of bringing back the bodily, or rather the moral, presence of the dead. To read his book is to wander in a vast gallery hung with unnumbered portraits of scheming courtiers and intriguing ladies, of valiant captains and well-skilled diplomatists. His style he varies at will: now he paints with an ample brush upon a vast canvas; now he suggests a figure in half-a-dozen strokes; or, again, he bites a mordant outline as upon copper. By habit serious, he does not disdain caricature, and he can twist the features of his model when an inherent grotesquery suggests the perversion. While he was happy in his art, he was fortunate also in his sitters. His was an Augustan age, as he proudly confesses; and there was no distinguished contemporary with whose aspect and character he was not familiar. Yet he laid certain restrictions upon himself. He would paint none whose qualities or pursuits were beyond his sympathy. Admirable writer though he was, he approached literature with a certain diffidence. He who had every opportunity of observing Racine, sketches him merely as the man who in Madame de Maintenon's presence attributed the collapse of comedy to the revival of such poor, foolish pieces as Scarron's. But no courtier

escaped his rapid vision ; and he has left us a picture, unsurpassed and unsurpassable, of all those who gossiped in the secluded defiles of Marly, or took their pleasure in the cool glades of Fontainebleau.

In one other direction his talent was severely limited. He painted always without accessories. His figures stand out bare and bold upon his canvas ; but they have no proper background, nor are their qualities and occupations ever explained by the accompaniment of inanimate details. He will not symbolise a huntsman by a hound, or a surgeon by a scalpel. Though he was a perfect clairvoyant of character, though he looked right into the heart and brain of man, he was deaf to the sounds and blind to the sights of existence. His kings and nobles might have lived in vacancy and clothed themselves in rags. Versailles might have been a barn stripped of furniture and beggared of elegance. Life, it is true, was the material of his art : life as it is lived amid the intrigue and etiquette of Courts ; but it is the life of the mind, not of the body, which engrosses him. Always sensitive to an encounter of wits or an interchange of incivilities, he ignores the inanimate beauty of cultured society. Fine houses, noble furniture, dainty ornaments—all things that give an outward splendour to the pomp and dignity of Courts—never touch him to eloquence. Maybe, he took it for granted that dukes and gentlemen, who alone were of consequence in the world, should surround themselves with whatever was grandiose and decorative. But, none the less, he pleads guilty to a strange insensitiveness, since a sincere admiration of life's adornments would have expressed itself in spite of his theories. With a similar obstinacy, he professes no interest in clothes. Himself a beau, he pictured the beaux of his time, yet always with so profound a disregard of their aspect that not one of them need have been at the pains to dress. When the colour of a general's hat appears a breach of etiquette to the King, Saint-Simon is quick to note the outrage ; but this vigilance proceeds not from an interest in the fripperies of life, but from a devotion to the strict, unwritten code of pedantic courtliness. So far his portraits catch a glint of his own personality. With all his passion for what was actual and vivid—he was, indeed, a god among Society Journalists writing for posterity—he pictured his models as so many collections of intellectual qualities or defects ; and he bent his intelligence to consider the triviality of serious minds, until at times he appears nonchalant or inhuman. You acknowledge the truth of his presentation ; yet, now and again you sigh for the breath of frivolity

which might inspire with gaiety those strange processes of demeanour which to the courtier are the most poignant anxiety, and to the democrat an occasion of easy ridicule. None the less, this insensibility to physical impressions heightens his few passages of description. Thus he sketches a review whereat the King, according to his wont, follows the carriage of Madame de Maintenon with a blind devotion. The Royal eyes are all for "the old witch," the Royal tongue is more eager to explain than to command. Her Solidity, ever anxious for adulation, still respects herself so far as to keep the window of her carriage shut. Yet, the window falls as the Royal hat is doffed, and this process, indefinitely repeated, impresses upon you the carriage and its window, concerning whose existence scepticism might otherwise have been justified. But elsewhere his "world" is never "visible." A crowd of courtiers, dressed you know how, wanders in a palace built of you know not what ; but each man or woman of the crowd is quick with intelligence or alive with vice. The intellectual portraits, at least, are drawn with a sure hand, though the artist shirks the method of the great masters. Velasquez gave Philip his gun or set him down to his devotions ; Rembrandt surrounded his Doctor with colleagues, or showed the youthful Burgomaster a connoisseur by a statuette held daintily in his hand. Even Vandyke could not imagine his most dignified patron apart from the clothes imposed by an extravagant fashion. But Saint-Simon closes his eyes to all accessories ; sterner even than Holbein, he suppresses backgrounds, and puts a bare intelligence upon his paper.

At the head of his gallery hang two portraits, elaborate to the last detail, yet broad in the simplicity of a general aspect : Louis XIV and his consort, Madame de Maintenon. Upon their portraiture he has exhausted the utmost resources of his art. Scarce a day passes but he adds a touch or heightens a tint ; and, since he is disturbed neither by loyalty nor by affection, his presentment is brutal in its sincerity. He at least is determined to show the Great King without his wig, to display to the world *le Monarque Soleil* with his beams dimmed to insignificance. And the picture, coloured by his own malevolence, is not pleasant to contemplate. A small man, shrunk in body and withered in mind, the keynote of whose character is mediocrity, most carefully cherished—that is the Sovereign of the World. A coward abroad, a busybody at home, he is yet determined to be "great" ; and if he cannot achieve his end, he must persuade himself of his grandeur, and hire others to say that they believe him. Therefore the

first necessity of his life is to surround himself with bastards and sycophants. He hates nothing more bitterly than noble birth, save sprightly intelligence. He asks at his Court neither character nor wit. Praise he must have at any cost ; and though he understands no music, and was never endowed with a voice, he will sing his foolish songs night after night that he may exult in hired applause. Though innocent of taste, he must build and build and build to prove his magnificence, and he must hire architects who dare all things save to do their duty and to speak the truth. In war a poltroon and a novice, he must yet see his armies ever in the field, as though to assure himself of his own valiance, while his timid ambition drives him so far that he listens contentedly to the casual ridicule of his own exploits, if only his consort and her toadies esteem him a model of courage. Thus his historian, in cold blood, dubs him a king of reviews, holding his cheap bravery up to eternal ridicule. In brief, says Saint-Simon, he was fit only for display, and yet was aghast at his own extravagance. Over-taken by remorse, he urged the Dauphin to avoid a worthless example. "My child," said he on his death bed, "you are going to be a great king ; do not emulate the taste which I have had for buildings, nor the taste which I have had for war ; try, on the contrary, to live in peace with your neighbours. Render to God that which you owe him ; recognise your obligations to him, and compel your subjects to do him honour. Follow always good counsels ; try to solace your people, that which I have been miserable enough not to have done." That is a cry from a disappointed heart, and Saint-Simon echoes it cheerfully, that the right touch be not lacking to his portrait. Thereafter he proceeds to prove that all the King's actions derived from a petty spirit of jealousy. Louis, in fact, was determined to govern for himself, yet had not the wit. But his lack of spirit checked not his ambition. He was merely driven into an insane hatred of those better gifted than himself. Thus circumscribed, he reigned perforce on a small scale : he could never attain to a large effect, and even in the petty corners of his wilful indiscretion he was more often than not over-persuaded. However, with good guidance he might, perhaps, have come to success. For his impoverished intelligence was capable of discipline. He loved glory, and order, and good government. He was born prudent, moderate, secret, master of himself and of his speech. He was even born—though this is incredible—honest and just, and God had given him enough qualities to be a good and even a passably great King. But his early

education was so monstrously neglected that none dared approach his apartment ; and all the bitterness, which he professed unto the end for these early days, could not atone for the indignity of the neglect. In revenge, his natural pride was so vast that, had it not been for the fear of the devil which God had implanted in him, he would have had himself worshipped, nor would there have been any difficulty in finding adorers. So fantastic, indeed, was his vanity that he took pleasure in the ridiculous monuments set up to his honour : the pagan statue of the Place des Victoires. And he contemplated every stupidity with a serene arrogance which made his folly almost heroic.

Thus it was that he hated the Dukes, the only loyal supporters of France. Thus it was that he made way for the supremacy of the people by his ill-considered tyranny. But, in private as in public, he lived a miserable, even a squalid, life, which not even the reckless magnificence of the Court was enough to palliate. His love affairs were the open scandal of Europe ; and, when at last he had sown his wild oats, it was but to reap them in the hard, chaste bosom of Madame de Maintenon ! So, says his biographer, he lived dishonoured by all save worthless women and unscrupulous bastards. His sentiment of paternity spent itself upon an unrequited love for the abandoned children of long-forgotten mistresses. Truly as dismal a picture as history has to show ! Yet even Saint-Simon would soften the harsh effect. Two conspicuous virtues the Great King retained until his death—the virtues of majesty and grace : virtues so foreign to his nature that he had acquired them by a painful and a constant effort. But his majesty, acquired as it was, was still *effrayante*, and it was not merely the dignity of his position which inspired him with the power to strike terror into others. Doubtless the habit of years and the weight of uncontrolled authority are strong enough to bear down the heaviest antipathy ; yet there have been many bad and foolish kings since the world began, and there has been but one whose majesty was proclaimed a terror by his bitterest antagonist. Wherefore we must view the portrait of Saint-Simon through coloured spectacles, and attribute the violent colours to the outraged sense of a displaced, dishonoured Duke.

The companion portrait—of the half-royal consort—is yet more ignoble. In Saint-Simon's eyes Madame de Maintenon was wholly black, without one single touch of amiable light or dainty colour to relieve the indistinguishable opacity. An adventuress, who first appeared before the world as the wife of a *cul-de-jatte*, she cheerfully endured the

direst insults, the most equivocal positions, to arrive at the empire of the world. The governess of the Royal bastards, whose mother she easily and remorselessly supplanted, she won her place by no charm of person, by no elegance of manner. The King, who set out to hate her, was seduced by the intelligence of her letters, presently submitted to her faculty of intrigue, installed her at his side, made her his secret wife, and finally placed the governance of France in her unscrupulous, cunning hands. A false prude, she upheld a morality to which she was a perfect stranger, yet worshipped the idea of bastardy because she knew the way to the Royal heart. After the manner of abandoned women, who scrub churches to atone for the forgotten past, she devoted herself with the air of a Sainte-Nitouche to the glory of religion. She built convents; she patronised ancient foundations; she devoted her fullest ingenuity to ecclesiastical intrigue. By dint of vain ingenuity she contrived to hold herself a kind of universal abbess, and she undertook the details of all the dioceses. For, like Louis himself, she possessed a talent so closely wedded to detail that it could not compass a general effect. Thus, the ambitions of bishops were her most engaging interest, and she ended by believing herself the mother of the Church. Meanwhile she passed through every degradation to the throne of honour. Her apartments were almost next to the King's, and the country was governed from the privacy of her *Salon*. The Minister who would have his way, might leave the King severely alone, so long as he gained the ear of this ancient intriguer. Her own meanness was matched only by the Royal subservience. Unattractive, intolerable as she was, she received the adoration of a King, who never addressed her without uncovering, and only replaced his hat when she had vouchsafed an answer. Her one merit—and that wholly unsympathetic—was to enhance rather than to decrease her age, lest her hold over the King should be established upon the quicksand of vanity rather than upon the solid rock of interest. She undertook no enterprise that was not disgraceful, she gave no advice that was not disastrous; yet she ruled France without sentiment, without affection, during the lifetime of the King, whose last days she rendered miserable by neglect, and whose death was too long lingered for her august endurance. The King, with the lovesick enthusiasm of an old man, prayed that God might be pleased ere long to take his consort too, but she, who had been more than queen, desired also to be immortal, and so bitterly resented his pious wish that she retired in dudgeon to St.-Cyr. So Saint-Simon sums up her achievements:—

“Success, entire confidence, rare dependence, omnipotence, public and universal adoration, the whole world at her feet—Ministers, Generals, the Royal Family ; all good and well by her, all impossible without her ; men, affairs, things ; elections, justice, pardons, religion, all, without exception, in her hand ; the King and the State her victims ; such was this incredible witch, and thus she governed without a break, without an obstacle, without the slightest cloud for more than thirty years, the incomparable spectacle of all Europe !” But at least she was incomparable for all her baseness and self-seeking, and Saint-Simon, had not policy and tradition blinded his judgment, might have taken a more cynically favourable view of her achievement.

These are the two masterpieces of the portrait-painter—masterpieces which engrossed the whole of his life and talent. Yet they are but two among many hundreds, and, though elaborated with a devotion and an energy which are not elsewhere revealed, they are but a corner in Saint-Simon's claim to immortality. For this incomparable draughtsman had many methods of work, and more often he rejected the vast canvas for the smaller space and closer craftsmanship. Now, he would clarify the impression by an array of epithets, now he would suggest a character by a jaunty anecdote. For instance, you might read a dozen characters of Peter the Great, yet miss the essential quality presented by Saint-Simon in half a page. Peter, says the chronicler, indignant at England's lassitude in sending him an embassy, displayed no anxiety to receive William's representatives. From day to day he put off the audience, and at last declared that he would receive them on board a Dutch man-of-war, which it was his pleasure to inspect. The Ambassadors complained of the informality of the reception ; but they complained far more bitterly, when the Emperor sent word that he was at the masthead, and would see them there. The Englishmen, not sailors enough to mount the rigging, excused themselves with what timid grace they might. But the Emperor insisted that he would entertain them there or not at all ; and after many parleyings, submitting to his caprice, laboriously, foot by foot, they climbed the rigging. Upon this narrow and aerial ground the Czar received them with the same majesty, wherewith he would have bidden them approach his throne. He listened to their speech ; gave a favourable answer to the King and the nation ; laughed at the fear depicted upon their faces ; and explained with a smile that it was the punishment of a too tardy arrival.

But Saint-Simon's most renowned achievement is to etch a portrait with a handful of bitter phrases, and none ever suffered so acutely at his hands as the President Harlay, who had dared to support the pretension of M. de Luxembourg. "This issue of great magistrates," wrote the Duke, "had all their gravity which he carried even to cynicism; he affected their disinterestedness and modesty, and dishonoured these qualities, the one by his conduct, the other by a refined but extreme pride, which, in spite of himself, leapt from his eyes. He plumed himself above all upon his probity and justice, but the mask soon fell. Between John Doe and Richard Roe he preserved the utmost rectitude; but no sooner did he perceive an interest to flatter or a favour to gain, than he instantly found his price. . . . He was learned in public law; he had a firm hold upon the principles of jurisprudence; in literature he equalled the most accomplished; he had a perfect knowledge of history; he knew how to control his company with an authority which endured no repartee, and which no other President had ever attained. A pharisaical austerity rendered him terrible by the licence of that public reproof which he administered to litigants, advocates, and magistrates, so that none had business before him without a shudder. Moreover, supported in all points by the Court, of which he was the slave, the most humble servant of whatever was in favour there, a fine courtier, a strangely cunning politician, he turned all his brilliant talents to domination and success, determined before all things to make the reputation of a great man. Without honour, with no private morals, with none save an outward probity, even without humanity, in a word, a perfect hypocrite, without faith, law, God, or soul, a cruel husband, a barbarous father, a tyrannical brother, a friend only of himself, malicious by nature, delighting in insult, outrage, and impertinence, he never once in his life lost an opportunity of evil. . . . Outwardly he was a little man, vigorous and thin, with a diamond-shaped face, a large aquiline nose, fine, speaking, piercing eyes, which looked only by stealth, but which, fixed upon a client or a magistrate, sufficed to drive him into the earth. He wore a not very ample coat, clerical bands and flat cuffs, a brown wig mixed with white, bushy but short, and over all a big coif. He held himself, even when he walked, slightly bent, with a false air of humility rather than of modesty, and he always shaved the walls so as to make room for himself with as much noise as possible, and at Versailles he never

moved a step without respectful and even shameful bows to right and left."

That is a portrait, which Tacitus himself, Saint-Simon's one rival in the art of literary portraiture, might have drawn without shame or regret. It is bitter enough, yet it reveals a man and not a monster, an individual, not a type; and even if Saint-Simon did his enemy an injustice, he was just to himself and to his craft. For the Harlay, drawn in this memorable passage, is a living, breathing personage, softened into life by certain traits of talent and amiability. But Saint-Simon is not always thus severe upon his contemporaries. He praises the Duc d'Orléans and Monseigneur with a loyalty that nothing can blunt. He approaches Beauvilliers and Rancé in the silent attitude of hero-worship. From the time when he first linked the bonds of friendship he never wavered for a moment in his loyalty to the Duc d'Orléans, and the death of the Regent inspired him to a panegyric the more notable for the general hatred and distrust. He praises his talents without stint or hesitation, and he is silent concerning those indiscretions which might have brought discredit upon the Regent's memory. His foibles, the Duke confesses, were known to all; but it was abroad, rather than at home that his brilliant qualities were recognised. Not even his bitterest enemies could belittle his experience, his liberal and just wisdom, the grandeur of his genius and his views, his singular penetration, his resourcefulness and fertility in expedient, his dexterity of conduct under all changes, circumstances, and events; the charity wherewith he considered and combined all things; his superiority over his own Ministers and those sent by foreign Powers; his exquisite discernment in the unravelling of affairs; and, finally, the learned ease with which he replied on the spot, whenever he chose. These qualities, thought Saint-Simon, were sufficient to distinguish the loftiest Prince, and to counterbalance a transitory feebleness of life and conduct. But, honourably as he admired the Duc d'Orléans, it was the Duc de Bourgogne who had won Saint-Simon's tenderest regard. Not only was his respect for this Prince profound: his knowledge was deep as his respect. The portrait of the Dauphin, in fact, is drawn with the sympathy which comes of life-long intimacy; but it was not easy to draw, and Saint-Simon, in painting this complex character, shows himself once more a master of mankind. The Duc de Bourgogne, then, was born with all the passions and all the vices that could beset a Prince. He was

arrogant, passionate, and of a surpassing obstinacy. He could not endure the interference even of times or seasons, and a shower of rain was enough to throw him into a fury. So high was he above the rest of the world, that the utmost of his condescension was to believe his brothers a feeble link between himself and the human race. As he grew up he devoted himself with a fierce energy to all the pleasures that were possible to his rank. He surrounded himself with mistresses, he played, he drank, he was ever transported with rage at the smallest check of fortune. His infirmities did but accentuate his excesses. Lamé and hunchbacked, he was prevented from the sports and exercises he loved so well. His pride, moreover, was hourly shocked by the deformity which all his ingenuity could do no more than palliate. But at the same time he was gifted with an intelligence which set him far above his family and his Court. There was no branch of science which he had not studied, and he was born with an instinctive understanding of politics. Had he lived the destiny of France might have been changed, for he was incapable of the suicidal blindness which made the Revolution inevitable. Moreover, with years came discretion, and this marvel of restless dissipation was suddenly chastened by a fervent piety from the follies which had disgraced his first youth. Henceforth he devoted himself with a whole heart to literature and affairs. Alive and alert to the destiny which he believed to await him, he conferred with Ministers, he made himself indispensable to the army, he proved in a thousand ways his perfect fitness to govern France. "The King," said he, "is made for the people, not the people for the King": thereby explaining his distrust of Louis XIV, and his keen perception of France's real necessities. Above all—and here he touched Saint-Simon in his most delicate point—he deplored the collapse of the nobles, and in the many discourses wherein he opened his heart to his favourite Duke, he declared that once upon the throne he would ensure the safety of his country by readjusting the balance of the powers. His conviction that the people were the real masters of the Throne persuaded him to detest warfare and luxury, the two methods employed by his grandfather to exaggerate the grandeur of which he was never certain. But none the less, he maintained an unalterable loyalty: he treated the King with a more than filial respect, and he never approached Madame de Maintenon without the submission due to her pomp and influence. His converse was amiable, weighty, and reasoned. Avid of knowledge, he always sought the counsel of

such as were specially informed, and he had no taste for the mediocrities which surrounded the Throne. His virtue was the more solid because it was established upon a knowledge of vice, and this Prince, who had known all things, and had drunk the very dregs of life, had yet preserved energy enough to be a great ruler. But he died young, perhaps of poison, and left Saint-Simon, who might have proved his colleague, to indite his panegyric. "France," says the courtier, "fell under this last punishment. God showed her a Prince whom she did not deserve. The earth was not worthy of him: he was already ripe for eternal happiness."

On occasion he can be even gay, and his picture of d'Aubigné, the drunken, reckless brother of Madame de Maintenon, is nothing less than a light-hearted caricature. "He was called," says the historian, "the Count d'Aubigné; he had never been anything but a captain of infantry, yet he spoke of the old wars as a man who had deserved everything, and who had suffered the most egregious wrong in not having been made a Marshal of France long ago; at other times he would say, with a grin, that he had taken his *bâton* in money. He attacked Madame de Maintenon after the most terrible fashion that she had not made him a duke and a peer. . . . Of money he was a perfect sieve, impossible to close; but he was endowed with a pretty wit for such sallies and repartees as were wholly unexpected. Withal a good fellow and an honest man, polite, and free from the vanity which the situation of his sister might have made impertinent. None the less he was marvellously impertinent, and it was a pleasure you might often experience to hear him discourse on the times of Scarron, in the Hôtel d'Albret, or on times even before that. Now and again nothing would restrain him from discoursing upon his sister's gallantries, from comparing her devotion and present situation to her ancient adventures, and from expressing his surprise at her monstrous good fortune. All this was bad enough, but it was not the end of the rascal's pleasantry. For at times he would sit upon a bench in the Tuileries, and entertain the world with the most flippant discourse, calling the King his brother-in-law." No wonder d'Aubigné was banished to a retreat, and bidden to spend the rest of a droll life in religious exercises. But he lived long enough in the world for Saint-Simon to know and understand him, and to leave us a sketch which is none the less amusing for the malice inspiring its wittiest touches.

Saint-Simon, indeed, had a thousand friends, and it is to the glory

of England and of Dutch William that the Earl of Portland is among his heroes. Of this nobleman he paints what is perhaps the most amiable portrait in all his vast gallery, though his appreciation, maybe, was heightened by Louis XIV's hatred of the British King, who had declined without parley to marry a Royal bastard. However, whatever the motive, the portrait is there—sketched with an undeniable loyalty and admiration. Bentinck, says he, was discreet, secret, polite, faithful, and adroit. A perfect sportsman, and a lofty gentleman, he had not only accompanied his own Prince in all his enterprises, but had even won over the French Court, and was singled out by the reluctant Louis for special favour. Louis, in fact, advertised his admiration of the dignified Ambassador, and conferred upon him the last favour in permitting him to hold his candlestick as he retired to rest. Monsieur, on the other hand, found him the best companion in the chase, and was never so happy hunting the wolf at Marly as when Bentinck was by his side. His appearance at Court was overwhelming. "He had a personal *éclat*," says Saint-Simon, "a politeness, an air of the world and of the Court, a gallantry, and a grace which surprised everybody. With that, much dignity, much haughtiness even, but tempered by discernment, and a prompt judgment, which left nothing to chance."

Thus Saint-Simon suggests, with kindness and grace, the amiable traits of his friends. Whomever he pictures, he marks off from all his fellows. The zeal of precision never flags, and the least of his models has henceforth a separate and distinct existence. The epithets are always felt, the traits essential to the character. Here, for instance, is a thumb-nail sketch of Chamilly, the hero or villain of the *Portuguese Letters*, upon whom sentimentality has emptied the whole cruse of its venom. "He was a tall, fat man," writes the biographer, "but very well made, extremely distinguished for his valour in several actions, and celebrated by his defence of Grave. He was a gentleman of honesty and worth, who lived everywhere most honourably; but he had so little wit, that the world was continually surprised, and his wife, who had much, often embarrassed. As a youth he had served in Portugal, and it was to him that the *Portuguese Letters* were addressed by a nun whom he had known, and who had gone mad for love of him." So, while the partisans of the lovesick nun have told you without ceasing that Chamilly was a miracle of heartless cynicism, Saint-Simon explains no more than that he was tall, fat, brave, honest, and witless. The soldier, in brief, obscures the Don Juan, and there is no doubt which is

the truer portrait. Again, he sketches Law, the Scottish banker, with the humour of condescension, and the contempt due to inferior origin. Yet he liked the man, and cherished a genuine admiration of his buoyant, kindly, modest, gallant disposition. He absolves him entirely from avarice and dishonesty, and finds him, in fact, a fanatic rather than a swindler, unspoilt by fortune, and superior to ruin. The wife did not meet with equal favour in Saint-Simon's judgment. To begin with, she was not Law's wife at all, but an English lady of good family, who had followed him for love, and who bore his name without the ceremony of marriage. None the less, she was haughty, even insolent in her manners. She received homage in her own house, but she rarely paid visits, and was rewarded for her pride and fidelity by the constant care and respect of her husband.

Very different in style is the character of Fénélon, which is drawn with a firmer hand, and with the august dignity which became the subject. "This prelate," writes Saint-Simon in his most renowned passage, "was a tall thin man, well-made, and pale, with a big nose, eyes whose fire and spirit leaped forth like a torrent, and a physiognomy, whose like I have never seen, and which none could forget who once had seen it. It contained everything, yet there was no strife of opposites upon it. There gravity and gallantry, seriousness and gaiety were depicted; there were suggested at once the man of learning, the bishop, and the *grand seigneur*. But the air which was breathed, not only from his face but from his whole person, was an air of delicacy, wit, grace, and seemliness, and, above all, nobility. It required an effort to cease from looking at him. His manners corresponded to his aspect. He had an ease which he imparted to others, and a good taste which comes only from familiarity with the best company and the great world. Withal he possessed a natural, soft, and ornate eloquence, a politeness which, if insinuating, was always noble and suited to the occasion, an easy, smooth, agreeable elocution, and an air of clearness and lucidity which made him intelligible in the most difficult and complicated discourses. Moreover, he was a man who never cared to have more wit than those with whom he spoke, who set himself within the reach of all without making the condescension felt, whose charm put every one at his ease, so that it was impossible to leave him, or to refrain from him, or not to try to meet him again. In fact, he possessed this rare talent in so remarkable a degree that, despite his fall, he attached his friends to him

for their whole lives, and, even after their dispersion, reunited them to talk of him, to regret him, to desire his presence, to cling to him more and more, as the Jews to Jerusalem, to sigh after his return and to hope it always, as this wretched people awaits and sighs after its Messiah. It is also by this prophetic authority, acquired over his friends, that he was used to a domination, which, for all its mildness, would not brook resistance. Had he returned to the Court and taken his seat upon the Council, which was his great ambition, he would have endured no rival: once he was anchored and independent of others, it would have been dangerous, not only to oppose him but, not to have supported him always with compliance and admiration." This, indeed, is the true eloquence of panegyric, phrased and balanced with a care which Fénélon himself would have approved. And if you would find an adequate contrast, turn at once to the few lines of contumely which Saint-Simon devotes to the despicable M. du Maine—that man of mud, who sought refuge in the darkness, and whom even the darkness threw up.

But, in truth, he never writes without the distinction which comes of understanding and courage; and while his judgments are coloured by the animosities of his nature, they are never marred by timidity or lack of frankness. He is, indeed, an historian who dared to paint all his fellows as they appeared to his honest yet partial eye; and, while he is never a match in concision for Tacitus, he emulates that writer of genius in a dozen other qualities. At any rate, one age is revealed to us by the clairvoyance and daring of a single man; and if we assume to know the men and women of Louis XIV's time, it is to the surpassing talent of Saint-Simon that we must give thanks for our intimacy and appreciation.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

SOME POINTS IN CYCLE-MAKING

THE modern cycle is in general demand ; its uses are vastly extended ; in the matter of saddles and tyres and grades, in the matter, too, of the name and fame of many of its makes, it is fairly well known. Yet the mystery and complexity of its manufacture are still far from being generally understood. Few realise what a vast deal has been done in the way of perfecting its parts with a view to reducing them to the lowest weight consistent with strength, especially in the case of a high grade machine.

The bicycle may be considered to weigh, approximately, as follows :—

RACER.		lbs.	oz.	drs.
Saddle and seat-rod	...	1	6	7
Frame	...	4	8	0
Cranks, spindle, &c.	...	2	8	10
Handles with bar and adjustment	...	1	0	6
Wheels	...	4	14	4
Chain	...	1	2	4
Tyres...	...	2	14	4
Front fork	...	1	11	7
Rat-trap pedals	...	1	0	10
Adjusting parts	...	1	6	12
		22	9	0

ROADSTER.		lbs.	oz.	drs.
Saddle, seat-rod	...	3	2	5
Frame	...	5	4	15
Cranks, spindles, &c.	...	2	9	13
Handles with bar and brake	...	2	6	6
Wheels	...	6	5	2
Chain	...	1	1	12
Tyres	...	5	2	8
Front fork	...	1	13	8
Mudguards	...	1	8	7
Gear case	...	1	14	12
Rubber pedals	...	1	15	3
Adjusting parts	...	1	14	3
		35	2	14

Some machines weigh a few ounces more, some a few less. This, however, depends largely upon whether they are made specially for special work. Also, it may be added, that light roadsters are constructed between the two weights set forth above. The cycle, however, is so carefully studied in all its parts, that every manufacturer of repute knows where the weight can be reduced by an ounce, with no loss of efficiency.

To look at a bicycle casually is to see little difference between dear and cheap. To determine which is which is difficult to the practised eye. And even by the practised eye no correct estimate of value can be formed unless it is known whether all its sections are made of the best material or not.

In producing a high-class cycle nothing but weldless steel-tubing should be used for its frame and fork and other connections. Many and various are the contrivances which have been used to produce a tube which shall be lighter and stronger than one made in the old way—by rolling a ribbon to size, turning it into tube form, and lap-welding or brazing its two edges together. In making weldless steel-tubes a solid ingot, or “bloom,” about eighteen inches long, and about six inches in diameter, is formed, and is truly fixed in a lathe or boring machine, a hole one inch in diameter being bored through its centre. Then it is carefully heated, and rolled on a mandril through rollers, which reduces it to reasonable proportions. The whole process takes place while the metal is properly heated. Afterwards it is formed with a suitable end-piece, placed upon a mandril, and drawn through a draw-plate in the same way that wire is drawn: that is to say, by the exercise of a special power it is forced through a hole too small for it, so that, after it has passed, it is thinner and much longer. This being done while it is cold tends to close the fibre of the metal, and toughen it. If, therefore, it be drawn down too many gauges at once, the fibre may be destroyed beyond restoration; but if it be carefully manipulated, it will only be drawn down or reduced a gauge or two at a time. It is next annealed and “pickled,” to remove the scales; then drawn again; and so on until the required diameter and thickness are secured. The plates through which it passes must be accurately formed, and the mandrils upon which it is worked must be absolutely smooth; while the number of times it has to be drawn before it reaches its finished state necessitates the use of so many plates and mandrils, demands so many annealings and “picklings,” that the process proves most costly. Still, a better tube can be made thus than in any other way. I believe that the Mannesmann Tube Company, Steifel, and a few other companies have patented ingenious devices for forming the tube out of the solid metal, in a condition to be cold-drawn, by quick and cheap processes. But, as this fact does not affect the principle of the tube, I only allude to it by the way. When, however, it is understood that a single modern bicycle absorbs twenty-five feet of tubing, it will be readily seen the importance of the tube in cycle-making.

Not less important are the joints, or forgings, which connect the tubes and form the frame and fork. These should be made of steel specially prepared and carbonised. A different steel is needed for the parts which join the frame and fork together from that which is used

for the nuts, cranks, pedal-pins, and spindles. For the former, the connecting joints, a tough, yet moderately soft steel can be advantageously employed. Such joints in the rough weigh about 7 lbs.; machined-down ready for finishing, they weigh but 2 lbs. 2 ozs. Every portion of these joints, whether inside or outside, must be worked to exact shape, if uniformity and true symmetry are to be attained. Great care also is necessary to insure that the holes, through which the tubes pass, are true to angle before the frame and fork are brazed together. Otherwise, after the joints have been heated for brazing, when the frame and fork are put together, the joints will cause a sharp "set" in the tube, and throw it out of line. To reduce such parts down to their ounces or pennyweights, as many as one hundred and thirty-eight processes are needed: all before they are ready to be brazed and filed for finishing.

When the tubes are accurately cut to length, and the joints accurately machined to size, a set of tubes and joints, which form the frame, are roughly brought together, and clamped in a jig, made in such a way that all the parts are held dead true to length and shape, while the holes are drilled through them, into which the screws are placed for holding the whole result in position while it is brazed. The same process is adopted for the fork, handle-bar, seat-rod, any section made of two or more pieces. This insures absolute accuracy in working. At the same time care has to be taken that all the inner surfaces of the joint pieces and the outer surfaces of the tube are quite free from oil or rust, and that these are bright and in a fit condition to receive the brass. Then the parts are taken to the brazing shop, and brazed together.

Brazing is one of the most important processes in cycle-making. It is done in the following way:—An iron box or receptacle is filled with moderately small coke, upon which the work is placed. A blow-pipe, in the hand of the operator, through which passes a combination of air and gas, is held a convenient distance from the joint to be brazed, while a fitting quantity of the air and gas passes through the "nozzle" of the pipe to form a bluish, but very heat-producing flame. When the joint is sufficiently heated, a long-handled, spoon-shaped piece of steel conveys a mixture of brass (specially prepared in moderately fine chips) and borax to a position immediately above the joint. The flame, which has hitherto blown the joint to the required heat, begins immediately to heat the brass and borax conveyed

above it, until it reaches a molten state. It is then conveyed by the spoon where it will run between the two surfaces of the metals, until every space is filled with molten brass, and the joint becomes thereby firmly attached to the tubes. There is no great art in brazing. What is wanted is strict cleanliness and a slow heat. The danger is lest the joint should be overheated; when, instead of there being sufficient heat-power to run the brass into its proper place and keep it there, the metal becomes so hot that the brass flows out again, leaving nothing but burnt borax in its place. It is therefore most important that, in getting the heat required, a slow and steady method should be employed, that every part of the joint may be of a uniform temperature: else it may be perfectly brazed in its thinner connection, but imperfectly where it is thicker; and a broken joint or a bad accident may be the result. As alcohol is more liquid than oil, and oil more liquid than molten metal, it is essential to find a method of so preparing the surface that the brass may freely run into its place. To this end you must cover the joint-pieces on their inner side, and the outer portions of the tube, with a mixture of borax and water; for if a joint be properly heated, the brass will follow the borax. The borax is thus used for the purpose of making what is termed "a lead" for the brass. I have described this process at some length, because no one but a practical worker can realise the vast importance of brazing in a well-made machine. It is by far the strongest and best method of connecting the parts, as it is also the lightest which can be used. Where the joints are heated slowly and brazed by a skilful artisan, they adhere to and strengthen one another in a manner which is impossible by any other system of attachment.

It may appear at first sight that the spoke is an unimportant item in the manufacture of a bicycle; but this is not so. Before tangent wheels were so universally used, when direct spokes were fitted, the whole of the driving power applied to the pedals came laterally upon the spokes; consequently, they had to be strong. But when the pneumatic tyre, which has completely revolutionised the weight of the modern cycle, was generally adopted, the tangent spoke came in. This takes the driving pressure by a direct pull, with the result that a thinner spoke can be used. It is found that in the parts where the spokes are headed, and where they are screwed with a worm-thread for the adjusting nipple, they are the most likely to break; so that in the best machines "double butted" spokes are used. The methods of

forming the spoke, then, are three : to reduce the centre by "drawing" it smaller, or by "swaging" it, or by machining away the surplus metal. If either of the first two processes are employed, a moderately soft metal must be chosen ; but with the other, a harder steel than can be drawn or "swaged" may be used with advantage. And now that the spokes in use are reduced to the extent we know, the turned or machined spokes find great favour where the lightest possible cycles have to be built.

Many of the best English manufacturers make their hubs, cranks, spindles, and pedal-pins from forgings of specially toughened and carbonised steel, to withstand the inevitable strain or the inevitable wear and tear. These forgings are made in dies which reduce them, in their forged state, to as near their finished size as may be desirable. So far as I can see, there is grave doubt if, the highest efficiency combined with the lightest finish being required, this system can be improved upon. It is, however, the usual practice in America to make such circular parts from a plain bar, of a diameter enough to form the largest sizes, and to turn the surplus metal away by ingenious, self-acting machinery. While this may insure less costly results, a special soft steel has to be used to prevent the tools from premature wear, and to check any interference with the proper working of the specialized machinery : so that it is questionable whether this method will ever be generally adopted. A good result is assured : it has yet to be proved the best.

Although it cannot be said that one part of a machine is more important than another, it is probably in the matter of bearings that the greatest amount of care and ingenuity is bestowed in order to obtain that remarkable combination of speed, ease, and freedom which is absolutely essential to a well-made cycle. No single bearing in the whole contrivance is now sent out, which is not anti-fractional, which is not universally adjustable and detachable, and which is not fitted with ball-rollers to reduce friction to a minimum. And when it is said that a set of cycle bearings contains no less than one hundred and ninety-six pieces, it will be readily understood that accuracy as to size is an essential. To ensure the highest perfection the wearing parts of these bearings are made separately from a fine quality of cast steel. Each is properly machined, hardened, and ground on an emery-wheel dead-true. This is the more needful, because steel is liable to warp or shrink in the operation of hardening. Each is then fitted to that part of the machine to which it belongs : to work or to adjust, as the

case may be. The method of constructing an adjustable bearing is as follows :—The cones, or curved surfaces, which fit on the under side of the balls, are made slightly larger ; the conical or curved cups, which fit on the outside of the ball above the centre, are so formed that the balls cannot increase the diameter of their circle, two such rows being used for every bearing. By adjusting either the inner or the outer cone in a lateral direction, the balls are forced up the cone until they can go no further : when the bearing is firm. By turning back each cone slightly, and screwing up the locking nuts, very delicate and perfect adjustment may be secured. In the socket head no less than fifty-two balls are used in the top-and-bottom ball-races of a single machine ; for it is found that a large number of small balls works more efficiently where only a slight turn is required than a less number of large ones. For the crank axle twenty-four larger balls are used, while there are forty-six to each pair of pedals. For the back wheel there are sixteen. All these bearings are so constructed that they may be most easily adjusted : thus counteracting any and every chance of strain that may take place, freeing the wearing surfaces from any tendency to rattle or shake, and ensuring revolution with a minimum of exertion. None who has not seen the processes, to which, with this multiplicity of parts, a first-class machine must be subjected to attain perfection, can realise the expense of skill and patient care which production involves. The stranger would indeed be astonished by the number of tools, jigs, cams, formers, &c., which have to be prepared before the hubs, bearings, chain, and chain-wheels can be made and finished ; while he would scarce credit the forethought and the intelligence demanded by such work as the filing and polishing of frame and fork, the tubes of which are reduced to such fine limits, that little or nothing can now be filed away without serious damage or risk of danger.

To the initiated it is obvious that an enamel which quickly dries is very brittle, and will chip easily. Some time since Mr. Harrington invented an enamel that would not dry unless it were subjected to a very high temperature ; and this is now in almost universal use. It keeps its bright, glossy appearance much longer than varnish. This enamel is *poured* over the proper parts. It can be more equally applied in this way ; for it may be allowed to drip until only the necessary amount is left. The parts are afterwards placed in an oven, and subjected for several hours to a temperature of more than three hundred and fifty degrees. This being repeated two or three times, the enamel, when

dried, is very tough, and although it may possibly rub off, if it is properly done it certainly will not chip off.

I have purposely left the tyres till now, as they deserve more than ordinary mention. No one could have imagined eight or nine years since that it would be possible to produce a cycle fitted with tyres so made that the rider practically moves upon air. The introduction of the solid rubber tyre was considered an extraordinary advance. By it a machine was not merely rendered noiseless, but a better grip of the ground was secured, with the added advantages of less slipping of the driving-wheel, and the absorption of many little vibrations and rude shocks which the machine had to bear. Yet, though this was an advance, it could in no way compare with the pneumatic tyre of to-day. This had the fate of most improvements; for many criticisms were passed upon it when it was placed before the public, while the difficulty and trouble which many riders experienced caused them hastily to condemn it. Its methods of attachment and detachment, too, were so difficult that a puncture was a thing to be dreaded. It has since undergone such remarkable changes in these respects, that the average rider can venture out upon his pneumatic with little, if any, more fear than in the days of the solid. The principle of making a tyre, moderately large in circumference, out of very thin material, and then pumping it full of air, has given a great impetus to cycling. Being light, and exceedingly elastic and buoyant withal, the weight of the rider is carried by the pressure of the air inside the tyre, which readily accommodates itself to the obstacles that are met with on the roads. It is not too much to say that the pneumatic tyre is as perfect an equivalent to a prepared track, which does not confine the wheels to a particular line to run upon, as it is possible to imagine. Flexible on its outer surface, it deflects, and thereby displaces, a little air on the inside of the tyre, which immediately resumes its former position when the inequality encountered is removed; and in this way what, in other circumstances, would be a series of vibrations, greatly tending to diminish the speed of a machine, are merely deflections of its tyre, which absorb and isolate it from those short, sharp vibrations which otherwise would be felt by the rider. There are thousands of cyclists who cannot realise the amount of fatigue endured ere the pneumatic did away with the discomfort of even the smoothest roads. Perhaps some idea may be formed of the buoyancy with which a modern cycle runs if I say that a perfectly-made, semi-racing tyre,

properly blown up, will cause the wheel to spring almost to dropping point, if it be held perfectly upright a foot or two above, and then let fall.

It is needless to weary the reader with a description of the various devices which have been attempted for the purpose of perfecting the many attachments of a cycle; nor can one describe in brief space the various forms of saddle and handle-bar. Suffice to say that these are now constructed of materials which admit of easy attachment and detachment, and of production in the lightest and most efficient way. Moreover, it would be impossible here to explain the amount of skill and care that is necessary at every point to ensure complete efficiency and perfection of adjustment and finish. It is, however, most important to note that the consummation of cycle-making is reached only when every several part has undergone a careful practical testing—absolutely essential in the case of a well-balanced machine—and when that feeling is inspired which is termed “life” in a cycle. For those who ride for pleasure, it is not always desirable that a minimum weight should be used; but where cycling is practised as an art, the importance cannot be over-estimated of riding a machine made to spring equally in all its parts, so that it seems one with the rider, and is so buoyant and resilient that it bounds along like a thing of life. Those who have once tasted the delights of such a machine could never return to a cycle that has been turned out as one of a gross—a mere article of commerce which has passed through a certain number of processes, and is prepared strictly to a fixed cost. As years go by, improvement after improvement comes, and the rider realises that there is more in a cycle than wheels and frame and fork. Hence, where the highest and the most scientific results are wanted, something beyond bare material and labour will always have to be contributed by the maker. And to the manufacturing and perfecting a machine of this sort there goes enough of time and thought and patience to make the complete and finished cycle vastly more expensive than the rest.

Thus far my remarks have been confined to the high grade machine. I have had neither space nor inclination to notice that style which is now producing in hundreds and thousands, by makers who merely take joints and parts, and, fitting them together, throw the result upon the market regardless of consequences. That such machines will run, and will stand a lot of wear and tear, is true. But when common tubes and malleable iron are used in place of steel for the joints, with cheap cones

and balls, and cheap materials in forgings and fittings, a cycle can be built and sold at a price which makes a higher grade machine seem scandalously dear: this though, where fashion and style and novelty are required, so costly are the changes, and so difficult and complex the up-keep in patterns, dies, tools, and establishment charges, that little, if any, expense can be taken off the cost of production. So much has been written and said regarding the costliness of the cycle, that I deem it advisable to emphasise the fact that there is as great a difference between the high grade machine and the cheap one as there is between any other piece of perfect work and its mere mechanical imitation. I may add that the best and the most trustworthy makers produce two or three grades of machines, all which can be thoroughly relied upon to do their work; while the cheapest are often equal to the best sent out by other firms. It would, therefore, be unfair to assume that because a minor maker merely builds one grade of machine, it should be classed amongst the highest, or be regarded as superior to the cheapest quality of machine made by a first-class maker. As an illustration, take our own Royal or Popular Rovers, the list prices of which are £6 and £13 respectively less than those of our highest grades. Compare them with the highest grades of other makers in point of finish and detail, in capacity for wear and tear, and in ease and smoothness of running; and they will compete with anything made. It is not too much to say that as to up-to-date details and finish in the cost of most of these second and third grade machines, they will contrast quite favourably with three-fourths of the machines, which are sent over here as surplus stock from America, and which are sold at high prices: on the assumption that they are all high grade machines.

The extraordinary demand of the last few years gave a mighty impetus to those originally established in the trade, and induced the formation of other companies, which have come in for not a small amount of prosperity. A fair estimate may easily be made by experienced manufacturers of what returns are likely to be obtained by those who have thus lately entered into competition with them. So great is the demand for these new companies, that not a few offered to the public, with little, if any, past, are compelled to depend for their success upon what they can do after flotation. There can be no doubt that the Cycle Industry has an assured future before it; and shareholders may reasonably hope for a generous return for

their investment. But it has yet to be proved that a company which is formed, and whose value is estimated, upon the provisional application of some more or less questionable patent, can hope to prove in any way as stable and remunerative as a firm of many years' experience and many notable results.

J. K. STARLEY.

IN MEMORIAM

T. E. B.

(*Ob. 30th October, 1897*)

HE looked half-parson and half-skipper: a quaint,
Beautiful blend, with blue eyes good to see
And old-world whiskers. You found him cynic, saint,
Salt, humorist, Christian, poet; with a free
Far-glancing, luminous utterance; and a heart
Large as St. Francis's: withal a brain
Stored with experience, letters, fancy, art,
And scored with runes of human joy and pain.
Till six-and-sixty years he used his gift,
His gift unparalleled, of laughter and tears,
And left the world a high-piled, golden drift
Of verse: to grow more golden with the years,
Till the Great Silence fallen upon his ways
Breaks into song, and he that had Love hath Praise.

W. E. H.

THE NATIONALITY OF PERSONS OF BRITISH ORIGIN BORN ABROAD

Explanatory Note.

A, a British subject, male, born in British territory, living abroad.

B, the son of A, born abroad.

C, " B, born abroad, and grandson of A.

D, " C, " and great-grandson of A.

A, B, C, and D are in every case used in this sense throughout the article. This practice does much to save a constant and tiresome reiteration of the same words and phrases.

BY the Common Law of England all persons, whatever may be the nationality of their parents, born within the ligeance of the British Sovereign, are British subjects. The son, born in New Zealand, of a Spanish couple residing in, or even temporarily visiting, the colony, is a British subject. British nationality under the Common Law is derived not from parentage but from the land, or, more accurately speaking, from British ligeance. And so, on the other hand, by the Common Law of England, founded as Lord Tenterden says "on the principle of feudal ligeance and homage,"* any person, whether of English parentage or not, born without the Sovereign's possessions, was an alien. Statutory laws, however, have been enacted, which, as far as Englishmen are concerned, make the application of this rule of the Common Law a matter of tolerably rare occurrence. B is by Statute a British subject, and so is C the son of B, but the provisions of statutes are now generally held by judicial and diplomatic authorities [erroneously as will be shown] not to apply to D the son of C, who, therefore, falls under the rule of the Common Law and is an alien. B, if illegitimate, is also not a British subject. Illegitimate children, born in England, are British subjects because they derive their nationality from the soil; but a child born abroad of an Englishman, derives his nationality, by virtue

* Memorandum to the Report of the Royal Commissioners for the Inquiring into the Laws of Naturalisation and Allegiance, by the third Lord Tenterden (then Mr. Charles S. A. Abbott). London, 1869. Part I, p. 5.

of a Statute, from his father, and as an illegitimate child has in law no father, it follows that if born abroad of an Englishman he does not acquire British nationality, but also falls under the rule of the Common Law which makes him an alien.

The first Statute on the subject of nationality is the 2nd of the 25th of Edward III, A.D. 1350, intituled "*A Statute for those that be born beyond the sea.*" It is no longer in force, but it may be of interest to consider it. It enacts as follows:—

"And that all children inheritors, which henceforth shall be born out of the ligeance of the King, whose fathers and mothers at the time of their birth be and shall be at the faith and ligeance of the King of England, shall have and enjoy the same benefit and advantage, to have and bear inheritance within the same ligeance as the other inheritors aforesaid in time to come; so always as the mothers of such children *passed the sea* by the licence and will of their husbands."

This Statute does not in so many words confer English nationality on "children inheritors" born out of the King's ligeance, but it does so by implication. No alien could hold real property; these "children inheritors" could inherit and therefore hold real property; therefore they were not aliens, therefore they *were* English subjects, for, says Coke, "every man is either *alienigena*, an alien born, or *subditus*, a subject born."*

It has been contended that this Statute only conferred English nationality on A's children, and not upon his descendants in perpetual succession if born abroad.† The contention is erroneous. Let us see what would result from a literal reading of the Statute. On B, the son of A, it manifestly confers the quality of English subject provided that his father and mother complied with its conditions, but should B desire to confer English nationality upon his offspring born abroad, he would clearly enough need to return within the King's Dominions for the purpose of getting married, seeing that the Statute only contemplates

* 7 Rep., 17a.

† It is interesting to note the curious error "beyond sea" in the title of this Statute. Of course, "out of the King's Dominions" is intended, for "beyond sea" England still possessed the half of modern France, where Englishmen might be born within the King's ligeance. If the title were taken literally, the Statute would not apply to the children of Englishmen born in Scotland [then a foreign country], for they would not be born "beyond sea," but only beyond the Tweed. So also in the body of the Statute, instead of speaking of the mothers of such children as "passing the sea," it is evident that *passing out of the King's Dominions* is what was intended.

wives who are in a position to pass the sea [leave the King's Dominions]. If B were to be married in a foreign country, even to an Englishwoman coming from England, he would clearly not be married to a wife who had left the King's Dominions with her husband's consent, seeing that she had no husband when she came abroad to marry B. The son of this marriage, C, would, therefore, manifestly not be an English subject, but an alien under the rule of common law above quoted.

The opinion of Lord Bacon* [common sense as it is], that if divers families of English men and women plant themselves abroad, have issue, and intermarry only among themselves, their descendants would be naturalised to all generations, is certainly erroneous if we are to abide by the literal text of the Statute. Lord Bacon overlooks the fact that the ceremony of such intermarryings must take place within the Dominions of the Crown so that the wives of these marriages could return to life abroad ["pass the sea"] with the consent of their husbands.

As regards the intention of the Statute, its framers no doubt never took into consideration the possible effects of their legislation beyond the first generation ; without question they had no idea of either conferring nationality upon the descendants of A or of withholding it from them. It would, therefore, be perfectly legitimate for Englishmen to avail themselves of the advantages accorded them by taking this Statute in its literal sense, according to the dictum of Sir Peter Maxwell, "Where by the use of clear and unequivocal language, capable of only one meaning, anything is enacted by the Legislature, it must be enforced even though it be *absurd* or mischievous."†

Such was the Statute Law, and such it remained, in spite of one or two Judges' decisions conflicting with it, for over 350 years. Fantastic as are some of the results of its literal application, it is a luminous bit of legislation compared with the three existing Statutes which now govern the subject of the nationality of persons of British origin born abroad.

The first of these Statutes is the 7th of Anne, cap. V, A.D. 1708. Section II of this Act provides, "that the children of *all* natural-born subjects born out of the ligeance of Her Majesty, her heirs and successors, shall be deemed, adjudged, and taken to be natural-born subjects of this Kingdom, *to all intents, constructions, and purposes what-*

* Quoted by Lord Tenterden, Memorandum to Report, 1869, p. 6.

† *On the Interpretation of Statutes*, by Sir Peter Benson Maxwell. 2nd edition. London, 1883, p. 4.

soever." This Act omits to repeal the Statute of 25 Edward III; it indeed makes no mention whatsoever of it, very likely because its existence was simply overlooked. This is but a trifle amid the ignorance, clumsiness, and confusion of thought which marks our eighteenth century Statute Book. The Act of Edward III is, of course, repealed "by implication." It is now no longer necessary that British subjects born abroad should return to British dominions for the purpose of being married, or that wives should obtain their husbands' consent to going abroad, and the children born abroad of mixed marriages are now British subjects. And surely the Act, too, beyond dispute, introduces Bacon's principle of the possibility of perpetual transmission of British nationality by English families resident abroad. But if it be argued that by this Act it is only intended to naturalise children in the first generation, the Act itself would seem to contain an obvious retort, for it makes such children British subjects "*to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.*" B is, therefore, as much of an Englishman as his father A; whatsoever privileges A enjoys, B enjoys likewise: if A's offspring is English, then B's is equally so, for he has been declared a British subject without any saving qualifications, in fact, "*to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.*" As the Select Committee of 1843 most justly remark in their Report: "A subject has of necessity the double capacity of inheriting and transmitting native rights; for Lord Bacon says, 'There be but two conditions, native and alien, *nam tertium penitus ignoramus*'; but if, in any case, a British subject have ability to inherit and not ability to transmit his rights, then there must be a third or intermediate condition, which Lord Bacon denies is known to the law of England."*

It is important to note that the Act makes no distinction of sex. The children of "*all* natural-born subjects" born abroad are British subjects. Therefore, the children of an Englishwoman married to a foreigner now become in English law natural-born British subjects, for before the Naturalisation Act of 1870, an Englishwoman did not lose British nationality by marriage with a foreigner.

In 1731 the 4th George II, cap. XXI, was, as its preamble states, passed for the "explaining" [not repealing] of Clause II of the Act of Anne. The "explanation" is of much importance, for it is now enacted that the children born abroad of British *fathers* [not British *subjects*]

* Report from the Select Committee on the Laws affecting Aliens; together with the Minutes of Evidence. London, 1843. Report, p. 10.

are natural-born subjects of the Crown of Great Britain *to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever*.

The third and last Nationality Statute is the 13 George III, cap. XXI, A.D. 1773. The Statute is a fine monument of loose and crooked thought, and has caused not a few of our best Judges to transgress some of the first principles of statutory interpretation. The preamble to the Act starts with the intention of conferring its benefits on such natural-born British subjects as "exercise the Protestant religion"; the Statute itself proceeds to enact in favour of *all* natural-born British subjects, and omits the religious restriction. But this is a trifle. The preamble states that whereas the children, born abroad, of natural-born subjects [Generation B] have British nationality, yet no provision has been made to extend British nationality to the children of B if born abroad [*i.e.*, Generation C]. Such provision we have shown to be wholly unnecessary, since B is by the Act of George II in every respect a natural-born subject, capable therefore of transmitting native rights and endowing his offspring with his own nationality. But the Statute proceeds solemnly to enact that B's children, if born abroad [Generation C], "shall and may be adjudged and taken to be, and are hereby declared and enacted to be, natural-born subjects of the Crown of Great Britain *to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever*, as if he and they had been and were born in this kingdom."

This Statute, by implying that before the date of its passing the children of B, born abroad, were not British subjects, has created, not unnaturally, a belief that the children of C [Generation D] are aliens. And although this is now the general opinion of the Law Officers of the Crown, the greatest confusion and uncertainty on the subject existed and still exists. Mr. C. Watkin Williams Wynn stated before the Select Committee of 1843,* that he knew of a case to be determined by this Act in which ten eminent lawyers were consulted. Five of them held that D, the great-grandson of A, was not a British subject, and five held that he was. Mr. Wynn mentions, too, the case of Renaud de Ginckell, eighth Earl of Athlone.† The first Earl of Athlone was so created by William III in 1692. He returned to Holland, and his descendants continued to live there until 1795, when the eighth earl came back to the United Kingdom, claimed his seat in

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 68, and Report, p. 10.

† Minutes of Evidence, p. 69.

the Irish House of Peers, where he was admitted without his British nationality being called in question.

The *intention* of the framers of this Statute is evident enough: the preamble leaves no room for doubt; it is to limit British nationality to the grandsons, born abroad [Generation C] of Englishmen whose sons were also born abroad [Generation B]. But the framers defeat their intention by declaring that these grandsons are "natural-born subjects of the Crown of Great Britain *to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever . . . as if they had been and were born in this kingdom,*" for the children of a natural-born subject "born in this kingdom" are themselves natural-born subjects, by common law if they are born in British dominions, by Statute if they are born abroad. To have carried out their intention, the framers of the Statute should have enacted that this third generation born abroad (C) were British subjects in every respect except that they had not the power of transmitting British nationality to their children born abroad. This Statute is, therefore, clearly enough an entirely superfluous addition to the Statute of George II.

But if it be urged that a Statute must be construed "according to the intent of them that made it," the obvious answer is that this rule only holds good when the language of a Statute is ambiguous and admits of divers interpretations. "I cannot doubt," says Lord Campbell, in the case of *Coe v. Lawrence*, "what the intention of the Legislature was; but that intention has not been carried into effect by the language used. . . . It is far better that we should abide by the words of a Statute than seek to reform it according to its supposed intention."* And Sir Peter Maxwell, who quotes other legal luminaries to the same effect [Baron Parke, Lord Tenterden, Lord Abinger], himself says: ". . . when the words [of a Statute] admit of but one meaning, a Court is not at liberty to speculate on the intention of the Legislature."† And further on: "The question for him [the interpreter of Statutes] is not what the Legislature meant, but *what its language means.*"‡

From all this it is abundantly clear that the Act of George III, cap. 21, is a Statute which, owing to the extreme precision of its language, must be interpreted literally, and not according to the intent of them that made it. If one thing more than another forces this

* Quoted by Maxwell, *op. cit.* p. 6. † Maxwell, *op. cit.* p. 6.

‡ Maxwell, *op. cit.* p. 7.

conclusion upon us, it is the fact that the "intention" of the framers would have created a condition hitherto unknown to English law—a *tertium quid ignotum*, a British subject with maimed native rights—and it would need something more than "intention," it would need clear, unequivocal language to introduce so radical a change into the law. There should be at least some slight hint, some trifling verbal evidence, that our legislators were conscious of, and approved of, the revolutionary change implied in their intention, but this is wholly wanting, whether in the title, the preamble, or the body of the Act. All the more, therefore, must the doctrine of intention in this case yield to the plain and literal sense of the text of the Statute.

To sum up the existing law on the subject:—

B, the son of A, is by Statute a British subject.

C, the son of B, is likewise a British subject.

D, the son of C, is, according to our argument, no less a British subject, though in practice he is not recognised as such. Diplomatic and Consular Officers treat him as an alien; Law Officers of the Crown have declared that the provisions of Statutes only extend to his father (C); Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has said that there is *no foundation whatever* for the notion that he is a British subject;* and, finally, Mr. Justice Kay has given the solemn weight of a Judge's decision† to the opinion that the unfortunate D is an alien. The Reporter's prefatory summary to the case of *De Geer v. Stone*, deduced presumably from Mr. Justice Kay's own words, is worth quoting: "The status of natural-born British subjects, which, by the Acts 7 Anne, c. 5, 4 George II, c. 21, and 13 George III, c. 21, conferred on children and grand-children born abroad of natural-born British subjects, is a *merely personal status*, and is not by those Acts made transmissible to the descendants of the persons to whom that status is thereby given." But why? Why only a "personal status"? Are not things which are equal to the same equal to one another? These children and grand-children have been declared to be as much British subjects as are the natural-born subjects born in the United Kingdom. Why only a personal status, therefore? If this singular doctrine be true, then the nationality of every natural-born British subject is nothing more than a personal status.

* *Nationality: or the Law relating to Subjects and Aliens*, by the Right Hon. Sir Alex. Cockburn. London, 1869, p. 94, note.

† *De Geer v. Stone*. *L. R.* 22, Ch. D, 243.

It is time, indeed, that all this confusion and uncertainty should be put an end to. The Select Committee of 1843 recommended that "these ambiguities should be removed," * and the Royal Commission of 1869 prayed that the law might be placed "on a clearer and more satisfactory basis." † Nevertheless, in neither of the Acts which followed respectively the Committee ‡ and the Commission § was the slightest attempt made by Parliament to remove ambiguity or introduce clearness. If it be desired to limit British nationality to Generation C, let an Act of Parliament be passed which clearly says so.

A Statute which, in conformity with the recognised rules of interpretation, should be construed literally, and is nevertheless construed by our Judges according to intention, should be blotted out of the Statute Book with all convenient speed. The existing law—or rather the interpretation put upon it—often pressed very hardly in the days when aliens could not inherit real property in England. Many a C, knowing himself to be a British subject, and believing, in the innocence of his heart, that his children must be of the same nationality as himself, has left his English property to D, who [poor wretch] has been rudely roused to the fact that he was regarded by the Courts of his father's country as an alien incapable of succession, and the Crown has stepped in and claimed, and acquired, the property which was bequeathed to him. This interpretation of the law is capable, even in the present day, of working much mischief and causing cruel and undeserved hardships. C is the grandson of A, the founder of a prosperous commercial house at Bordeaux. He is the owner, too, of three valuable British merchant ships. D, his son, is working in the counting house, and is destined to succeed to the business and the ownership of the vessels. But the French authorities call upon D to show cause why he should not serve his term in the French army; he pleads that he is an Englishman, but, to his dismay, finds that England disclaims him, and dubs him an alien. He serves his term in the French army, bearing his hard lot as cheerfully as he may. And when he comes to inherit his ships he finds that he is bound to sell them or change their flag, for he has been declared an alien in English law, and no alien, even in the present day, may own a British ship, or share in a ship. Under certain circumstances he might even find that his ships would be forfeited to the Crown (*see* Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, Section 28 (2) and (4)).

* Report, p. 10.

‡ Naturalisation Act, 1844.

† *Ibid.*, p. 9.

§ *Ibid.*, 1870.

It would be easy to enumerate instances where the current legal interpretation of the Nationality Statutes has caused unjust and unlooked-for hardships ; it will be more practical to attempt, with all brevity, to outline a scheme of law which would remove some of the existing incongruities and inconveniences. It is true that without the co-operation of all foreign countries perfect consistency in the matter of nationality cannot be attained, but that is no reason why England should abstain from improving her own Statutes, nor why she should not show the way of wholesome reform to other nations.

1. The son, born abroad, of a British subject not engaged in commercial pursuits abroad, should be considered in British law a British subject. The nationality thus conferred upon him should be regarded as strictly a personal status not transmissible to his children born abroad.

2. British subjects engaged in commercial pursuits abroad should have the power of transmitting British nationality indefinitely from father to son. [Reasons of trade and commerce are the only good and sufficient reasons why an English family should *permanently* take root in a foreign country. The wealthy and leisured Englishman residing abroad for his pleasure has no right to expect that British nationality should be conserved to his descendants, born abroad, for ever.]

3. No claim to British nationality of the children, born abroad, of British subjects should be entertained unless the birth of such children has been registered at a British Embassy, Legation, or Consulate. [The father's profession could thus accurately be ascertained.]

The first of these simple provisions would do much to introduce consistency of practice and equity of principle into this subject. To the first, no civilised country makes any serious objection ; the second might be submitted with some hope of success to the countries that do not already recognise its principle.*

X. Y. Z.

* By an enlightened provision of the Civil Code, Italy renounces all claims to the citizenship of aliens engaged in commercial pursuits in the country. They can transmit their nationality indefinitely without even the formality of opting imposed upon other classes of aliens. [*Codice Civile del Regno d'Italia*. Lib. I, Tit. I, Art. 8.]

THE DECLINE OF THE POLITICIAN

THE politician, as such, has never been a gracious or acceptable personage to the non-politician. It is only the artist and his colleagues who give pleasure beyond their immediate circle. In the eyes of the mere literary man and the scientist the politician is a pretender who neither thinks with exactitude nor expresses himself with precision, and who seldom succeeds in being quite consistent with himself. It was a wise moralist who said you should never condemn a man until you have stood in his place. On a certain memorable occasion in the world's history the literary man and the scientist did stand in the place of the rough-and-ready politician with results that might have taught them modesty. But the lessons of the French Revolution cannot be always haunting the minds of people. To the great public who lead quiet and homely lives the politician in what may be called his official capacity is not always more acceptable than he is to the superfine professors of the gentle arts. He is often in the very nature of things a disturber of the peace, and, consequently is, to the tranquil minded, as a heathen man or a Pharisee! In all this he suffers some injustice, for he has often been—I might almost say usually is—among the most public spirited and least selfish of our citizens. In the countries where he does not flourish there is, as a rule, no public opinion, and none of that stimulus to good and just Government which comes inevitably from well-directed political activity. But just now in this country he is not living up to his best reputation. He has earned, or is earning, for himself a bad name in circles that used to suffer him gladly, if they did not always trust and admire him. I make these preliminary observations so that I may not be confounded with his blind admirers, or classed among his thoughtless detractors, or held guilty of minimising his usefulness in the State.

We hear on every hand of the decay of respect for Parliament. It seems to me that it is the politician who is on the decline. It is with him that the responsibility lies. He has seldom, in these islands at least, been the centre of so many suspicious looks; not often has he

marched about so conspicuously with a note of interrogation after his name. I am not now referring to party rivalries or to divisions within parties themselves. These may be taken for granted. Nor am I expressing for the thousandth time the doubts and fears of the well-meaning people whose sad fate it has always been to see the country "going to the dogs." The village ale-house and the metropolitan club are the appropriate theatres for these jeremiads. Neither do I forget that one of the most familiar features of personal history is the vigour with which the strong man or the soured man denounces his age. I trust I am avoiding these well-worn tracks.

Let me premise also that the contempt for Parliament which is the occasion of so much pungent writing in the novels of Lord Beaconsfield, in the objurgations of Carlyle, or in the mellifluous prose of Matthew Arnold, is not exceeded in our day. But it has spread to different circles; it is held over wider areas; it is centred upon the politician rather than upon the institution, upon the men rather than the system. It is not, to recall a hackneyed phrase, "representative institutions" that are "on their trial," but representative men. Observant persons cannot but see that the politician has lost some of his self-respect, has ceased to regard his own convictions as the final and supreme guide of his conduct in public affairs, and has consented to take orders.

There is a settled belief that he is persistently and blatantly insincere, that he has sold himself for a price, and that he is not to be relied on either in tranquil or in troublous times. It is felt that in his present temper he is a danger to industry more real than foreign competition or industrial strife, for he complicates the one by his fussy interference and aggravates the other by his insularity and ignorance. There is a wide-spread apprehension that our trade and commerce, our manufactures and social life, are at the mercy of men who are prepared to pass any law for their restriction or regulation that ill-informed people with narrow and selfish interests in view, and votes at their finger ends, may demand. If the danger to international peace and foreign policy be less pronounced than that which threatens domestic affairs, it is not because the politician is more trusted in these spheres, but because he has less opportunity for mischief.

Party spirit on the old lines is rapidly decaying. The familiar party appeals have lost much of their force. Like the ancient theological dogmas they have had their day. But just as men have feared that with the decline of creeds would come a corresponding

decline in personal goodness, so actually and coincident with the decline of the old party spirit a new party spirit of an infinitely worse type is taking its place.

The reckless competition of parties for votes is a far more perilous thing for the nation than their rivalry on behalf of opposing political principles or their struggles for antagonistic policies. So long as Toryism stood for the Old ways, and Liberalism for the New, there was safety in the free air of discussion and in the balance of power. Now when Toryism and Conservatism have alike disappeared in the scramble for electoral support, when Liberalism is temporarily distracted by questions of leadership, and permanently disabled by the rivalry of its old opponents, national interests are being sacrificed to meet party necessities. Hence the cry in political circles for what is called a "programme," hence the strenuous search for a "policy"; hence the moving of heaven and earth for something that will attract the eyes of electors and secure votes at the poll.

The aim is not to benefit the country, not the promotion of great national purposes, but the personal and party pride of a seat on the right of the Speaker's chair. Whether you listen to conversation in the smoking room of the political club, whether you catch the echoes of the party caucus, or whether you are in the confidence of party leaders, the one thought is dominant in each and all: What can we propose which shall secure us a following? In plainer terms the question is: By what means, by what sacrifice, by what dodge or device shall we get the Workman's Vote?

Time was when political leaders had ideas in their heads, and great causes at the core of their policies, and when they acted only in response to well-established national demands, or clamorous national necessities. The historical measures that have been passed since 1832 were the outcome of historical movements. Statesmen had not to tap the barometer every morning to see whether the pointer would go towards political Reform Bills, or Factory Acts, or Free Trade, or religious liberty. These movements came unbidden by wire-pullers. There was no need in those days to search for fire by the light of a tallow candle! The need for the statesman's reforming hand asserted itself now in the political condition of the country, now in the social misery of the people, anon in the demand for an expanding freedom. Statesmen now stand idle offering themselves for hire in the market place; or they are found fussily obtruding themselves upon the private affairs of their fellow

countrymen. We have enormous responsibilities at home and abroad, but a type of man has come to the front who thinks nothing is doing unless some measure is being hatched for the regulation of poultry yards or for limiting the number of meals a tame canary should have a day. Our statesmen hear that this sort of prophet has the loudest voice, and he himself declares he can command the largest numbers. Therefore they betake themselves to their poultry-yard studies with prompt and becoming servility.

I doubt if my readers will care to follow me into the somewhat arid region of abstract principles in discussing so elementary a subject, but I am tempted to venture the proposition that our present-day statesmen have not mastered the rudiments of their duty in relation to Representative Government. They seem to think that Democracy means the ascendancy of numbers uncontrolled by experience, uninfluenced by superior knowledge, unaffected, in short, by the leadership of the most highly-trained in public affairs. They forget that, although numbers must ultimately decide, the decision of numbers absolves no man from his own conscience.

Mr. Gladstone was the first Minister of the New Democratic Era. It was by his influence that our democratic system was brought to its present stage. His boast always was that he trusted the people. It was his frequent avowal that he was ready to obey them. He told the people of Scotland, for instance—Lord Hartington, by the way, did the same—that as soon as they were agreed among themselves about the Disestablishment of the Church he was ready to disestablish it. This was in his prime and in the heyday of his power. Later he used language in relation to the legal Eight Hours' Day for miners which bore a similar interpretation. These two cases are illustrative of his general attitude towards unripe questions. He always kept an open mind. He was ever ready to act as the people's executive. Now the ethics of such an attitude must obviously be construed in view of the facts (1) Whether the statesman is convinced that the principle of the proposed measure is sound; and (2) Whether he believes its proposed application is the best thing for the country in which it is to be applied. I am using Mr. Gladstone's name and example for purposes of illustration, and not in the least to discredit or to discuss his sincerity. My point is that it is unpatriotic and, indeed, immoral, a sin against his conscience and an affront to his intellect, for a statesman to offer to be the executive of a people's desires in any measure or move-

ment, while a single doubt of its wisdom remains in his mind. This in great matters and on the higher planes. As for the average pedlar in politics who begs his way from door to door and sells his soul for kicks and halfpence and scraps of social consideration, we may leave him to the contempt of his constituents and of the country which has the misfortune to own him. But it is impossible to deny that the carelessly interpreted words and actions of eminent men do give colour to the words and actions of little ones, when they assume that no allegiance is due to their own convictions, but that they may recklessly pledge themselves to whatever is most likely to help them at the polling booth.

I have some hesitation in transcribing one of Burke's most famous passages on the true relations of the represented and the representative, hesitation because sentiments so lofty seem out of place in our day, and because the passage is already familiar to political students. But the rarity of the spirit displayed may be justification for the quotation:—"It ought," said the great and famous publicist, "to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him; their opinions high respect, their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to theirs; and, above all, ever and in all cases to prefer their interests to his own. But his unbiassed opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or to any set of men living. Your representative owes you not his industry only but his judgment, and he betrays instead of serving you if he sacrifices it to your opinion." This is a note seldom heard in our day. It is true that Mr. Morley has imbibed the great spirit of the master whose teaching he has done so much to disseminate, and that for this he ranks among the few statesmen of our time who hold their heads high and remain "captains of their souls"!

A little further north, in the neighbouring constituency of Morpeth, some three and twenty years ago, a young Northumbrian miner, the first workman that sat in the House of Commons, approached his new responsibilities with ideals not less lofty than Burke's. When Mr. Thomas Burt was asked to visit certain electors, who had expressed a wish to see him in the course of the contest, by which he won his seat in 1874, with the assurance from his friends that they would almost

certainly vote for him, he replied :—" I have come forward not on my own account ; I have come forward at the request of the electors, and I mean to put it fairly to the test whether they want me or not. My friends have worked very hard, and I should be very sorry on their account not to see this movement crowned with success ; but dearly as I desire to win—having now entered the contest—I would not call upon a single individual to solicit his vote even at the risk of losing my election." At a banquet given him after the victory, referring to a taunt that he was going to Parliament merely as a delegate, he said :—" I do not know whether I am going as a delegate or as a representative, but if by the term delegate or representative is meant that I shall always pay great heed to the views and opinions of my constituents, I say I am quite prepared to go as a delegate with that understanding. If, however, after having given the utmost attention to their views, after having studied them thoroughly, and finding my views were not in harmony with theirs, it is meant that I shall sell my own birthright, so to speak, and vote and speak in favour of principles that I abhor, then certainly I am not going as a delegate."

Compare this manliness with the average vote-hunting of to-day, the bowing and scraping, wriggling and promising, bribing by free teas and Primrose dances, public parks, and class clap-trap, and all the wretched paraphernalia of the man who is "just a candidate, in short"! Compare it, and then say if it is surprising that the politician should decline in public esteem. Here is another sentence taken at random from the same speech, which has not lost, but rather increased, in force by the lapse of time :—" It seems, perhaps, a minor consideration whether one is a working man or not. I should like to see the working men themselves broaden their views, and to regard not merely the manual labourer as a working man, but to regard the great brain workers, to whom we are all so much beholden, as equally with themselves comprising a part of the working-class population of this country."

Let us leave the electoral field for a moment, and observe the politician in his place in the House of Commons. During the tenure of the last Liberal Administration, a keen reader of men used to cast his eye along the Treasury Bench and count upon his fingers the Ministers sitting there who favoured a legal Eight Hours' Day for miners, and declare that not one of them believed within his heart that such legislation was wise, or sound, or prudent, or even necessary. If the same eye had swept the same bench during last Session of Parliament,

when a Tory Administration was in power, and when the Workmen's Compensation Bill was being discussed, it would have seen a companion spectacle of political demoralisation. These may be uncharitable interpretations. It is a wicked world. But the circumstances give colour to them : nay, render them inevitable.

I am not going to labour the point of party inconsistency which is suggested in the passing of the Compensation Act by the men in both Houses who wrecked Mr. Asquith's bill on the same subject. But it is well worth while, in view of my argument, to bring into relief the character of the Act itself and the source from which it emanated. In principle the measure is revolutionary. It lays upon employers a burden and a responsibility which no Legislature in any part of the world had laid upon employers before. It makes them pecuniarily liable for all accidents that may occur in their works, whether these arise from their own neglect, or the neglect of their foremen, or from circumstances over which no mortal man has any control. There is only one exception, and that is when a workman has caused the accident by his own act or neglect. In that case he is not to be compensated ; but if his act have resulted in the hurt or death of others, the employer is still held responsible to them and to their relations. I am not now discussing the justice or injustice of this provision. The only three points I wish to make are (1) that the principle is new to English law ; (2) that in no other country in the world has it been embodied under conditions that are so hard upon the employer ; and (3) that it has been passed by a Lower House composed mainly of employers, and by an Upper House of aristocrats that, a few years ago, destroyed a measure which was more just to Capital and less hurtful to Voluntary Associations. A measure which is described by Mr. John Havelock Wilson—a Labour Member with no weakness for Capitalists—as unjust to employers cannot be very fair to them. A measure which throws upon the employer the whole financial responsibility for all accidents after a fortnight has elapsed from the date of injury : while in Germany a workman in similar circumstances is compelled to support himself by contributions to an insurance fund for the space of three months : does appear to press with exceptional severity upon English employers. And yet we have to face the fact that it is the votes of employers in Parliament that have laid the burden upon their class. How are we to account for it? One, they did not foresee the character of the measure till they were too far committed

to it; or they present to the world one of the sublimest spectacles of unselfishness which political annals have preserved to us; or, finally, they were acting throughout against their convictions and in obedience to political pressure and party necessities, hoping for relief out of wages, or from some other way of taking back with one hand what was given by the other. Nobody can have any hesitation in accepting the last of these suggestions.

It is quite true that the first Reform Bill was a boon from the aristocracy to the people, that it was the middle classes that extended the franchise to the householders, that a Protestant Parliament gave Catholic Emancipation, and that Free Trade came from the leader of a party, if not from the party itself, which expected to lose heavily by its operation. But in all these cases there were demands from the country that could not be refused, there were threats of political revolution, the prevalence of a dangerous social discontent, and the overwhelming pressure of hunger. In the present case not one of these has been forcing the hands of statesmen. On the contrary, this new principle in our legislation had never been discussed on popular platforms, much less demanded by popular clamour or public requirements.

Turn now from legislation to administration, and contemplate for a moment what has been going on there. In certain of the Government departments the politician has impressed himself in a way which has already had important consequences upon industry. He has succeeded in grafting a Labour Department on the Board of Trade, a purely class institution, established at the behest of the Trades Unions, worked largely in co-operation with them, the mere setting up of which spread the belief that it would in all disputes take the side of the workmen, whether they were right or wrong. It is the politician who was mainly instrumental in having the Eight Hours' Day introduced into certain of the Government factories, not because of any sound economic, or social, or ameliorative reasons—for there is nothing in Government employment requiring special measures in these directions—but mainly because it seemed a movement which would conciliate working-class voters. A month or two after the new system had been inaugurated, the Minister in charge of the Department announced in the House of Commons that the experiment had been a great success: that is to say, before any practical man could have told whether it was to be for good or for evil, the Politician knew that it had succeeded. Since then no

further information has been given. No attempt has been made to show with precision or in detail what has been the result as to cost, or what effect it has had upon the social conditions of the workmen. The truth is, that the Politician's purpose had been served when the Eight Hours' Day was established, and he cared no more about it. In connexion with another branch of the same subject, he induced the House of Commons to pass a Resolution declaring it to be a condition of every Government contract that the person fulfilling it should pay the Trades Union rate of wages: thus elevating Trades Unionism into a standard for the regulation of the actions of Governments, and investing it with something like State authority. The chief reason given for these changes is, that a Government ought to be what is called a "model employer": with the idea that, whatever Governments do, private employers are bound to follow. This is a delusion which the Politician has fostered without thought, let us hope, of the injustice which may be done to private firms, and the injury which is certain to be inflicted on industry, if ordinary employers are in any way coerced into following the State model. A Government department may make its working day as short as it pleases, and the wages it pays as high as decency will permit. If it find itself losing money, it has only to dip its hands a little deeper into the public pocket. A private employer has not this resource, and the example offered can, therefore, be no guide, and may be, if unduly pressed, disastrous. It is certain to lead workmen, generally, to expect more and to strike for more than private employers can give them.

As to this, we have a most striking object-lesson in the dispute now proceeding in the Engineering Trade. It is really the outcome of the agitation for an Eight Hours' Day, promoted by State Socialists, yielded to by flexible politicians, and established in Government factories. The average State Socialist is, by himself, a poor, glib creature, perfectly harmless, and perfectly useless for all practical good or evil. It is only when he manages to overawe politicians and Governments, who sail under different colours, with the power he pretends to wield and the following he professes to command, that he becomes a danger. He was shrewd enough to see that his chief hope lay in the flabbiness of the ordinary Member of Parliament, and he has not been disappointed. The introduction of the Eight Hours' Day into Government factories has been one of the chief arguments used by the Engineers in support of their contention: that a working

day of this length should be made general. The whole dispute, I repeat, the arguments by which it is supported from the side of the men, and the tone and temper of their advocacy, show that it is the practical application of ideas that have been diligently inculcated by the Socialistic leaders, who have captured certain of the Unions, and by the Politician who has been ready to fetch and carry for any one who offered him employment with "prospects." Employers have been compelled to make a stand, and they are doing so with some effect. But do not let us ignore the fact that they are fighting against Governments which ought to be impartial, as well as against workmen who have been misled: against politicians and statesmen and newspaper editors, numbers of whom have for long years now been playing battledore and shuttlecock with industry, and using it for party purposes of their own.

The extraordinary thing is that the inducements to political dishonesty are so slight, or seem so, compared to the sacrifice of principle and, one would think, self respect. In this country we are practically free from public corruption of the gross and sordid kind. We have not even the temptation presented by the American system of place and power for the victor and the victor's friends. It is true that with the introduction of "Fair-Wage" resolutions and the notion that Parliament can raise wages and shorten working hours, there has risen an element which verges closely on legalised bribery. But the system is still in its infancy. It is for no mean or squalid advantage of the ordinary sort that the Politician is lowering himself and his craft. And yet his reward is mainly a material reward. In any case, he seems to think it sufficient. "A Parliamentary career," said the author of *Tancred*, "that old superstition of the eighteenth century, was important when there were no other sources of power and fame." In the eyes of a large class who have no other hope of winning power or fame it is still a powerful attraction. It is not every one (in truth) who can excel in literature or art or science. None are too poor in intellectual resources to get a seat in the House of Commons, if they have money at command and readiness to accept the party shibboleths tempered by the whims and passions of the hour. A seat in Parliament confers social distinction, a certain newspaper notoriety, opens up avenues of promotion to some, gives to others opportunities of business, lifts all to an altitude above the common herd. It provides occupation without direct personal responsibility, brings men into actual contact with the

movements of the day, and makes the least industrious feel that he is doing something, with no drain on his mental resources and no sacrifice of a single luxury. There is a large class in our country with money and freedom from exhausting anxieties, to which and to whose wives and families all this is unadulterated bliss. There is no position in the wide world which offers the same advantages to a man "built that way" with so few demands upon his intellect, or his accomplishments, or his heart. These are the prizes then for which the politician is selling his soul to the Devil as hard as he can. They form neither the laurel crown of simple honour nor the gross reward of the modern "dollar." But they are real, and they are efficacious. Few men who have sat in the House of Commons are ever happy, should fate or fortune compel them to leave it. To suffer defeat at the poll is a chagrin, as well as the loss of a valued honour. Once in the heat of the electoral battle a man is tempted to promise many things which in cooler moments he regrets. "I am of that religion," said the Emir Fakhredeen, "which gives me a sceptre." Nevertheless, when all allowances have been made and all explanations given, it is a melancholy and alarming fact that the Politician with us, as elsewhere, is on the downward course, and is likely so to continue unless there be such a public awakening as shall shame him into courses of consistency, of conviction, and of honour. It is idle and wrong to blame the constituencies. The heart is sound; but they need leaders. Some of that which was written by the anti-democratic prophets is coming true. But it is not the people who are not rising to their responsibilities: it is the men who ought to guide instead of flattering them.

JAMES ANNAND.

NAI YIM, THE FISH-FIGHTER

OF all the fish fanciers in Bangkok Nai Yim is the most distinguished and successful. His breed of fighting fish fetches an enormous price in the market whenever the stress of poverty obliges him to sell; but so great is the wrench of parting with any of his darlings, and so vital the importance of selling none that will not acquit himself valiantly that he only resorts to the market under the most pressing necessity. That is, when Mrs. Yim tells him to.

It is nothing to Nai Yim that Royalty, in an honest determination to put down betting, pronounced against fish-fighting. Sport is dearer to his heart than Court favour, and, although fish-fighting has declined somewhat from its high estate as a fashionable amusement, and the little club near the old tramway stables is no longer thronged with princes and nobles as of old, Nai Yim still trains his fish in the unregenerate way, and his little home in New Street (the Tanon Mai) is still the resort of the higher sporting circles. That house is like any other gentleman's residence in Bangkok. Its sole inhabited storey, the upper, is floored with palm stems, thatched with leaves, and walled with reed work. The space between the supporting posts, which should have been the ground floor, lies open to the world. One end is piled with garden tools, firewood, and domestic litter; the other, with neat rows of earthen pots of every shape and size. For in the breeding season no mother has the maternal instinct more fiercely developed than has Nai Yim for his motherless babes.

The Plakád has no right to exist at all. By all the laws of evolution a creature that eats its young, and fights to the death with everything it meets, should have become extinct very early in the world's history. The Plakád is born with the lust of battle, and, if his blood be cold, his temper is hotter than anything that will be known this side the grave. He will tackle any creature that is not big enough to swallow him whole—the only treatment that seems to quench his fighting spirit—and he will fight till he has never a fin to wag. And all this eruptive fury is caged in the length and girth of a schoolboy's pocket-knife!

He is found in the fresh-water pools of Siam ; but in a wild state he has allowed himself so to dissipate his energies that he generally agrees with his adversary, when a stubborn fight has convinced him of the advantages of peace. Life is too hurried in the pools, the competition for mosquitos too keen, to permit of concentration upon a single idea : it is in solitary reflection within the narrow limits of an earthenware pot that he realises his mission in life, and meditates the sole eternal theme of piscicide. Though diminutive from the human point of view, he has a very imposing appearance. His scales are red or deep blue, according to his species. His dorsal and ventral fins are enormously developed, the former being erect like a fore-and-aft sail, while the latter trails, like a centre-board keel, the whole length of his body. The expression of his countenance would be mild, if his lips could be got to hide the teeth which are at once his glory and his excuse : for such an array could never have been intended for the mere mastication of pulpy mosquitos—the creature's daily food.

In April Nai Yim's cares begin. He has to fish out of the pond in the garden the young Plakád of both sexes, which promise best to rear a creditable family, and mate them in separate jars. The female Plakád has no virtues—has not even beauty. She is a sober-coloured, mean little fish, as quarrelsome as her mate, without the redeeming quality of natural affection. When she has laid her eggs, she must be fished out of the jar in a bamboo spoon without an hour's delay, for this young mother's first act is to fill her stomach with her offspring. It is now that the domestic virtues of the father come into exercise. He is the most confirmed in the practice of the *couvade* of all the fathers in the animal kingdom. He knows too well the cannibal propensities of his consort ; and from the moment when her eggs are festooned to the waterweed in his jar, he mounts guard against the greed of their unnatural mother. Nor does his vigilance relax with her removal to the pond. Night and day he keeps sleepless watch over them, scarce leaving them for the mosquitos which Nai Yim drops into his jar, until the tiny fry break through their envelopes and swarm about him. It is then his turn to take passage in the bamboo spoon.

The early days of the baby Plakád are a severe tax upon Nai Yim. With a muslin net he scours the pools for the larvæ of mosquitos to dole out among his swarming jars ; for the little warriors must not be stinted if they are to do him credit in the jar of battle. And as they grow in girth and fin, from carraway to almond size, it needs a practised

eye to sift the future heroes from the ruck of bullies, and decide on which a costly education shall be lavished, to the end that he may uphold the honour of the Yim breed through another season. No Roman gladiator was more carefully trained for the arena. Pluck avails nothing unless the teeth be strong and sharp ; and it is, therefore, upon the teeth of his young fish that Nai Yim's chief care is spent. Every few days a cloud of fine, sharp sand is discharged into the water, and the Plakád, which from infancy has acquired a habit of grinding his teeth, puts a fine edge upon his weapons automatically as he swims lazily about his jar. When he has reached his full fighting weight, his natural pugnacity and his self-confidence are fostered by a series of victories over a succession of immature Plakád-fish with fight enough to goad him to fury, and not enough gristle in their fins to spoil his grinders. This part of his training costs the lives of ten or twelve youngsters : which might find some consolation for their sufferings if they knew that they were sacrificed for the honour of their breed. Then the health of the champion in training is the subject of most tender solicitude. An over-generous fare of mosquitos, without the exercise of capturing them, is apt to make him bilious ; but at the earliest symptom of this disorder a brown finger, bedaubed with a potent laxative, is intruded into the jar. His nerves are by this time so tense that he would resent such an insult from a creature four times his size ; and he dashes open-mouthed at the finger, and expels it valiantly from his domain. The medicine that clogs his jaws is the spoil of war, and he gulps it down as he would the fin or the eye of a personal enemy.

At this stage the Plakád of a noted breed has a high market value ; but Nai Yim knows better than to sell this creation of his, and so put into rival hands a champion dangerous as any of his own. The fruit of his patient industry is to be garnered in nobler fashion ; for Nai Kem has sent him a challenge, and the battle is to be fought a week hence in the little Proprietary Club near the old tramway stables. Nai Walab, the proprietor, himself a fancier of no mean repute, has set his house in order, and, that the attendance of sporting men may not depend upon a single encounter, has issued challenges on his own account. The club-house is a roof without walls, and in the earthen floor are planted four thick pedestals two feet high, each supporting a quadrilateral glass jar, narrowing at the foot so as to allow no space for a beaten fish to sulk in. Nai Kem is the first to arrive. Clad in a clean cotton jacket and a new parnung, and carrying his fish in a little jar

enveloped in a cloth, he heads a body of supporters prepared to back his champion for all, or more than all, they are worth. But the number of Nai Yim's following shows which breed is the favourite. Until this fight be decided, it is useless to start on the other pedestals: for, besides the two owners and a dozen of their followers, who squat around the jar with their noses glued to its transparent sides, there are four rows of bystanders betting recklessly. The stakes and the bets being duly recorded, and Nai Walab having made a mental calculation of his percentage as proprietor of the club, Nai Kem tilts his fish into the jar. With a flirt of his potent tail, he explores the larger limits of his new quarters, and then eyes the human faces through the glass with contemptuous unconcern. He is a portly little Green Fish, a thought too thick in the barrel for dexterous evolution, but armed with an array of teeth that would put a bull-terrier to shame. The flop of Nai Yim's fish is very disturbing to his nerves, and for a moment the two fly about the bowl concealed from each other by a cloud of bubbles. If fish had the sense of hearing more keenly developed, they would be still more perturbed by the shouts of their backers, inciting them to the fray. Nai Yim's warrior is dressed in Red: a lean, wiry little fish with a mighty spread of fin upon his back and a vast undulating keel along his belly. The water clears, and the gladiators are suddenly tooth to tooth in the middle. Their whole demeanour changes in a flash, and they sheer off, puffing out their gills, and erecting every fin-bone with wrath. Then the Red Fish shoots up alongside his big antagonist, and asks him what the devil he means. The Green Fish is grossly affronted, but will have no vulgar quarrel with an ill-bred bully in a public place. But he cannot shake the ruffian off; and, as they circle the bowl side by side, the Red Fish jostles his left fin, and throws him out of his stroke. It is a terrible provocation, but his dignity will not permit him to resent it; and he simply quickens his pace. The Red Fish has the inside of the turn, and quickens too, till he leads by half a head. This big Green coward, he thinks, shall be made to fight; so he deliberately fouls him, and drives him against the wall of the bowl. "Ten tikals on the Red Fish!" shriek Nai Yim's supporters. But the fat fellow is roused at last, and makes a side snap at his enemy's eye, and another at his open gill, fixing his teeth in the edge of the gill-shield. There is a struggle; and, as the Red Fish shakes himself free, two silver scales settle gently to the bottom. They are at it now hammer and tongs, flying round the bowl fin to fin, and snapping fiercely at each other's

eyes. Then the Red Fish drops an inch behind, and makes a grab at his opponent's fin. His teeth are deep in the fleshy joint, and the Green Fish spins round and round and round without dislodging them. His struggles grow weaker, and gradually the two sink lower in the bowl. The excitement in the gallery is deafening, and Nai Kem's supporters grin foolishly, and shout empty encouragement to their champion. Gradually the shouts die down, for the combatants are sulking at the bottom, and may remain there for half an hour. But the Red Fish cannot keep his grip for ever, and a sudden wrench of the fin tears it free. Nor, with his tired jaws, can he lay hold again, for the Green Fish turns suddenly, and comes at him open-jowled. They lock with a fury that shakes them stem to stern; and now the weight of the Green Fish begins to tell. He forces his antagonist helplessly against the glass, and, loosing him, digs his teeth into a dorsal fin. It is now Nai Kem's turn to cheer; for, twist and wriggle as he will, the little Red-Coat cannot wrench himself free. Then the fin tears; and, whole in valour if tattered in body, the Red Fish renews the attack. The sail he carried so proudly aloft when he went into action is a wreck, and its torn shreds drape his battered sides, and impede the working of his fins. But, like a game little privateer engaged by a big frigate, he asks no quarter, and only fights the more fiercely for his injuries. He has found out that the Green Fish is slow in turning; he remembers how dear such unwieldiness cost one of his dummy antagonists in the training jar. Open-mouthed, he hurls himself at his enemy's great broadside, and his chisel teeth snap to on a mouthful of scales behind the fin. In vain the Green Fish strives to turn, and bring his jaws to bear. He has drifted against the glass, helpless, and his enemy rams him again. A shower of scales goes settling to the bottom, and the wounds show white in his green ribs. He tries the surface, and the calm water is lashed into a tempest of ripples. In despair he plunges down to the narrow bottom, hoping perhaps to find some hole to shelter in till his hurts are healed. It was a fatal decision, and he knows it too late. Slantwise, like a lance, the Red Fish shoots down upon him, and holds him in the narrow foot of the jar. No rabbit driven by a ferret into the blind end of his burrow was ever so much at the mercy of his tormentor. The green tail is the first to suffer. It is all too tempting a tooth-hold in its wavy undulating curves. Its feathery, transparent edge is torn to ribbons, and then the Red Fish attacks the dorsal fin. With every furious backward tug the fabric gives; but still the poor fool clings to the bottom, rather than face the terrors above. Nai Yim and

his backers have shouted their voices away. The betting is ten tikals to one and no takers ; and Nai Kem is softly aspersing the reputation of the Green Fish's female ancestors to the third generation : his fingers itching the while to drag his recreant champion into the open water, if only the rules allowed it.

But who shall passively allow himself to be dissected by ragged teeth ? Naked of scales from quarter to rudder, the tortured Green makes a blind rush upward, and, as his tormentor makes a grab at his pectoral fin, he turns and grapples. It is a struggle of despair, and in the tempestuous broil the spectators cannot for a few minutes see which has the upper hand. Even Nai Kem takes heart to shout a war-cry : unaccompanied, however, by a bet. The combatants, fast locked, seem to be spinning in an aimless circle. Will they never break away ? So terrific is the struggle that shouts die down to stifled ejaculations : the gallery catches its breath, and then a great shout of victory rends the summer air. For the straining bodies have risen to the surface ; and a fountain of spray from the thrashing tails has splashed the first line of eager faces ; when, with one supreme wrench, the Red Fish straightens himself like a bent spring, tears himself free, and lays a halting, zigzag course to the bottom of the bowl. In his teeth he carries much that does not belong to him ; but he has had enough, and, if his enemy could even now flap a fin, and right himself in the water just for appearances, he might save his reputation and his owner's money. But he is past caring for fame. There he lies, careened over on his side with one torn fin-stump clear of the water, and a ragged tail drooping idly towards the bottom. He has fought his last fight, and he wants death to take him quietly.

Tenderly Nai Yim lifts his game little champion with the bamboo spoon. He, too, has fought his last fight ; but there are still seasons of honourable retirement and family life before him. His rigging hangs about him in a wreck that would excite derision but for the glory of it, and his teeth are blunted beyond repair. And, even so, his great heart is not daunted ; for he bites savagely at Nai Yim's finger, as that proud sportsman restores him to his travelling jar, and takes him home to be the father of generations of warriors to come.

Væ Victis ! The poor, battered corpse of the Green Fish is dishonoured in his most honourable death. Nai Kem, smothering an execration as he unties the amount of his lost wager from the corner of his parnang, slings him to the dogs, still feebly waving a fin-stump.

BASIL THOMSON.

IMPERIALISM

III

EVEN at its lowest ebb Imperialism never wanted advocates. With Dismemberment rife in official circles, and the Classes given over to fetish worship, there yet remained "seven thousand, all the knees, which had not bent to Baal." To them England owes hardly less than to her intrepid Colonial sons; for it is yet more difficult to hold an Empire together than to build it up, and it was on these, supported by the loyalty of the Britains oversea, that the brunt of the battle fell. For years they laboured, as it seemed in vain: the sound of their voice was drowned by the clamour of contending factions and the triumphing sectaries of Free Trade. But they were not disheartened. Those same qualities, which were widening the frontiers of the Empire on three Continents, they employed in the humbler task of keeping alive the Imperial spirit in these Realms. With a patient courage, almost heroic, they struggled against stupidity, ignorance, error, and treason. For a quarter of a century they preached to deaf ears. They had to bear the scorn of their enemies, and the pity of their friends. Their Colonial brethren were cheered by success, and stimulated by the atmosphere, electrical with possibilities of new and vigorous communities: they were sustained by the strength of their own conviction only. Such men are the glory of England, and, happily for her, she has always been able to command their services at critical periods in her history—the secret, perhaps, of her moral pre-eminence. The story of Sodom, as told in the Bible, may be a myth, but the main facts are as old as civilisation itself. And so the national conscience has never been so dead in England that it has not been awakened in time to avert national retribution.

Like most great movements in their infancy, Imperialism knew no class, party, or creed. In its ranks were to be found representatives of every social order and every shade of opinion—all animated by the same disinterested motive, and all conscious that they were devoting their

best energies to an unpopular cause. But it was not for the present they worked, but for the future: a distinction they share with the greatest statesmen on the roll of fame. It takes a rare combination of qualities to sow seed that remote posterity may reap, and no political or religious movement has ever been originated without it. But if, as in the Empire at large, the strength of Imperialism lay in the rank and file, its power of generating sympathy in the hearts of the great mass of the people was to be found in its leaders. First, among those who are no longer with us, was Carlyle, its earliest and greatest prophet; was Tennyson, who sang of it in stately measures, recalling England to forgotten duty, and rebuking the craven-spirited children of Mammon by his own exalted patriotism; was Beaconsfield, its inspiration and creative genius up to the present hour; was Forster, the founder of the Federation League; were Lord Carnarvon, the seventh Duke of Manchester, Judge Haliburton, and Mr. Edward Jenkins. Of living statesmen Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery are by far the most distinguished: two loyal adherents, whose length of service and whose intellectual weight mark them out from the train of renegades and time-servers, who would fain push them aside. For every politician is an Imperialist now, or says he is, and with fervour most intense when the cant of Little Englandism has hardly died away on his lips. The growth of Anglo-Saxon unity has given us many surprises, but none so ironical as the evolution of the Radical, professing "the eternal principles of Liberalism," into the full-blown Imperialist. As a political force Democracy may be sadly defective, but there can be no doubt that it has thoroughly mastered the secret of bending its so-called chiefs to its will. In the pursuit of a noble object, as in the case of Imperialism, this is well. But it reflects little credit on either party in the State that Lord George Hamilton, alone of the statesmen sitting on the Government and Opposition benches, should have been identified with Imperialism in the early Seventies. About the same time it enlisted the services of Mr. Froude, Sir John Seeley, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Sir John Colomb, the Earl of Harrowby, then Viscount Sandon, and Lord, then Mr., Brassey. Of its progress since '84 there is no need to speak. The movement, which in '69 was so feeble that its only leaders, capable of initiative, were three unknown Colonials, now attracts to its ranks the very flower of the intellect, wealth, and aristocracy of the country. Such is the difference between popularity and unpopularity. But, with this enormous access of influence, Imperialism is less familiar with men

of genius than it was in its struggling infancy. Its chief recruit of late years is Mr. Rudyard Kipling: who has done more to make the Empire a living reality to Englishmen than any one since the death of Lord Beaconsfield. Through the magic medium of song and story he has dispelled the old insular idea, that it is merely a part of that mysterious region known as abroad, "into which our friends sometimes disappear and from which sometimes they return"; or a kind of territorial machine for receiving British goods, and supplying the factories of the United Kingdom with cheap raw material, and its population with cheap food: that in fact it is built in and up with scattered communities of English men and women set to the work of building up other and vaster Britains, or of ruling the teeming millions of India and tropical Africa. Moreover, he has brought home to the dullest mind how it was won, and how it is maintained. In his hands it is a lyre by means of which he reveals those deep and sounding harmonies that, until his advent, were almost unknown. With its multiform life spread out before him like a book, he scorns the material Briton's conception of the Empire; and, taking a point of view equally extreme, sees in it only men—Englishmen, who worthily carry on the splendid traditions of England's Imperial past. With humorous irony he contrasts them with certain of their brethren at home, who, suffering from the dry-rot of peace and plenty, and mistaking it for a noble growth of civilisation, regard *them* as an inferior order of being, which must be kept rigorously in check. He discovers for us their lust of life, their abounding optimism, their faith in the Empire of which they are the central pillar, their courage and devotion to duty, their grip of first principles, their good-natured contempt for the insoluble problems and portentous nothings, which agitate the minds of men, who live at ease in a progressive society, remote from danger and the realities of frontier and continental existence. The Dominion that Englishmen realise so imperfectly is sustained not only by the Navy and the superlative wisdom of the armchair critic at home, but by the brain and muscle, the energy and endurance of the race. It has been bought with the lives of millions of England's bravest sons; its soil has been fertilised with blood and tears—its onward march impeded by war, famine, pestilence, and religious discord. This is its tragic side, to which this Poet has done no less justice than to its glory. Those superior persons, big enough to embrace the world, but not big enough to embrace the British Empire, who profess astonishment that, when the national exultation incident to the Jubilee was still high, he of all

men should have struck a religious note, which echoed in the hearts of Englishmen all over the globe! They forget that deep religious feeling is not always strongest in the man of peace: it has been inseparable from the English character from the very beginning. The spirit of the aged Ealdorman, who was ready to welcome Christianity in the hope that it might shed light on the mystery of man's life: likened by him to a bird which, driven into the hall by a winter's storm, rests for a moment by the fire and then disappears into the darkness whence it came: is the spirit that animates the earnest Englishman of to-day. But this is not admitted by Liberals and Radicals, who maintain that it is theirs alone, denying it to Colonials, and Imperialists generally, with vituperation: perhaps because they have yet to learn the art of making it subservient to party interests or to a narrow political creed. It has still to be proved, however, that the Infinite is nearer Fleet Street and the Strand than to the lonely settlement in the wilderness, or more likely to speak through the man who lives in the lap of civilisation than through the man who, in the service of his Sovereign, is familiar with hardship, danger, and the shadow of death in the immensity of Further Britain.

That lassitude should have taken possession of the English people, at the close of its titanic struggle with the world, was to be expected. But at most it lasted only twenty years, when England entered on a career of industrial and territorial expansion without a parallel in history. The result of it is the British Empire; which received living expression for the first time last June. Perhaps it is natural that men, who have only just begun to realise it as a stupendous fact, should dwell more on its grandeur and power and might than on its political weakness. But the mistake is none the less grave for that. It is very fine no doubt to so far surpass all the great Empires of the past as to leave little or no basis for comparison; but when the only particular, in which the British Empire plays second, lies at the very root of its existence, the area for self-congratulation is considerably narrowed. The expansion of Egypt, Assyria, Carthage, Rome, Spain, Holland, followed certain fixed principles, which might vary with time and circumstance, but were always fundamentally the same. England alone has waxed great and glorious with none: she has developed from an island kingdom into a world-wide Dominion, as it were unknown to herself, consciousness being awakened in her only by a pageant intended to honour the reigning Sovereign. This absence of design in building

up the Empire more than accounts for the extraordinary anomalies, which serve it in the stead of political unity. It is a giant body, whose limbs are connected with it so loosely as to render it almost helpless ; or, to use an illustration, which has never been bettered, it is a barrel without hoops. The barrel has been made by the English people, and is of such noble proportions as to be the envy and admiration of the world ; the hoops, which it was the duty of the Home Government to provide, are still wanting. With curious perversity English Ministers conceived it lay with them to hinder the building of the barrel, which in consequence has several ugly flaws. For these sins of omission and commission the British Empire is, politically, at a standstill to-day. "When self-government was conceded, it ought to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial Tariff . . . and by a military code, which should have precisely defined the means and responsibilities by which the Colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the Colonies themselves. It ought, further, to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the Colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government." In other words, Mr. Disraeli saw clearly that an opportunity for putting the hoops round the barrel had been lost for ever, and that the barrel itself would have been broken in pieces but for the sturdy resistance of its builders. Through her blind and infatuated rulers England would have thrown away her birthright for a mess of pottage.

But if the men in power failed to split up the Empire into several independent nations, it threw back Imperial unity at least a generation. Instead of being gained by easy stages in the natural course of things, it will have to be won by slow steps and stormy conflicts of opinion, with the chance that our enemies may close in on us before we are in a position to act on the defensive as an organic whole. That the task is colossal no thinking man anywhere in these broad Realms of ours will deny ; but that it is beyond the combined resources of English and Colonial statesmen no one with a living faith in the British Empire will readily admit. The political genius, which has never yet failed the English people, will not fail them now. The real difficulties present themselves on this side the water, and they are immense. English Ministers are confronted not only with the problems of the hour, but

with the problems which have been gathering for sixty years. When they look round, and see agriculture, the only sound basis of a nation's prosperity, crushed and hopeless under the yoke of foreign competition, trade depressed, Ireland disaffected, labour in a chronic state of rebellion, army organisation faulty, and the Empire still "a geographical expression" so far as political unity is concerned—all which were vexed questions in an acute stage thirty years ago—they may well feel their hearts sink within them. Nor is this all. As though the burden of our national troubles were not already heavy enough to bear, Ministers have added to it by their own weakness and slavish deference to the demands of a majority. In South Africa, Egypt, the near East, they sowed seed of whose evil fruits there is no end. That the present Government should be reaping of them largely is supposed to be its misfortune. In one sense no doubt it is; but in another it is nothing less than political retribution, which, as it too seldom does in the official world, has fallen on the right men. Leading members of the Cabinet were leading members of the inglorious Administration of '80-85, which gave us Majuba Hill and the Conventions of London and Pretoria; other leading members were colleagues of Lord Beaconsfield, and, unnerved by the disasters of the Crimean War, so hampered his action in '76 that he lost a golden chance of settling the Eastern Question for a century, and in a manner favourable to England. It will never occur again, and meanwhile Europe is kept in a fever of unrest, and the Federation of All the Britains forced to wait.

With curious egotism, Englishmen have got into the habit of taking it for granted that their view of a question is Imperial; the Colonial view provincial. If it were not irritating it would be amusing; for Colonials, putting no great strain on their memory, can recall a time when the exact contrary was so much the truth that it was a commonplace. They are the same men they were then; it is Englishmen who have changed, and the Imperial spirit having been born again in them, they assume that the Imperial qualities it develops became theirs at the same moment. But Nature knows none of those short cuts to greatness. England cannot take up the Imperialism of sixty years since as if it had not been forgotten in the meantime. In the first place, the Imperialism of to-day differs from the Imperialism of our forefathers, inasmuch as it must tend towards the consolidation of the Empire, whereas theirs largely created the forces which built it up; in the second place, Imperialism, like all national movements, is of slow

growth, and a generation has grown up trained in the school of Little Englandism. Why, then, the Imperial perspective of this country should be truer than it is in Colonies, whose loyalty to the Empire has never wavered, is not quite clear. An historic past will not alone give it, for though an historic past, like an ancient title, is strictly entailed, the ability and moral force necessary to worthily carry on its traditions must be developed by each succeeding generation on its own account. Should it fail, the glory of its inheritance only serves to light up the shadows of the present and to act as a living rebuke to disgrace. With the revival of Imperialism the people of England will, no doubt, prove that the spirit of the men who supported Chatham and Pitt has fallen on them; but that is for the future to decide. A superior tone towards the Colonies will be out of place for twenty years yet.

But admitting that the Mother Country's Imperial perspective is more accurate than the Colonial, the value of it may be questioned when it does almost nothing in determining her policy. The Australias, Canada, and the Cape may not be able to grasp the full significance of a local question, but their action always bears some proportion to their light: whereas the course of Imperial Ministers is so uncertain as to give the impression that they, unwillingly, sacrifice their reputation for statesmanship to British commercial interests. In other words, in the opinion of the average Englishman England is the Empire; the Colonies are a fringe of "plantations" at the other end of her trade lines. Yet it was she that originated the theory of Imperial dissolution; in them it was rejected with indignation. It was not she who showed the true Imperial spirit by accepting the Treaty of Washington—it was Canada. In New Guinea, the New Hebrides, and Samoa her weakness of purpose planted France and Germany at the very gates of Australia; at her surrender of the Transvaal, her abandonment of the Soudan, her scuttle from Afghanistan the whole Empire thrilled with shame. The extremity of Gordon aroused a passion of sympathy in every English Colony without exception. In spite of the eloquent appeals of individuals, the Liberal Party, which made him its scapegoat, as a whole remained cold. It was offended that he could not follow in the footsteps of his Master, and still the storm of warring factions in the Soudan with a few Liberal catchwords. Sir Wilfrid Lawson saw no reason for the despatch of an expedition to the Soudan: he would rather vote "£300,000 to enable the Mahdi to put down General Gordon." The public opinion, so dead as to tolerate the utterance of

such a monstrous view, was, it need hardly be said, incapable of putting a stop to the political pantomime, which ended in the bloody streets of Khartoum. The members of Colonial Legislatures are not as a rule so dignified or so restrained as the members of the House of Commons; but Colonial Hansards may be searched in vain for a speech so entirely lacking in patriotism and political perspective as Sir Wilfrid Lawson's of August, '84. Not that an intense form of provincialism is unknown in the Colonies; but it is kept within the bounds of decency by the Imperial spirit of the people at large. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Courtney, Mr. W. S. Caine, Sir William Wedderburn would not dare to speak in the Australias or in Canada as they speak at Westminster. A notable instance of the living character of Colonial Imperialism was given some years ago during the visit of the Brothers Redmond on behalf of the Home Rule cause. At public meetings in England these gentlemen sat on the same platform with the leading statesmen of the day; in Melbourne, Sir John O'Shanassy, Ex-Premier of Victoria, though an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, declined to give them any public encouragement, and, after a few stormy meetings, they were obliged to tone down the rancour of their lectures, which had not been found too strong for English audiences, or go home empty-handed. Only a few months ago Mr. Ben Tillet, who presumed to forget the existence of the Queen, was reminded of it in a way he is not likely soon to forget. Curious that a "labour leader" should know so little of his own class as to blunder where a peer of the realm would have scored a triumphant success!

Nor can it be said that English Imperialism showed to advantage in the South African or Venezuelan crisis of '96. The hysterical burst of admiration, which greeted Mr. Chamberlain's so-called vigorous action in denouncing Dr. Jameson's intervention in the affairs of the Transvaal, was out of all proportion to its political value. It was not the kind of statesmanship which would go far in making the reputation of an Englishman on the frontiers of the Empire, but it seems to have been quite enough to make the reputation of a Colonial Secretary. The fact is, initiative has been so rare in Downing Street since the death of Lord Beaconsfield that, at the very sign of it, the nation completely lost its head, and for two months dreamed of Chatham and Pitt. It has since been cruelly undeceived; nevertheless, the glamour of Colonial Office promptitude has not yet faded from its mind. But it may be doubted whether the public relief at Mr.

Chamberlain's action was due so much to an Imperial sense of responsibility with regard to the Uitlanders as to a conviction that the chances of war were thereby minimised, and England, not the Empire, placed in the best possible light towards the Governments of Europe. Later on all Imperial perspective was lost. South Africa, for the second time in twenty years, became a counter in the game of party politics, and no interests save those of Her Majesty's Government and Opposition had a chance of being remembered. The South Africa Committee, which for farcical ineptitude resembled nothing so much as a women's debating society, was appointed in spite of all Colonial obligations in order to satisfy the scruples of the English Nonconformist Conscience. Naturally it failed; but it succeeded only too well in fanning the flame of race animosities in South Africa. There is, however, a National Conscience, which differs from the Nonconformist variety by its inflexibility; and if the senility of the South Africa Committee aroused it to the danger of allowing the idea of British Confederation to drift and go down, that Committee would not have been in vain.

While the dignity of the Press in discussing President Cleveland's insolent message to Congress of December, '95, and the absence of all national excitement at the ominous opening of '96, were worthy the nation's best traditions, the attitude of a large section of the English people towards the Venezuelan Question as a whole was almost ridiculously sentimental. The only sound basis for international relations is self-respect, without which diplomacy is apt to lose itself in a maze of contradictions, ending in a weak surrender of its position. The three stock arguments of the party opposed to a firm stand against Yankee bluster were the friendliness of the people of the United States, their strong blood-ties with ourselves, and the abominable wickedness of war in general. All three are fallacies. Americans always have been, and are, England's most bitter and persistent enemies. That they are our "kith and kin" is true enough no doubt; but when they are in danger of being swamped in a sea of Celtic, Slavonic, and Teutonic immigration, the relationship must surely be a cousinry in the forty-second degree. If war be an unmixed evil, as enthusiasts tell us, how is it that, in the individual, it engenders courage, honour, self-control, devotion to duty, patriotism, and self-sacrifice? For forty years the people of England have practically enjoyed the blessings of peace. Can the modern apostle say that its long reign has encouraged the growth of truth, loftiness of spirit, generosity, unselfishness

simplicity, or honesty? Peace is a pool which, without war at intervals, becomes stagnant. But the men who talk and act on this assumption are denounced by their lotus-eating brethren as barbarians. If to be civilised we must forget the dignity of our manhood, beg with tears in our eyes for friendship withheld, betray the trust of our fathers, and give up a share of our children's inheritance at the bidding of a stranger, and, in short, play the part of a craven instead of an honest man, then barbarians let us be. For, assuredly, we shall be good citizens.

The Venezuelan Question, we are told, was "trumpery": an adjective which has done service in describing two out of every three Colonial grievances for a generation. But, except in its early stages, was it so? A matter which involves the honour of England cannot but be of the first importance, and we owe to the United States that the Venezuelan dispute was of this order. American interference gave it international and Imperial significance. Prosperity has made England forget many political lessons, but none so completely as the most elementary of all:—the nation that will not defend its rights is on the high road to lose them. In contrast with the sentimentality of England was the common-sense view of Canada. Though she knew that, in the event of war, the brunt of the burden would fall on her, she was in favour of a firm refusal to the extravagant demands of the Government at Washington, and was bitterly disappointed at Lord Salisbury's later attitude, both on the boundary question and on the Monroe Doctrine. Yet it might be safely supposed that the overseas English know at least as much of the Americans as the English this side, and are not more given to seeking a quarrel.

There is a curious irony in the fact that Imperialism owes more to Germany than to any other outside influence. In '84 England was made to realise the value of the Colonies by the restless energy of Bismarck; in '96 she was made to realise the necessity for unity by the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger, an affront which stirred the patriotic spirit of the nation as it has not been stirred since the Indian Mutiny. England is not Carthage; the Kaiser is not Cato; Germany is not Rome.

But though Imperialism has become a popular movement, it cannot be said that English statesmen are doing yeomen service in the cause. Nearly three decades have passed away since the seed was sown, and still there is very little sign of fruit. Up to the end of last year only two steps had been taken towards English unity—the conference

of '87, called by Lord Salisbury, and the admittance of Colonial Judges to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which we owe to Lord Rosebery. To these may be added the foundation of the Imperial Federation League by Mr. Forster. The Indian and Colonial Exhibition, the finest object lesson on the grandeur and extent of the Empire given to Englishmen, until the Jubilee Procession eclipsed it, was due to the initiative of the Prince of Wales rather than to the energy of the Government, and the same may be said of the Imperial Institute. Ministers seem to think that when, on State occasions, they deliver impassioned speeches on the glory and advantages of British Confederation, the work of bringing it about may be quietly left to chance or Colonial pressure. They may remember that it is the business of statesmanship to create it, but they rarely allow the memory to trouble them. Of all subjects vital to the nation Imperialism is wrapped in the thickest haze of misunderstanding ; yet they seldom or never make any attempt to lift it, and evidences are not wanting of their capacity for thickening it. At Wolverhampton, in June, '87, Lord Randolph Churchill described King George's Sound as "one of the most important waterways in the world ; it is on the road to Australia, and the British and Indian commerce that passes through King George's Sound to Australia is valued at £120,000,000 a year." These extraordinary statements prove nothing except the danger of a little knowledge. School Board children sometimes make use of their ill-digested information with ludicrous effect ; but they have serious rivals in Members of Parliament who venture on details in a Colonial or an Indian debate. A collection of their mistakes would be even more interesting than the gems of examination humour collected by industrious inspectors ; but, happily for the fame of more than one public man, Hansard and the forgotten files of the daily newspaper never give up their secrets. But it is quite possible for a statesman unable to define a sound, and so hazy as to the position of a particular one as to confuse it either with the Indian Ocean or the Strait of Babel-man-deb, to conceive and carry out successfully a wide and far-reaching policy. This is out of the question when a Minister enormously over-estimates the powers of his own office, which is what Mr. Chamberlain has done ever since he became Colonial Secretary. He appears to be possessed by the Average Briton's idea that the Empire belongs, not to the English people as a whole but, to the people of England. Just so believed the men who lost us the American Colonies. But while they saw the nation's sovereignty in the

person of the king, their descendants see it in the Colonial Secretary. Beside this conception of English citizenship, narrower than ever our fathers knew, marches the noblest ever born, of Colonial or Imperial expansion. Which is to dominate the political thought of the future? The one that is bound to lead to the loss of the Australias, Canada, and South Africa? or the other, whose end and aim is the consolidation of the Empire as it is? Mr. Chamberlain is influenced by both: unconsciously by the first in his actions and impromptu speeches, consciously by the second in his carefully studied speeches, delivered on great occasions. That is to say, he is an Imperialist by choice—not from an overmastering conviction; and training, associations, and temperament combine to deny him free play. Therefore when he does voice the highest aspirations of the nation, he always leaves something to be desired. In politics, as in religion, the only motive power which carries the multitude with it is that which comes from within.

Early in '96 Mr. Chamberlain clearly indicated his conception of the functions of the Colonial Office by speaking of one of Her Majesty's civil servants as "my officer." Evidently he believes that as Colonial Secretary he is the repository of the sovereign power of the people of England, and therefore the ruler of the Empire. Now, while it is perfectly true that the most brilliant legal wit of the century has failed to define the existing relations between the Mother Country and her Colonial Daughters, an interpretation of this kind will not hold for a moment. Not only does it take no account of the Queen, the Prime Minister, and the Premiers of the self-governing Colonies:—it makes Downing Street the centre of the political life of the Empire, which is false alike to fact and to experience. Again, in July Mr. Chamberlain said that he was "answerable for the peace and harmony of South Africa." Undoubtedly this is the logical sequence of the position he has taken up; but if it were correct, it would give rise to some pretty awkward questions. Why, for instance, was nothing done to heal the festering sore in Johannesburg until it broke in the Jameson Raid? Why was the responsibility of the Basuto War of '80-83 laid at the door of the Cape Ministry? And why was the second rising of Riel put down by Canada without consulting the Colonial Office at all? More remarkable still was the action of an authority responsible "for the peace and harmony of South Africa": when, through Lord Kimberley, in '81, it encouraged rebels in arms against their Sovereign to hold out for better terms from the Government at the Cape. If the

Law Officers of the Crown give up the task of defining the functions of the Colonial Office as hopeless, that task is clearly beyond the power of a Colonial Secretary, however able he may wish to seem.

"We have got to govern South Africa," went on Mr. Chamberlain; and yet there are people who tell us that the "narrower day" has gone for ever! What this delusion has cost the British taxpayer and the Empire is incalculable. Modern British history bears witness to it on every page. But the Colonial Office knows no change: it is the same in the Nineties that it was in the Thirties and Forties. It has learned nothing from the secession of the American Colonies, the Rebellion in Canada, the Maori Wars, the Kaffir Wars, and the Transvaal troubles first and last. The flood of light thrown on Imperial affairs by means of the steamship and telegraph wire has left it dark; and the completeness of Colonial self-government it has yet to realise. It is the ghost of a bureaucracy: the body of whose power has been transferred to the Colonies it once, in all sincerity, did its best to rule. The man who governed English South Africa up to the time of the Raid was Mr. Rhodes, and it is his spirit which governs it still; the man who governs the Dominion is Sir Wilfrid Laurier; the men who rule the Australias, New Zealand, and Newfoundland are the Premiers, who were the nation's guests at the Jubilee. Foreign affairs are in the hands of the Prime Minister, who is, therefore, in Colonial eyes the most important figure in an English Cabinet. More potent than any other influence which makes for Imperial unity is the personality of the Queen. It will thus be seen that in Imperial organisation the Colonial Office plays a relatively insignificant part. But of all Her Majesty's Ministers the Colonial Secretary is placed in the most delicate and difficult position. His duties are loosely defined; he is not in touch with the Colonies, to which he is a stranger; and the department of which he is the head is regarded everywhere in the Empire out of England with coldness and suspicion. But there is not the slightest doubt that a statesman with tact, patience, sympathy, and a fair capacity for keeping in the background, might, as Colonial Secretary, serve the cause of Imperial unity with signal distinction; while for the statesman who attempts to "govern" the Empire there is no hope whatever. Lord Knutsford has proved the truth of the one contention; Earl Grey and Lord Carnarvon of the other.

In the attitude of the great body of Englishmen towards the Colonial Office lies the broad difference between English and Colonial

Imperialism. In Further Britain the movement is strong enough to stand alone: here it is identified with Mr. Chamberlain. Can any good come out of Nazareth? asked the Jew; can any good come out of the Colonial Office? asks the Colonial. Since it came into existence he has tried to make the English people understand that to him it is a foreign institution; and he has utterly failed. It gives satisfaction to the average Briton, whose knowledge of it is confined to the name; and if the Empire sees it in a different light, then so much the worse for the Empire—that seems to be the argument in force at Whitehall, the Imperialism of noble Lords and loyal Commons notwithstanding. Of late years the Colonial has ceased to preach the reform of his old enemy, probably from a sense of hopelessness. But he can stand aloof from it, and he does. He knows very well that the Colonial Office is a misnomer, and a misnomer of the most misleading kind. It should be called the English Office for the Colonies, and the Colonial Secretary the English Secretary for the Colonies; and if these names were adopted the British Public might perhaps wake up to the necessity for a change in its constitution. But so long as the class, which ought to know better, persists in taking for granted a principle denied by every self-governing province of the Empire, such a happy turn of affairs is in the distant future. When a Conservative journal can describe Mr. Chamberlain as a statesman “who has ruled the British Empire as it has never been ruled before,” clear thinking on Imperialism must not be expected from the man in the street. “If France in full military possession of London desires the cession of Australia we must cede Australia.” This was not said by George III, or Grenville, or North, or any bad old Tory, but by *The Spectator* only ten years ago. Liberal speakers and writers are in the habit of assuming that the American War was entirely due to the obstinacy of the King and his Ministers: whereas from the published records of the time it is perfectly clear these were in complete harmony with the feeling of the nation. That the same feeling is still a force in the land there are only too many proofs, and Liberalism has been triumphant for two generations. Australia is not the property of the people of England: it is an integral portion of the British Empire, which would fight against French ascendancy to its last cartridge. If the trading classes of Britain herself imagine that, in extremity, they will be allowed to purchase their own peace and safety by the abandonment of any part of Further Britain to foreign rule, they labour under a huge mistake. Canada has twice shown her ability to defend herself against

the superior force of an army, and the heart of the race beats no less high in Australia and South Africa. There was an excuse for the selfishness of the men of the Eighteenth century—there is none for the selfishness of the men of the Nineteenth; and in spite of the political cant of the day Imperialism has never taken root in the Liberal Party. Lord Rosebery says that its rise was connected with neither party in the State; but one is inclined to wonder whether he would be quite so ready to father this statement had Liberalism played the same Imperial part as Toryism. Evidently he has discovered that it is impossible to trace the origin of Imperialism to the efforts of Liberal leaders. That is only a small part of the discovery made by Colonials, who have never been able to identify either Liberals or Radicals with the movement at all, except in individual cases. It is the Conservative and not the Liberal, Party which has shown itself "more anxious for the honour of the nation than for its gold."

"We are fellow subjects of the King, and fellow subjects of one part of his dominions are not sovereigns over fellow subjects in any other part." This is the principle which underlies the whole Colonial history of England. But it is universally accepted only in the Empire; in England its recognition has been so gradual that it is not yet strong enough to influence Imperial thought. The Colonial Office represents no people except the people of England, who are not Colonials at all. Therefore, the basis of responsibility according to English ideas is wanting. To the self-governing provinces this is a matter of little moment, but to the possessions of the Crown, to Territories and Protectorates, it is of the first importance; and that is why Rhodesia prefers the rule of the Chartered Company. What the Colonial Office may do in the future, it is impossible to tell, but its record in the past does not entitle it to the same faith from Colonials which it receives from Englishmen, whose confidence in British Ministers of the party to which they belong is superior even to their patriotism. Of late they have deluded themselves into believing that Mr. Chamberlain has "settled" South Africa. In '80 it was Mr. Gladstone, in '54 it was the Duke of Newcastle, in '48 it was Earl Grey, in '40 it was Lord John Russell; and withal South Africa is to-day the most unhappy portion of Her Majesty's dominions, India not excepted. More pathetic still is their painful belief in "English statesmanship," which in their opinion is the only sovereign remedy for every Colonial ill. As South Africa regards it as the main source of all her troubles, the two points of view

could scarce be more sharply defined. As matter of fact, in no part of the world has "English statesmanship" proved a more ghastly failure than in the States south of the Zambesi. One popular delusion has, however, received a rude shock. When the Colonial Premiers were expected in June the idea seemed to be that they were satellites of the Colonial Secretary, which, in the ordinary course of things, revolve round him at a distance, but in honour of the Jubilee were to be brought into the inner sphere of his influence when he would appear in the full blaze of his glory. But nothing of the kind happened. The Premiers talked of nations, treaties, alliances, and other awkward things; their connexion with Mr. Chamberlain was, apparently, little closer than with any other Minister; and it was soon seen that they intended to be satellites of nobody but the Sovereign. More significant still was their silence on the Colonial Office. They were here for two months, and never once made the slightest reference to it, or to Mr. Chamberlain as a factor in Imperialism. The Government, the Queen, the people of England: these are the forces which they recognise in the movement of the race towards political unity—not the personality of a man, who up to the time he became Colonial Secretary was not known to the Empire as an Imperialist. A few days before he left, Mr. Reid confided to a *Daily News* interviewer that he "had every confidence in Mr. Chamberlain." Just what he meant is not quite clear—which, as he is an apt pupil in the school of Mr. Gladstone, was probably his intention. He is the Premier who tried to induce his fellow-Australian Premiers to refuse the Colonial Secretary's invitation to the Jubilee, and, being promptly snubbed, decided that he had all along intended to accept it. His attitude towards Federation is of the same opportunist order. Later on Sir Gordon Sprigg described Mr. Chamberlain as "the ablest Colonial Secretary we have ever had": which is not so flattering as perhaps he meant it to be. Since the Queen came to the throne the Colonial Office has known thirty different Chief Secretaries, and though many of them were men of great gifts and proved ability, not one of them can truthfully be described as an "able Colonial Secretary." The Colonial Office has marred many brilliant reputations, and made none: which is perhaps its strongest condemnation.

After the Queen the most interesting Imperial figure at the Jubilee Celebrations was, not Mr. Chamberlain but, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. That the English people grasped the idea is a happy sign of their awakening

Imperialism. Though he has been in office a year less than the Colonial Secretary, he has, without any flourish of trumpets, taken the most important step towards the unity of the Empire since the foundation of the Dominion. More than that: he has solved an apparently insoluble problem, and indicated the lines on which British policy may successfully move. While Englishmen, with Mr. Chamberlain at their head, were talking, the Canadians, led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, were doing.

The position taken up by Imperial statesmen towards Federation is merely extraordinary. They tell us that it is the Colonies which must make the "first move." As more "first moves" than it would be prudent to count have already been made, there is a certain grim humour in the appearance of the suggestion at this late day, as if it were new. Lord Salisbury, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Chamberlain, all tell the same story. Therefore, Conservatives, Liberals, and Radicals are on this particular question as one. Such complete unanimity of opinion in the rival schools of political thought induces one to suspect that weakness lies behind; and so it does. Why should the Colonies be expected to lead the way in federating the Empire? That surely should be the privilege of the Mother Country. The Dominion, South Africa, and the Australias are new communities: their energies are wholly engaged in the work of building up new Britains in the likeness of the Old. Sixty years ago most of them had no existence, and others were lost in the wilderness, or were fringes on the seashore. To-day they are nations, potentially more powerful than European countries of the second rank, and all anxious for that unity which is the secret of Imperial strength. Naturally they look towards the Parent State for realisation. There they know are stored up the forces generated by a thousand years of effort; an unbroken political tradition; the institutions, which do not bear transplanting; a leisured class; and a wealth of intellect and administrative ability, such as no other Empire in this or any other age has ever had at its disposal. But, say the statesmen, with all these resources in their possession:—"We can do nothing: the impulse towards union must come from the Colonies." It is not enough that they widen the frontiers of the Empire, civilise at every step, build cities, bridge continents with railways, and otherwise add to the material strength of England: they must also solve Imperial problems! Did ever Imperial statesmen make a confession of greater impotence?

In '90 a deputation from the Federation League waited on Lord Salisbury to urge that a conference be convened to "consider the question of securing the Colonies a real and effective share in the privileges and responsibilities of a United Empire," but wisely offering no "cut-and-dried scheme" of their own. This was described by the Premier as "extravagant modesty on their part." On the contrary, the "extravagant modesty" lay with Lord Salisbury. When commonplace folk see that the only hope for the future of England is to be found in Federation, it cannot be hidden from statesmen, and it is their duty, not the duty of struggling Colonies and loyal Englishmen of distinction, to devise the means. Of all things the least to be desired is a paper constitution. Let English political unity be a growth, as slow and certain and flexible as the British Constitution itself, on which it shall be the latest and noblest graft. Unfortunately, however, England's blind watchmen in the Tower of State have let every opportunity slip past them unheeded. As any unprejudiced person must admit, the era of self-government was the chosen time for forging the links of future Imperial union; but if that chance was lost by a peculiar combination of circumstances, there have been others since, which might have been turned to account by a statesman with the will. In '58 South Africa was ripe for Confederation, but in spite of the urgent appeals of Sir George Grey, the Ministry of the day threw cold water on it. In '67 the Dominion was born, and though Sir John Macdonald tried to awaken the Duke of Buckingham to its Imperial significance, it was regarded at the Colonial Office as of merely local importance. When the English troops were recalled from all parts of Further Britain, a splendid opportunity presented itself of replacing them with regiments recruited in the Colonies; but the Canadian and Australasian Governments, which suggested as much, were officially snubbed. In '71 the first conference representative of the English-speaking race was held in London, but so far as the Ministry of the day was concerned it might never have been. In '84 Canada offered to support an Imperial regiment recruited in the Dominion, and was refused. When the defences of the Colonies were under consideration in '87, for the third time a chance was lost of making the Army and Navy truly Imperial, and one in '90 and '94 of putting Imperial trade relations on a sounder basis. To say that the time is not yet ripe for drawing the bonds of Empire closer has been false to fact for fifty years. But no statesman arose who was able or willing to take advantage of the opportunities which

lay ready to his hand. What might have been done Lord Beaconsfield indicated in his Eastern Policy. Unhappily in South Africa his efforts were marred by Mr. Froude and Lord Carnarvon, who, with the best intentions in the world, threw back the cause of Confederation for a generation.

In studying Imperial history during the Queen's reign one cannot fail to see that it has run in two main currents, one towards disintegration from Britain, the other towards unity from Further Britain. Whether negative or positive, the whole tendency of Her Majesty's Governments, until quite recently, has been to loosen Imperial bonds, not to tighten them. Take, for instance, the withdrawal of British troops from the Colonies. The measure in itself was excellent; and no one who desires to see the Empire present a strong front to the world has ever regretted it. The sting lay in the motive which prompted it, and the way it was done. To every Colonial the presence of a British Regiment in his chief city was the symbol of his connexion with the Mother Country: the outward and visible sign that he was the citizen of a great Empire. How precious it was may be gathered from the passionate remonstrances addressed by Colonial Ministries and distinguished Imperial Officers to the Home Government on the subject. But though Canada, the Australias, and New Zealand offered to pay for the regiments quartered in their midst, they were bluntly refused, and the disinterestedness of their loyalty was called in question. Next to this reckless piece of political blundering in provoking bitterness of feeling in the Colonies were the Belgian and German Commercial Treaties, now, happily, things of the past. For pure folly and shortsightedness they can hardly be matched in the annals of time. Lord Salisbury says that he has failed to discover why they were ever negotiated. Any tolerably well-educated Colonial can enlighten him. They were brought into being when the Dismemberment Frenzy was at its height, and Ministers of the Crown believed that England would be stronger and richer without the Empire. The first step towards putting that theory in practice was the Belgian Treaty of '62. More striking still was the studied neglect of the Colonies, at any rate until '84. Their existence was completely ignored; and yet it is so easy to lead them by sympathy; so easy to work on a loyalty so strong and so spontaneous as theirs! Like people in a strange land, they are grateful for any sign that they are remembered at Home, and proud when their successes are recognised. But sentiment is no

longer a counter in British statesmanship: not because it has ceased to influence mankind, but because British statesmanship has ceased to regard mankind in anything but an official light. That it can be turned to excellent account is proved by a letter written by Sir John Macdonald to Lord Beaconsfield, with reference to the Aylesbury speech of '79. "Our people," he wrote, "say truly that this is the first occasion on which a Prime Minister of England has given prominence to Canada, her capabilities, and her future—the first time that it has been proclaimed by such high authority that England has an especial interest in Canada. . . . This is Imperialism in its best aspect, and one might well suppose that every Englishman would rejoice at the prospect held out by it and you. Yet I see that the Opposition Press in England are attacking your speech." Even so; and so long as party is superior to patriotism, Imperial Federation will never be anything but a dream!

It is quite true that a welcome change has come over public opinion, and the Empire is no longer in any danger of being neglected. Its embodiment in the Jubilee Procession last June was a happy inspiration, which has every likelihood of being identified with Mr. Chamberlain's name when his "settlement of South Africa" has been forgotten. The denunciation of the Commercial Treaties, too, is a noteworthy event in Imperial annals. But it must be remembered that neither the one nor the other belongs to the region of constructive statesmanship. They merely pave the way for the creative policy, which must, sooner or later, be the lifework of an English Minister. Mr. Chamberlain said last year, that if the Colonies made advances towards closer union the Government would receive them "in no huckstering spirit." I should think not, indeed! But the invitation left something to be desired in the way of courtesy, and was altogether too reminiscent of the old attitude of Downing Street. None of the Colonies responded, except Canada, which, through Sir Wilfrid Laurier, gave England a Jubilee gift in the Reciprocity Treaty. Mr. Chamberlain, however, thinks this is not enough, and, evidently enamoured of his own phrase, repeated it again this year. But it is doubtful whether the Colonies will make any further move for some time, unless on the lines laid down by the Dominion Premier. They have a right now to expect that the Home Government will do something towards realising the ideal of the Empire, nearly all the initiative thus far having been from the Colonial side. The most curious feature of the last Parliamentary Session was the absorption of the Colonial Secretary, not in a Federation Bill or a

Reciprocity Bill but, a Workmen's Compensation Bill, in which the people of the Colonies are as much interested as the people of Mars. For a man, who is popularly supposed to rule the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, the Colonial Secretary seems to have more time and energy at his disposal than a mere "local" ex-Premier—such as Mr. Rhodes, for instance. If his own words mean anything, he seems to imagine that the time he spends on Colonial affairs is wasted. In July he said :—" Every moment during the last eighteen months my *valuable* time has been taken up in considering the difficult and complicated question of South Africa." And where do the Workmen's Compensation Bill and other little Parliamentary items come in? And are we to suppose that it is a peculiar virtue in a Minister to devote his time to the duties of his office? Considering, too, that the same Minister was a conspicuous member in the Cabinet which brought about "the difficult and complicated question of South Africa," would you not think that the less was said about it the better. It is only great Imperial statesmen like Mr. Rhodes who must "atone" for their evil deeds: not an English Minister with a Parliamentary majority at his back.

If men believe to bring about Imperial unity by twirling their thumbs for it, they deceive themselves. It will have to be worked for with the whole might of the Empire. It is worth the effort; for it means the noblest thing that has ever lived in the tides of time. The finished British Empire.

C. DE THIERRY.

